

THE RELIGIOUS AND PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, FEB. 7, 1891.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 37.

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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

It is stated that ex-Senator Ingalls, whose heritage of brain and whose brilliant powers as a writer no one disputes, will now devote himself to literary work.

Hon. William Windom, late Secretary of the Treasury, whose sudden death occurred last week, was a man of unquestionable integrity and a statesman in whose wisdom, especially as a practical financier, the business men of the country had great confidence.

Referring to the failure of the coöperative kitchen at Evanston, Ill., the *New York Press* says that it was the result of an effort to conduct a seven dollar business on a four dollar basis, and concludes thus: "A heartless sheriff has sold out the coöperative belongings of the disciples of housekeeping according to Bellamy. And amid the ruins of it all stands the inexorable hired girl waving a dish rag from the end of a broomstick in token of her triumph over those who disputed her omnipotence."

A pastoral wolf. Rev. Henry W. George, of the Reformed Church, at Leeds, N. Y., is in Catskill jail charged with causing the disgrace and death of an orphan, Lottie Townsend, according to whose testimony the minister worked upon her religious sentiments, even falling on his knees in prayer and exhorting the girl to yield to his wishes, declaring that it was the divine will that she should do so. The papers say that George "is an eloquent preacher and has been very zealous in religious work." He occupied for five years the pulpit of the First Presbyterian church at Topeka, Kan., where his ministrations were acceptable until his propensities for stealing became known. He is evidently a bad fellow.

A band of ruffians, under the name of White Caps, in Indiana the other night, dragged a woman in the absence of her husband, from her bed, bound her to a tree and before the agonized eyes of her children lashed her until her back was raw from her shoulders to her hips. The ruffians told the children that this was done because their mother was not a good woman. Brutalities like this, which are perpetrated frequently in Indiana with the plea of punishing immorality, cast the exploits of the Ku Klux in the shade, and are a disgrace to the state. The authorities should discover and punish the authors of this shameful outrage or give up all claims to civilization and decency.

A deacon of All Saints church, at Bellaire, Mich., was suspected by the other deacons of having "backslid," and such was the rumor. To test its truth they gathered around the erring brother's pew, at the close of the minister's sermon, and demanded that he show his faith by praying, singing, or giving his "testimony." He refused, whereupon he was pronounced a black sheep and thrown out of the midst of the flock. The "black sheep" showed fight, and the result was a lively scrimmage in which eyes were blackened and noses broken. The ejected deacon sued the pugilistic brethren and a justice fined each of the fighters forty-six dollars. An impromptu prayer meeting was held in the justice's court and

the fine was reduced to twenty-five dollars each. The Salvation Army might find in Bellaire a field in which its methods would be appreciated.

In many cities of the United States, on January 26th, was celebrated the one hundred and thirty-second anniversary of the birth of Scotia's favorite bard, Robert Burns, who gave to the world the melody of the heart, and full of the spirit of humanity, voiced in pathetic and in humorous song the virtues, the frailties, the sufferings and aspirations which were the common heritage of his people. And, as Hon. Benjamin Sutterworth said at the anniversary festival held in this city: "Burns showed men the way to be happy in adversity, and humane and considerate in the fullness of prosperity and power. He rebuked the insolence and pride of place. He put in touch kindred sympathies and wakened the energies of his race. He gave expression in language immortal to the conscious dignity that belongs to honest manhood." Burns did not have large knowledge of books, but he had the divine clairvoyance of nature and knew profoundly the language of the heart.

The immigration bill proposed by the House committee on immigration proposes first of all to enforce the laws relative to immigration and the importation of aliens under contract or agreement to perform labor. The present laws for this purpose are evaded on all hands. As the *New York Press* says, since the passage of the act of 1882, providing for the return of paupers, idiots, criminals and persons liable to become a charge, there have been 2,900 immigrants sent back. How many have been landed? About five million. Does any one believe that less than three thousand out of this motley army of five million were "likely to become a public charge?" It is in this way that the proposed law will give additional force and strength to our present immigration laws, and will clothe the authorities with power to enforce regulations and restrictions that are as necessary for our safety, prosperity, comfort and welfare as a nation, as custom duties that prevent the free importation of goods made by pauper labor of foreign countries.

The governor of Massachusetts in his inaugural message said: "I recommend to your favorable consideration the reduction of the hours of labor of women and children employed in factories and workshops. Such a law passed the last house of representatives and was barely defeated in the senate. In England, where it is often claimed that the condition of labor is deplorable, the hours of such labor have long been limited by law to fifty-six a week. While with us the problem is more complicated, because each state has its own legislation and no uniform statutory regulation of hours for the whole nation is possible under the constitution, yet it is not desirable to stand still because there are obstacles in the way of progress. Our very dependence upon manufactures requiring skilled labor should lead us to adopt a liberal policy in respect to the hours and conditions of toil,—one which will promote the welfare and increase the utility of our working population. While a general reduction in the hours of labor must be brought about mainly by the organized action of employes, it is urged, and I believe with justice, that the state should

lend its coöperation and the weight of its example in this direction. I therefore commend to your careful consideration the question whether the time has come to reduce still further the hours of labor of public employes engaged in manual labor."

There has been a union service at the Broadway Baptist Church, Providence, R. I., the pastors of three churches participating. At one of the meetings lately, at a moment of deep interest and impressive quiet, when a call had just been made for the opening of hearts to Christ, a woman fainted and a young man who had been subject to epileptic fits collapsed. Both were carried from the auditorium and cared for. The young man remained unconscious and required attendance of a physician. The interruption caused Mr. Munhall, the evangelist who conducted the union meeting, to declare that it was a device of the devil to prevent the yielding of hearts to God. He said that he anticipated it for there was a crisis at the moment and many were about to confess Christ; that the devil always enters at such a time and by some means endeavors to check the proceedings. He remarked that he had always noticed that those who faint are never in the back part of the church where they can be easily removed without causing interruption of a service, and suggested that such people should choose back seats. He declared that but for their fainting fifty persons in the congregation would have professed Christ. The physical condition of the woman and young man, bad air and the state of mind induced by the methods of the evangelist, were not thought of apparently by him in connection with the occurrence.

A Washington dispatch last week stated that the Senate Inter-State Commerce Committee had formally agreed to the pooling and other amendment to the Inter-State commerce law. It is to be hoped that this iniquitous pooling amendment will be defeated in the Senate. Competition between rival roads, together of course with labor-saving inventions and the introduction of cheaper methods of transportation is the cause of reductions in passenger fares and freight rates during the last quarter of a century. Let pooling be legalized and there will be no more reductions in fares and freights. The railroads will pocket all the profits they can make. "Can members of Congress," asks the *Chicago Tribune*, "after having placed on the statute books a law against trusts, take the risk of passing a law to promote and shield monopoly trusts and high rates and do away with all future competition between railroad common carriers? Will it look consistent to legislate against trusts at one session and for them at the next? Will the constituents of these members indorse such action? Will the farmers, manufacturers, merchants, and traveling public meet and pass resolutions thanking Congress for handing them over, bound hand and foot, to a greedy and conscienceless combination? Would the Farmers' Alliance of Kansas and other States be delighted with this legislation, or would not there be another outburst of wrath on their part?" Behind this pooling scheme is Jay Gould. The Senate of the United States cannot afford to further the personal interest of this railroad autocrat by an odious scheme designed to raise the charge on the people by the railroads.

"WHY GHOSTS ARE STILL SO LIVELY."

Mr. A. Lang, in the December *Forum*, says: "Perhaps the reason why ghosts are still so lively is that they have been so often killed by the arguments of sense and science," quoting the words of the spectre of the Danish monarch in Lord Iddesleigh's play, "Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark," "killing a ghost would bring him to life again." Mr. Lang is not satisfied with the theory that belief in ghosts originated in dreams and in the confusion of the savage mind. In all countries, civilized and savage, people claim to see spectres of their relatives and of others who are dead. For instance, in "The Cruise of the Beagle" it is related that Billy Button, a Fuegian boy on board of that ship, saw his father's ghost one night, and that on reaching Terra del Fuego, it was learned that the boy's father had died about the time that the apparition was seen at sea.

Ghosts do not generally come, Mr. Lang says, of "attentive expectation," and he adds: "As a rule the fairly well-attested ghosts of my acquaintance have been seen, not by the timorous and fanciful, but by unimaginative people in perfect health." The most impressive spectre he had ever heard of, he says, in substance, appeared in an English village. Half a dozen children who had been playing together in a house rushed out through the open door in a frightened state of mind, and one of them fell down in a fit. A lady who was driving through the village stopped, attended to the child who was lying on the ground before the horses, and asked the other children as to the cause of the panic. They said they had been playing on the staircase when "a dreadful woman" suddenly appeared among them. The only reason they could give for saying that the woman was dreadful was that she wore a long woolen robe and had her brow and chin bound up with white linen. "In fact," says the writer, "she was a walking corpse come back from the days when the law compelled us to be buried in woolen for the better encouragement of the wool trade. This wandering old death, seen in the sunlight by the children, has always appealed to me as a very good example of ghosts and of their vague and unaccountable ways. For it is most unlikely that the children knew anything of the obsolete law of the ancient English mortuary fashions."

What belief he has in ghosts Mr. Lang declares does not rest on the statements merely of professional mediums, who only, consciously or unconsciously, he says, reproduce some of the ancient effects that have entertained or puzzled all races, including those widely remote from one another; effects that have now been believed miraculous and sacred, now regarded as proofs of witchcraft or of necromancy. It is the unanimity of the tradition, the consensus of testimony in regard to apparitions, in Ceylon, the Galapagos Islands, in Peru, Hayti, modern Europe, everywhere, rather than the evidence in any particular case, which is regarded by this writer as the most interesting and most irresistible.

"For myself," Mr. Lang says, "I have beheld only a brace of apparitions. The first was the wraith of a scholar, at that moment either dead or dying, far from Oriel Lane, in Oxford, where I encountered his appearance. The second, fortunately, appeared without any such cause, and for no motive whatever. If the first was a ghost, what was the second? And if the second was an hallucination, can one call the first anything more significant? Lucretius thought that all bodies throw off airy semblances of themselves, which, being beheld, are taken for visible spirits. But he formulated no law of their appearance, nor did he tell us why some persons see them while others do not."

Mr. Lang says that everywhere, in Syria, Rome, Athens, London, New York, Fiji, the ghost is generally the same vague, ineffectual, capricious being apparently without purpose or rational method. "He seems hampered by impediments, of which we know nothing; he moves like a delirious patient walking in fevered sleep; he never can come to the point and appear at the right moment to the right person. Ghosts behave so now, and so they behaved to the friends whose tales Lucian laughed at. If there are no such

things as ghosts at all, why does all tradition assign to them this common character of ghosts."

To Spiritualists there is nothing especially remarkable, nothing new or novel in Mr. Lang's reflections on ghosts; but the appearance of an article presenting such views by an eminent writer in a leading magazine, is significant as indicating the widespread interest now felt in discussions of this character. A few years ago it was customary for writers who contributed to the popular periodicals to ignore all ghost stories, or to treat them with levity and ridicule—all ghost stories, except those in the Bible, and they were never to be referred to save as exceptional or miraculous in their character. Belief in apparitions, in the re-appearance of the so-called dead in modern times was regarded as an indication of mental unsoundness or eccentricity. Now the phenomena to which Spiritualists have pointed as proof of spirit life and spirit communication are being recognized, and leading writers are freely speculating, without danger of being considered crazy, respecting their import. When it is understood that man is a spirit and not merely a collection of material atoms, that a spirit does not die but passes to a higher life when divested of its material habiliments, and that ghosts are such representations as are possible under existing conditions of those who have passed from life and are for some reason or other attracted to certain places or persons,—when these facts are recognized, it will be seen "why ghosts are so lively."

A DREAM AND PREDICTION FULFILLED.

According to accounts published in the papers, Mrs. Rebecca Byrnes, of Helena, Ark., a lady of intellectual attainments and religious life, arose one morning recently in her usual health and spirits and summoned her children to come to her.

One son was residing in Topeka, Kan., one in New Orleans, two daughters were married and living in Sedalia, Mo., but, obedient to their mother's call, they came at once, though ignorant of the reason of their summons. When all were about her the lady informed them that she had had a dream, in which her husband, who had been dead for nearly fifteen years, had warned her that she had only ten days more of life. She sent for her children to bid them good-by, which she proceeded to do with much calmness, but with the air of one who had not the slightest doubt that she was already dying. Her friends attempted to reason with her and to point out the folly of placing such perfect confidence in a dream, but all to no purpose, for the lady persisted in asserting that she would depart from earth on such a day and exactly at a certain hour. Her pastor remonstrated with her, and even brought the severest censure to bear upon her alleged credulity, and at last Mrs. Byrnes ceased to speak of the matter, so that her family had begun to think that she had conquered her fancy. She continued in excellent health and pursued her usual daily life, but just before the hour she had predicted would be that of her death, she sought her children and bade them good-by; then, seating herself quietly in an arm-chair, expired just as the hour was struck. The physicians declare that her death was due solely to her imagination, but this seems to be a very superficial and inadequate explanation of the case. The woman was in health, and apparently in a normal condition mentally. She was intelligent, educated, respected and devoted to her family. She had a dream that she would die at a certain time and she departed this life on the day and at the hour predicted. Many similar cases are on record. An investigator of psychical science is not obliged to accept as a finality the dictum of the doctors and be content with the explanation that imagination killed the woman. He is at liberty to pursue the subject further and to consider first whether there did not come to her ordinary consciousness a revelation from her deeper nature, from her "sub-consciousness," which actually foresaw the event, or the investigator may inquire whether the dream was not an impression actually produced by the husband in spirit life, who took this method of forewarning his beloved wife

and preparing her for the impending change by which she would soon be restored to companionship with him. There is the credulity of superstition, which is bad, and the credulity that accepts as a valid explanation any statement, however insufficient, in regard to phenomena when it has on its side professional authority. Both extremes are to be avoided.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

Charles Bradlaugh, the distinguished free-thinker and republican and for several years member of the House of Commons for Northampton has passed from this life and entered upon the realities beyond. He was one of the most remarkable men that England has produced during the present century. He began life in the direst poverty and had but meagre opportunities for education; yet he pushed his way to the front rank of English public men and left a legislative record showing great ability and courage, which will give him a prominent place in English history. But a few years ago Tory mothers used his name to frighten their children into silence, but before his death he was an object of almost universal respect and even of affection in the House of Commons owing to his gentle and dignified character. As Bradlaugh was well known as an atheist, his definition of the word atheist taken from one of his works will be of interest: "The atheist does not say, 'There is no God,' but he says, 'I know not what you mean by God; I am without idea of God; the word is to me a sound conveying no clear or distinct affirmation. I do not deny God, because I cannot deny that of which I have no conception, and the conception of which, by its affirmer, is so imperfect that he is unable to define it to me. If, however, God is defined to mean an existence other than the existence of which I am a mode, then I deny God, and affirm that it is impossible God can be. That is, I affirm one existence, and deny that there can be more than one.'" This is pure monism.

The attempt to keep Bradlaugh out of the House of Commons was a disgrace to that body. John Stuart Mill, Grote the historian, Thorold Rogers and others were as heterodox as was Bradlaugh, but they had not incited the working classes against the House of Lords, and the established church, nor written an impeachment of the House of Brunswick. Bradlaugh had, and pretended moralists and hypocritical conformists, under the leadership of the unprincipled Lord Randolph Churchill, prevented a man of brains and heart from taking his seat until three years after his election. Bradlaugh's sympathies were always with the people, as against titled and privileged classes, and especially with the poor and oppressed—with the London workmen, the Irish peasants, the laborers of India, the downtrodden of every land. He was in favor of woman suffrage and when told by his colleague, Henry Labouchere, that the effect of giving the women of Northampton the parliamentary suffrage would be to insure his (Bradlaugh's) defeat, he replied, "If I knew this to be true, it would not hinder me from casting my vote in favor of woman suffrage, even if my vote alone should be required to pass the bill." Women's right to suffrage, he said, could not be determined by the fact that if exercised it would be in personal hostility to himself. Bradlaugh proved his sterling honesty and consistency of views by pronouncing in favor of Irish home rule, regardless of the fact that the Irish party had opposed his entry into parliament. Bradlaugh was the friend and supporter of Garibaldi in Italy, Gambetta in France, of Castelar in Spain. When he lectured in Boston, in 1873, William Lloyd Garrison, Charles Sumner and Wendell Phillips received him and accompanied him to the platform. With much of his speculative thought THE JOURNAL is not in accord. His philosophy was superficial and his contribution to thought small; but he was a sturdy fighter and he did valuable service for his countrymen and for mankind. The world is better for his manly, honorable and heroic life.

Bradlaugh was a tall, heavy-built man, with regular features and a smooth-shaven face, a powerful orator, and in parliament a most notable figure. During the

civil war he was a staunch friend of the Union. The contest over the validity of his election, his forcible expulsion from the floor of the house, his triumphant reflections, etc., are fresh in the minds of most readers. On January 26th of this year, long after he had fought and won his battle, and while he was dying, the House of Commons agreed to expunge the resolution of 1880 denying his right to take the oath or affirm. Sir Stafford Northcote, son of the man who had been the freethinker's strongest opponent ten years ago, supported the resolution, news of the passage of which gave great consolation to the reformer in his last hours. His earthly end was quiet and peaceful. He leaves a gifted daughter, Mrs. Hypatia Bradlaugh-Bonner, who, for several years, has helped her father on his paper, the *National Reformer*. Charles Bradlaugh was born in 1833.

A LONG SLEEP.

Miss Grace Gridley, of Amboy, Ill., a beautiful girl of eighteen, "the sleeping beauty of Amboy" as she is known, awakened on the 24th, after a sleep of nine months or two hundred and seventy days. Mention was made of her in *THE JOURNAL* several months ago. Last spring there was a religious revival in Amboy, in which Miss Gridley became greatly interested. One evening she returned from the meeting in a very excited state of mind and retired, saying that she was very sleepy and that she hoped her mother would not call her early in the morning. The girl failed to appear at her usual hour but her mother did not disturb her. Later on all attempts to arouse the girl proved unavailing, and since then she has lain upon her couch, with eyes tightly closed, lips slightly parted and breast gently heaving, appearing as though she were about to awaken from a slight slumber. Food has been administered in a liquid form through the half parted lips. The girl has lost very little flesh and is nearly as plump and rosy as when she fell asleep. Many physicians have studied the case and their theory is that the religious excitement under which the girl had labored for several days prostrated her mental faculties and induced the sleep. Miss Gridley is now awake, but goes about the house in a listless manner, not seeming to notice anybody, and she has lost the power of articulation and so far has only been able to answer questions with a guttural sound. Although she takes her place at the table she eats but very little and appears to have no appetite for food of any kind. She is very weak, but is expected to recover her health. The case is a remarkable one and has puzzled all the doctors who have seen her, notwithstanding their general explanation

"UNBELIEVERS."

Rev. Robert McIntyre of this city lately took for his theme "Ten Miserable Sinners." The miserable persons referred to were not living characters or modern emblems of wretchedness, but the ten lepers who were treated by Jesus while on their way to the synagogue because they had faith as described by St. Matthew in the seventeenth chapter. The sermon was aimed particularly at the unbeliever, whom the speaker declared to be not only the supreme sinner because he blasphemed God by calling Him a liar, but one of two offenders mentioned in the Bible who were "damned already." "While I admire the motives of the Universalists and sympathize with their intentions," said Dr. McIntyre, "I remember that all their soft words never take a pang from the horror of hell. I cannot offer such easy terms on which you can reach Heaven." As the keys of the heavenly gates are not in the custody of Mr. McIntyre, what terms he offers is of small importance to the "unbelievers," who are not likely to have any more trouble in reaching heaven by the broad-gauge route than the reverend gentleman will have in going to the same place by the narrow-gauge line. A layman's independent views as to religion are not supposed to be regarded as of much value by the average minister when they differ from his own, but certainly when this minister goes so far as to say that the unbeliever "blasphemes God by calling Him a liar," he invites the same unbeliever to "sass

back" and to use strong language, not only defensively but offensively also. The unbeliever does not call God a liar; he simply says that religious teachers of the class to which Mr. McIntyre belongs are mistaken in believing that God ever taught, or authorized anybody to teach such nonsense as that, the contradiction of which these teachers pronounce blasphemy.

THE WORLD'S EXPOSITION AN UNPARTIZAN ENTERPRISE.

The New York *Sun*, with an unscrupulousness and a recklessness of statement which are characteristic of that paper in its assaults on movements and persons alike, says that the World's Exposition to be held in Chicago is a partizan political enterprise, that it should be treated as a strictly Republican undertaking by every state where the Democratic party has control of the legislature, and not as "a genuine exhibition of modern science, art and industry, without any admixture of politics in it as the Fair of 1892 would have been in New York." The *Sun*, with utter disregard for the truth, connects the Exposition with Mr. Lodge's election bill, and says: "Not one dollar of contribution, not one dollar of aid toward the Republican Exposition in Chicago, so long as the Republican party persists in its crazy attempt to fasten that abhorrent force bill upon the land!" Now Mr. Dana knows that the World's Columbian Exposition is a national and not a party enterprise, that it is an undertaking in which all the people of this country are or should feel a common interest, and one which they should, irrespective of party lines—as they do except when they are misled by political demagogues or by disappointed or envious would-be leaders—contemplate with patriotic pride.

Chicago was chosen by representatives of the United States, Democratic as well as Republican, as the place for holding the Exposition, because this metropolis is more central, both geographically and with reference to the population, than is the city in which Mr. Dana's *Sun* is published. There is not the remotest connection between the Federal election bill and the World's Columbian Exposition, which, in spite of the *Sun's* un-American and unpatriotic course, is sure to be one of the greatest exhibitions of science, art and industry that the world has ever seen.

Years ago, on my return from Germany, I brought with me the latest fashion "mob-caps," and having the barbaric talent of copying, forthwith set about cutting up a muslin skirt for that purpose, writes Caroline Corner, in *Light*. I succeeded to my entire satisfaction. That evening I was going with my mother to the Dalton Association. Standing before the looking-glass, my heart yearned to take a cap with me, and disport before the "Inquirers into Spiritualism," but my mother's quizzical eye arose before me and I fancied I heard her bid me "take that thing off." I put my caps back in the box with a sigh. Soon after the séance commenced, Mr. John Rouse (a good private medium) set up a hearty laugh, excusing himself by declaring that he saw clairvoyantly, "our young lady friend wearing a sort of great grand-mother's cap." "So comical," he thought it looked, "surmounting a fresh young face." "I see another like it on her lap," he went on, and when questioned as to detail, gave an exact description—so far as the masculine mind is capable—of my bewitching "mobs."

A contemporary mentions that obedience to the laws and customs of a complex social organization inevitably involves more or less insincerity of action and demeanor, and that temptation to transgress is growing stronger from year to year. A great deal of the holiday-giving is declared to be pretentious and hypocritical and some of it absolutely dishonest. Many defer payment of their just debts in order to keep up with the spirit of the times, groaning all the while under the burden of excessive expenditures for holiday presents. The cost of celebrating Christmas in the conventional manner has become so great that it causes a vast amount of worry and dejection, and not a little real inconvenience and distress. "Salva-

tion's free," but the celebration of Christmas is an expensive affair. At the same time it must be admitted that it encourages the generous instincts in man.

R. T. Horton, in his work in defense of the "Inspiration of the Bible," makes this admission: "There is reason to believe that the principles of literary composition, during the latter part of the period in which the Bible books were composed, fully recognized what are called pseudopigraphical works—that is, works in which the author writes under the name of one of the great ancients, and puts his own words into his master's lips. In modern times we should be apt to call this forgery, but in ancient times what we call forgery passed as due humility; authors were more anxious that their books should be read than that they should have the credit of writing them." The *Congregationalist* thinks that the author concedes "too much to the modern school of criticism."

What limit is there to the power of imagination? According to published accounts Miss Alice Perry, of Bridgeport, Conn., called a doctor, stating that she was in terrible agony, having swallowed her false teeth, plate and all. She could feel the choking object in her throat and was in constant danger of strangling to death. On consultation it was decided to resort to tracheotomy, as the patient was liable to die. Dr. C. E. Sanford and Dr. C. N. Payne got their instruments ready and were about to administer ether to the woman, when one of them stepped on some object under the edge of the bed. Picking it up, he found it to be the missing plate and teeth. It was shown to the woman, who was about to go into another convulsion, and as soon as she recognized it the pain left her and she at once recovered.

A while since we published the case of the water-finding divining man as presented by a gentleman who was, if we remember correctly, a member of the Royal Society, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*. We now read in a colonial contemporary that some excitement was caused lately at Creswick, the well-known gold-digging center near Ballarat, by experiments made at the Sunny South Quartz Mine with a man who claims to be able to tell by walking over the ground whether it is gold-bearing, and whether it is payable, and what depth. The test is described as wonderfully successful so far, and the "divining man" seems to be in a fair way of doing a good business.

Says the *Independent*: "The terms devil and satan are evidently used in the New Testament as proper names, and apply to the same fallen angel. To the actual existence and personality of such a being the New Testament is as fully committed as it is to the existence and personality of Paul, or even of Christ himself. To deny the existence of a personal devil is to deny one of the plainest facts of the Bible." There are many alleged facts of the Bible which are no longer believed by rational minds to-day.

The stage is seldom spoken of from the orthodox pulpit except in terms of censure, but Rev. Dr. Eaton, of New York, recently drew great lessons from the life of Emma Abbott, who was the subject of a Sunday sermon. Her munificent gifts to churches and charitable institutions by her will, Dr. Eaton compared to the return of the bread cast upon the waters.

The most remarkable case of the dumb learning to speak is that of Helen Keller, at the South Boston blind school. She was deaf, dumb and blind, but now though quite blind and wholly deaf, she talks and can read the lips with her fingers, yet she is not 11 years old. She is a child of more active intellect than Laura Bridgeman, and has gone on much faster.

The subject upon which a Kansas City minister preached on a recent Sunday was "Stand Pat and Keep Mum." One would suppose that a Christian minister to stand pat with his society would have to keep mum on such a subject.

RECENT WORK OF THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

By J. T. DODGE.

Spiritualists have perhaps been a little impatient in awaiting the action of the Society for Psychical Research in relation to alleged spiritualistic phenomena.

In part XV. of the proceedings, issued December, 1889, an elaborate article by Professor Crookes gives a very exact account of some of his inquiries into the phenomena, which he modestly says forms "only a few bricks for an edifice it is not now probable I shall ever build." In part XVII., issued December, 1890, nearly 240 pages are taken up with an account of "Observations of Certain Phenomena of Trance," by Prof. O. J. Lodge, of Liverpool; Mr. Walter Leaf, of London; Professor Myers, of Cambridge, and other eminent gentlemen. These observations were made in Liverpool, London and Cambridge, between November 20, 1889, and February 3, 1890, upon Mrs. Piper, who went from Boston to England, expressly to submit to the observation of the gentlemen above named, and such friends as they should invite to assist.

It is fair to say that it would be difficult to name the same number of inquirers who are so well qualified by experience and ability to conduct such an investigation, and who would be so fair-minded and unbiased. They have not so much undertaken to draw conclusions for their readers as to lay before them in a complete manner all the evidence, and thereby enable each one to deduce for himself such conclusions as these facts, in connection with any other facts of which he may be cognizant, will warrant.

Mrs. Piper was met, on landing at Liverpool, by Professor Lodge, and during her entire stay in England was in charge of these gentlemen, and submitted to all the observation which they chose to make. They unanimously express their conviction of her good faith and integrity, and dismiss from their own minds any suspicion of conscious fraud. The especial phase of her mediumship is the voluntary trance, in which her personality appears to change and she personates a self-styled "Dr. Phinuit," who alleges that he was born at Marseilles, studied at Metz, where he took his degree at 30, and died 30 to 35 years ago at the age of 70. Up to the present time his statements have not been verified, and for the want of specific data there is considerable doubt if they ever will be.

He claimed that his business now is "to communicate with those in the body and make them believe our existence."

On two or three occasions different personalities were manifested, and one of them said: "Dr. Phinuit is a peculiar type of man. He goes about continually and is thrown in with everybody. He is eccentric and quaint, but good hearted. I wouldn't do the things he does for anything. He lowers himself sometimes—it's a great pity. He has very curious ideas about things and people; he receives a great deal about people from themselves, and he gets expressions and phrases that one don't care for; vulgar phrases he picks up by meeting uncanny people through the medium. These things tickle him, and he goes about repeating them. He has to interview a great number of people, and has no easy berth of it. A high type of man couldn't do the work he does, but he is a good hearted old fellow. Good-bye, Lodge; here's the doctor coming."

To a confirmed Spiritualist this will probably appear, after reading the reports of the doctor's alleged communications, a pretty generous estimate of that personality, whatever it may be. Professor Lodge says of him. "At times Doctor Phinuit does 'fish.' Occasionally he guesses; and sometimes he ekes out the scantiness of his information from the resources of a lively imagination. Whenever his supply of information is abundant, there is no sign of the fishing process. At other times it is as if he were in a diffi-

cult position—only able to gain information from very indistinct or inaudible sources, and yet wishful to convey as much information as possible. . . . His memory seems to be one of extraordinary tenacity and exactness, but not of infallibility; and its lapses do introduce error, both of defect and excess. He seems to be under some compulsion not to be silent. Possibly the trance would cease if he did not exert himself. At any rate he chatters on, and one has to discount a good deal of conversation which is obviously, and sometimes confessedly, introduced as a stop-gap. He is rather proud of his skill and does not like to be told he is wrong; but when he waxes confidential he admits he is not infallible; 'he does the best he can,' he says, but sometimes 'everything seems dark to him' and then he flounders and gropes and makes mistakes. . . . This fallibility is unfortunate, but I don't know that we should expect anything else; anyhow, it is not a question of what we expect, but of what we get. . . . Personally I feel sure that Phinuit can hardly help this fishing process at times. He does the best he can, but it would be a great improvement if, when he realizes that conditions are unfavorable, he would say so and hold his peace. . . . I have now to assert with entire confidence that, pressing the ingenious-guessing and unconscious-indication hypothesis to its utmost limit; it can only be held to account for a very few of Doctor Phinuit's statements. It can not in all cases be held to account for medical diagnoses, afterward confirmed by the regular practitioner. It can not account for minute and full details of names, circumstances and events, given to a cautious and almost silent sitter, sometimes without contact. And, to take the strongest case at once, it cannot account for the narration of facts outside the conscious knowledge of the sitter or any person present. Rejecting the fishing hypothesis, then, as insufficient to account for many of the facts, we are driven to the only remaining known cause in order to account for them, viz.: thought-transference, or the action of mind on mind independently of the ordinary channels of communication. . . . The Phinuit facts are most of them of this nature, and I do not hesitate to assert confidently that thought-transference is the most commonplace explanation to which it is possible to appeal. . . . But, whereas the kind of thought-transference which has been to my own knowledge experimentally proved was a hazy and difficult recognition by one person of objects kept as vividly as possible in the consciousness of another person, the kind of thought-transference necessary to explain these sittings is of an altogether freer and higher order—a kind which has not yet been experimentally proved at all. Facts are related which are not in the least present to the consciousness of the sitter, and they are often detailed glibly and vividly without delay, in very different style from the tedious and hesitating dimness of the old thought-transference experiments. . . . At the same time it ought to be constantly borne in mind that this kind of thought-transference, without consciously active agency, has never been experimentally proved. Certain facts, not otherwise apparently explicable, such as those chronicled in "Phantasms of the Living," have suggested it, but it is really only a possible hypothesis to which appeal has been made whenever any other explanation seems out of the question. But until it is actually established by experiment in the same way that conscious mind action has been established, it cannot be regarded as either safe or satisfactory; and in pursuing it we may be turning our backs on some truer but as yet perhaps unsuggested clue. I feel as if this caution were necessary for myself as well as for other members of the society." Of some facts given, he says: "The hypothesis of thought-transference has to be wriggled and stretched a little. However, I was willing to stretch it to any required length, so long as it would not actually snap.

"It is a puzzling matter to incorporate into science the recently established fact of an extraordinary or apparently direct action between mind and mind, both possessing brains, and a kind of disembodied action seems likely to be still more puzzling.

"Even if such a hypothesis could be intelligently granted I do not see that it would explain all the facts.

Not those last related, for instance—facts unknown to the sitter—nor Phinuit's skill in recognizing diseases and contemporary events. Thought-transference does better for some of these, but I hardly think it serves for all. If we reject ordinary thought-transference as inadequate, it seems as if we should be driven to postulate direct clairvoyance." Subsequently he says: "It is all very well to call a thing clairvoyance, but the thing so-called stands just as much in need of explanation as before."

Having thus exhibited, though quite imperfectly, some views of Professor Lodge, it will be of interest to note also the views of Mr. Leaf, who did not meet with quite so good success in his observations, in the sense of receiving so correct information.

He says (p. 560): "That Doctor Phinuit is what he gives himself out, the spirit of a departed Marseilles physician, I may say at once that I do not see the least ground for believing. His own word does not, in view of his moral standard, apart from other considerations, carry even a presumption of veracity; nor has a single one of the numerous statements he has made as to his life on earth, proved capable of verification. On the other side, his complete ignorance of French is a positive ground for disbelieving him, and one which he has never been able to explain.

"Phinuit in fact exhibits just the low moral tone which we so often find in table-talking, planchette, and other manifestations, as we now regard them, of the secondary self. He swears freely, and indulges in slang of the vulgar New England sort, in a way quite alien from the manners of Mrs. Piper. This is of course a trifle, but it is more serious when we find him continually making attempts to deceive. If he is notable to make a right statement, he is always ready with a guess of more or less ingenuity to conceal his ignorance, or at least with some ambiguity or subterfuge which should make a show of turning the difficulty. Hardly a sitting passed without his making at least a few statements which were altogether wrong. It is this which constitutes the chief obstacle to coming to a positive decision as to many of the facts."

P. 561, he says: "The more I consider the whole of the evidence, the more I remain convinced that it gives proof of a real supernormal power, subject, however, . . . to periods of temporary eclipse."

In summing up, he says: "The effect which a careful study of all the reports of the English sittings has left in my mind is this: That Doctor Phinuit is only another name for Mrs. Piper's secondary personality, assuming the name and acting the part with the aptitude and consistency which is shown by secondary personalities in other known cases; that in this abnormal state there is a quite exceptional power of reading the contents of the minds of the sitters; but that this power is far from complete. It gets only glimpses of what is stored up in the memory, and this without any clear distinction of that which is present to the mind at the time, from the forgotten memories, if the phrase may be used, of the past. The stray hints thus caught may sometimes fall together into consistent groups, in which case we have a successful sitting; or, and this is more usual, they may present themselves only as fragments. Phinuit is excessively desirous of impressing himself upon his hearers as a being of superhuman powers; and when he gets but fragmentary pictures he does not hesitate to piece them together with guesswork, often of the wildest kind. Sometimes he gets not even a glimpse of what the sitter's mind contains; he then has recourse to guessing, pure and simple."

From the foregoing it will be seen that neither of the gentlemen quoted is prepared to endorse at once the spiritualistic hypothesis, but, being on the solid ground of experiment, they are very far in advance of those whose prejudices prevent them from examining into the facts.

Both gentlemen concede the fact of experimental thought-transference and a "secondary personality," and they seek avowedly to stretch the resulting hypothesis as far as possible. These are new positions for scientific men; so new in fact that they have not yet "got their bearings." It is not possible for

them to realize at once all the consequences to flow from these new discoveries.

"A secondary personality!" Is not that the idea of St. Paul, translated into modern speech? Can it also explain the *daimon* of Socrates? But it is premature to go into a discussion of the merits of their work and the validity of their conclusions.

No doubt the editor of THE JOURNAL will give his readers a fuller and more worthy treatment of what must become one of the landmarks in the investigation of abnormal (spiritualistic) phenomena.

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF RAILWAY AND TELEGRAPH LINES.

By CHARLES HAMILTON MERRY.

In his annual report to the Board of Directors of the Chicago and Alton Railway, President T. B. Blackstone says that it would be better for the owners of that property if the national government owned and operated. If this is true as to the Chicago and Alton, why is it not true as to all the remaining railway property in the United States? Public opinion—the jury of to-day—is making up its verdict from the past and present actions of men. The verdict of future generations will be based, not on what men have done, but on what they might have done. The second paragraph of President Blackstone's report reads as follows:

"The principal agencies employed by the states for the last twenty years are railroad commissioners, who are required from time to time to fix reduced maximum rates, and speculating contractors who have been, and are now, authorized to construct railroads where they are not needed and where such roads cannot possibly obtain traffic enough to support them. The object of the government appears to be to divide traffic between the older lines and those more recently constructed, and by the resulting excessive competition reduce rates for transportation."

The success that has been achieved in the postal department of the government under what railway managers would consider very adverse circumstances—i. e., considerable reductions in rates of postage, supplemented in many cases by a heavy increase in the cost of service, warrants the belief that under national ownership and management of railways that the per cent. of safety to persons and property in transit will be greatly increased, the service will be better, and the cost therefor will be much below what it now is, or is ever likely to be, so long as the railways are owned by and managed in the interest of private corporations. President Blackstone says truly that millions of dollars invested in railway shares have been literally "wiped out" by bankruptcy proceedings; that the innocent and helpless owners have by this means been deprived of their holdings, with no equivalent in value, no recourse for recovery. Of all men the railroad wrecker and manipulator is the most innocent-appearing, the most modest and unassuming in his intercourse with his fellow-men. Yet he is a pastmaster in the science of railway evolution. By actual experiment he has demonstrated the fact that the germ or chrysalis, so to speak, of a bankrupt railway corporation may be placed in a Wall street incubator and multiplier, and that after a period of careful warming and nursing that it will multiply itself in some cases many hundreds of times and then reappear in the form of "watered" stock. Owing to the strange constituents of the Wall street atmosphere and the peculiar quality of the water that has been mingled with this evolved stock, the tints are more delicate, the coloring more beautiful, the blending more perfect than that of any other stock previously offered to a credulous public.

Without positively declaring it the statute under which private corporations may come into possession and use of individual property contemplates the possession and use of the corporate property by the national government. The limits of a newspaper, the time and patience of the average newspaper reader both forcibly admonish the writer that vital and vast as this question is, it must not be taken up in detail. Therefore the resultant advantages of national ownership of both railway and telegraph lines will be as far

as possible adverted to in a general way only. The injury that will be inflicted on the public, individually and collectively, by the consolidation of those properties in one gigantic corporation will necessarily have to be discussed at greater length. When the national government becomes the owner and operator of all the railway lines in the United States then in place of some seven hundred private corporations, each trying to circumvent the other, and all seeking to take advantage of the public, there will be but one. Then one system will include all lines. Then one policy will suffice for all. Then there will be no preferred class of patrons, because all persons will ride and ship on the same terms. Then labor disturbances and strikes will be unknown because there will be no hungry stockholders to appease, no exacting management to conciliate. Then employes will be no longer overworked and underpaid. Then improved appliance will be used on all trains to minimize danger to persons, be they patrons or servants. Then employes who have grown gray in the service will not be discharged simply "because they have been with the company too long." Then there will be complete uniformity in rolling stock, a thing that adds greatly to the safety and convenience of operation, and to that extent at least is a potent factor in its success. Then the roadway will always be in a condition to insure the safety of trains passing over it. The shaky piling and wooden bulkheads now used in culverts and short bridges will be replaced by solid and substantial masonry. The waterways will be of sufficient area to pass the waters of any flood likely to occur. Cross ties will be of steel. Trunk lines will have double tracks. Trains will be run on the block or some other system equally safe. Every mile of track will be patrolled both by day and by night. All switches and crossings will be carefully guarded. The train service will be as perfect as human ingenuity and skill can make it. The public will receive civil and prompt replies to questions propounded to the heads of departments on matters of mutual interest and concern. But the crowning glory of national ownership of railway and telegraph lines will be the extirpation of that upas of modern civilization, the stock exchange, which will cease to exist, simply from a lack of something to feed on. In point of iniquity and moral rottenness it is without peer or precedent. It corrupts every heart, blights every life and casts a shadow over every hearthstone in the land.

Directly and indirectly there is locked up in railway and telegraph property in the United States some ten thousand million dollars. If this money could be set at liberty in the way proposed it would naturally seek some legitimate employment.

It might lead to the manufacture into yarn and cloth of the six million bales of raw cotton that we are now annually exporting, thus giving profitable employment to foreigners while our own people are starving in enforced idleness.

This railway and telegraph purchase could be readily accomplished by an issue of fifty-year two-per-cent. bonds. This plan would lower the rate of interest for money to a figure that manufacturers could pay and live.

The first duty of the government is to protect the weak against the strong. The second, to ameliorate the condition of the masses.

PAINE, THE PAMPHLETEER OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

In New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, San Francisco and many other large cities and in numerous smaller places in the United States, the birthday of Thomas Paine has just been celebrated by assemblages, a social supper and speeches. Paine was born January 29, 1737, and certainly deserves to be remembered gratefully by the American people, for incalculably valuable were his services to this Republic. General Washington, in a letter dated Cambridge, January 31, 1776, wrote to Joseph Reed: "A few more such flaming arguments as were exhibited at Falmouth and Norfolk, added to the sound doctrine and unanswerable reasoning contained in the pamphlet 'Common Sense' will not leave numbers at a loss to

decide on the propriety of a separation."

a letter to Gen. Joseph Reed, written in M Washington said: "By private letters, which lately received from Virginia, I find that 'Common Sense' is working a powerful change there in the minds of many men." Thomas Jefferson, in 1801, in a letter to Paine, tendering him a passage to the United States from France in a national vessel, wrote: "I am in hopes you will find us returned generally to sentiments worthy of former times. In these it will be your glory to have steadily labored and with as much effect as any man living. That you may long live to continue your useful labors and to reap the reward of the thankfulness of nations, is my sincere prayer."

General Lee, referring to the effects of Paine's writings said, "He burst forth on the world like Jove in thunder." John Adams said that Lee used to speak of Paine as "the man with genius in his eyes."

Samuel Adams, in 1802, in a letter to Paine lamenting the publication of the "Age of Reason" wrote "I have frequently with pleasure, reflected on your services to my native and your adopted country. Your 'Common Sense' and your 'Crisis' unquestionably awakened the public mind and led the people to call loudly for a declaration of our American Independence." When Judge Hertell proposed the erection of a monument to Paine, Andrew Jackson said: "Thomas Paine needs no monument made by hands; he has erected himself a monument in the hearts of all lovers of liberty 'The Rights of Man' will be more enduring than all the piles of marble and granite man can erect."

Paine's religious creed was simple. "I believe," he wrote in his "Age of Reason," "in one God and no more, and hope for happiness beyond this life. I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy and endeavoring to make our fellow-beings happy." He argued strongly in favor of the immortality of the soul, while opposing the doctrine, popular in his day, of the resurrection of the body.

At a gathering in commemoration of Thomas Paine's services, B. F. Underwood made an address, from which the following extracts are taken:

It was the power, directness, and irresistible logic with which Paine attacked revelation that caused the influence of his work to be dreaded and himself to be so bitterly assailed. He examined the Bible with the same fearless spirit with which he had examined the English constitution, and he exposed its errors and absurdities, and refuted its claims to superhuman origin, in the same clear, concise, and forcible style that had proved so effective in his attacks on monarchical government and the pretensions of kings. He took the arguments which had been confined chiefly to the learned, which had been used by those who, like Collins and Bolingbroke, had written for the educated class, and made them, by the simplicity of his language and the clearness of his illustrations, easily understood by the common reader. Writers more learned had preceded him in the same field, but none who possessed the same happy faculty of engaging the attention, exciting the interest, and convincing the understanding of all classes alike.

Paine had studied the Bible carefully, and was familiar with every part of it, let the clergy say what they will. He produced a work which contains arguments that are among the strongest that can be brought against the divine origin and authority of the Bible. Modern research and modern scholarship have added arguments to those which he employed; and scientific discoveries of the past fifty years have put into the hands of the freethinker new weapons with which Paine was unacquainted; but it may be safely said that the reasons he adduced against revelation are among those which to-day are regarded as the strongest that can be urged from the theistic standpoint. It is to me surprising that a work written nearly a century ago, and by one whose mind was so busily and earnestly engaged in other fields of labor, should be so free from errors, have so few inconclusive arguments, and so little to which free-thinkers to-day can take exception.

As a writer Thomas Paine undoubtedly deserves to rank among the ablest in our language. We are familiar with the saying of a witty Frenchman, "The object of language is to conceal our thoughts." Paine was ignorant of the art of writing so as to conceal his real thoughts. Every sentence from his pen was stamped with his intense individuality, and luminous with the light of his own mind. Aristotle says, "He who would be a teacher must think as wise people do, but speak as the common people do." The thoughts of Paine were those of a sagacious and profound mind.

so thoughts to the world in a style peculiar—so plain and lucid, so terse and that a child can grasp his meaning, while but few perhaps who can peruse his works without profit. In the simplicity of his style, as Jefferson remarks, he resembles Franklin; but his style is more nervous and vigorous than that of the great philosopher. There is truth in the statement of Croly, the author of the "Life of George the Fourth," who says, "Paine, like a young Spartan warrior, went into the field stripped to the last thread of prudent conventional disguise, and thus not only fixed the gaze of men upon his intrepid singularity, but exhibited the vigor of his faculties in full play." He uses but few embellishments, but he never lacks for a happy illustration with which to convey the full force of his thought. All his works abound in passages full of compact thoughts beautifully and elegantly expressed. There are few, if any, writers whose works contain more noble, generous sentiments.

Paine was a self-made man. Shakespeare says some men are born great, some achieve greatness and others have greatness thrust upon them. Paine most emphatically achieved greatness. He inherited no ancestral name, and could claim neither wealth nor distinction by birthright. He was not suddenly pushed into a position of honor, nor was a reputation made for him by his friends. He started in life with no other resources than a clear head and a brave heart. With these he carved out his own fortune. He organized victory out of his own subjective forces. The son of a Thetford stay-maker, born poor in a land of titled nobility, he rose by his own efforts to distinction, helped establish the freest and most magnificent republic that ever existed; wrote his name in large letters in two of the first nations of Europe; associated his name with the progress of republican principles forever, and found time besides to perform a work in the cause of free thought of incalculable value, for which free-thinkers in every land whose shores are washed by the Atlantic have celebrated the day that gave him birth and recalled the story of his life.

A MYTH WITH WISDOM IN IT.

By REV. T. P. SAWIN.

[The sermon published in this issue is one of a course of sermons delivered by Rev. T. P. Sawin of the First Presbyterian Church, Troy, N. Y. Mr. Sawin has been the pastor of that church for nearly five years and his ministrations have been received with great favor by all classes of people. As will be seen from this sermon, he is not held fast by a traditional theology, but speaks out his mind in accordance with his convictions. The church of which he is pastor has always been noted for freedom in the discussion of spiritual truth, and Mr. Sawin is the inheritor of privileges fought for by his predecessors, by such men as Drs. Beman, Webber and Anderson—men who believed that religion was a rational service and that its chief writings should therefore be interpreted in a rational manner.—ED. JOURNAL.]

Genesis iii., 7: "And the eyes of them both were opened."

The third chapter of Genesis contains within itself the moral history of man, and is also an epitome of the moral history of the world. The record of this history is in a mythical form, but within the form there is a living spirit that gives energy to the truth.

We will first look at the form. After God had molded man from the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of a higher life, He placed him in a garden said to be located eastward in Eden, and gave him orders to till and care for it. This of course means that work was his lot from the outset. Idleness is never acknowledged as a part of the divine economy. This garden was already planted, but labor was necessary to keep it in order. Of the fruits of that garden man was permitted to partake with the exception of that which grew on one tree in the midst of the garden, and which was called the tree of knowledge of good and evil. According to the story man's only companionship was the birds of the air and the beasts of the field. These God brought to him, and He named them. But man was solitary, and God said that it was not good for him to be alone, and hence He provided a companion for him, by taking from him the woman, who was to be his helpmeet. The unity of the story is somewhat marred at this point by the remark, "that for this reason shall a man leave his father and his mother and cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one flesh." If this were really the first man and woman, neither of them could have left father and mother and gone away from home to set up a home of their own; but if this be a record intended to idealize the marriage relation and to mark the ascendancy of man in the scale of animal life, then it is an appropriate and significant expression. The

next verse tells of their guileless simplicity, which is immediately brought into contrast with the subtlety of the serpent, the most crafty of all animals which the Lord God had made. As one evidence of this subtlety the serpent is said to have the power of reason and audible speech, speaking in a language which was perfectly understood by the man and woman. On one occasion, while they are together, the serpent addresses the woman and asks in a tone of well-feigned surprise, if it is true that the God has prohibited them from eating of every tree in the garden. The woman answers that they are permitted to eat of every tree except the one that is in the middle of the garden, and the penalty of disobedience in this case, she says, is death. The serpent replies that no such penalty will follow, but on the other hand he assures the woman that if they will eat of this fruit it will open their eyes, and they shall be as gods, knowing both good and evil. The assertion is made positively, and God is not in the garden at that time to controvert the speech of the serpent. It would seem as if the conversation was held very near to the tree, for the woman looked and saw that the fruit was good and pleasant to the eyes, and greatly to be desired. So without further delay she took the fruit, and did eat, and gave to her husband who was with her, and he also ate of it. It was therefore a mutual act. The woman did not seek out the man and tempt him to come and eat, but having heard the whole conversation he shared with her in the deed. Then the serpent's words prove true. The fruit is not a mortal poison. They are still alive, and there is no sign of any ill-effects. But their eyes are opened, as the serpent said they would be, and they have a knowledge of good and evil. They have a new experience. They have learned something. The story goes on to say that when the heat of the day had subsided, God came and took a walk for pleasure in the garden, and not seeing the man and woman as usual, he called aloud for Adam. But they had both hidden themselves in the midst of the thick trees, and when they heard the voice calling them, Adam responded by saying that he was afraid, because he was naked. As is very natural he does not think of what he has done, but only of its consequences. Suspecting the truth, God asks him who told him he was naked, and without waiting for a reply, demands whether he has eaten of the forbidden tree, whereupon the man gives a perfectly true and colorless version of the affair. "Thou gavest me a companion; she gave me the fruit, and I did eat." It is quite unfair to say that Adam is here casting any blame either upon God or the woman, for the truth is he does not yet know what blame is. He had come into the consciousness of the consequence of his act, but he has as yet no consciousness of sin. God now asks the woman: "What hast thou done?" With simple ingenuousness she replies: "The serpent beguiled me and I did eat." That is all that she has to say. One would expect at this point that the promised penalty would be executed. We look for a burst of wrath and indignation, and the falling of a fiery bolt which will at once destroy these miserable sinners; but nothing of the kind follows. The serpent alone is cursed. He is doomed to crawl and to eat dust, and to be hated by the seed of the woman. In this reference to the seed of the woman there is an intimation of the real character of the knowledge which has been gained, but this will develop further on.

After cursing the serpent, God turns to the woman and tells her that henceforth the pains of maternity shall be increased, but notwithstanding this her desire shall be toward her husband and she shall become subject to him. The man seems to receive a harsher sentence, for he is told that his life shall be one of toil and conflict with nature, but a blessing is also worked in, for not man but the ground is to be cursed for his sake, that is for his advantage. But in the sweat of his face shall he eat his bread until he return to the dust from whence he was taken. This sentence, so mild in comparison with what was threatened, is submissively received, and Adam, with an apparent comprehension of its import, names his wife Eve, the mother of all living.

God then takes pity on them in their naked condition, and makes for them garments from the skins of animals, and thus teaches them that they are to have dominion over all creatures.

Man is still in the paradise garden, and the tree of life is there, and God is fearful lest he should eat of that and live for ever. The story is incomplete, or it would have explained why this was not done before, since the fruit of this tree was not forbidden. Then it would seem that he might have indulged his desire for the fruit of the other tree without risk, but it may be that the eating of the forbidden fruit was necessarily antecedent to an understanding of the property of the tree of life. However this may be, God sees that the best way is to send man forth from the garden out into the world. This is therefore done, and a guard of cherubim is placed at the gate to prevent re-entrance. From this we infer that the garden was an enclosed space, yet in a former part of the narrative we are told that a great river flowed through the gar-

den, a statement that would seem to interfere with the inference that it was enclosed.

The narrative is now before us. It is obvious that it cannot be taken as literal history. We cannot think of the serpent as speaking and holding converse with the man and woman. We cannot conceive of a literal tree of knowledge of good and evil; we cannot believe that God came and walked in the garden in the cool of the day; we cannot regard the cherubim as actual beings who guarded the entrance with a flaming sword. All these things stamp the story as a myth or a legend, and yet this does not prevent us from believing that it has wisdom in it, and that it is profitable to us for instruction. We may dismiss the idea that this Adam and this Eve are actually the first man and woman, and yet for all that, we may find in the story the living word of God to man.

It was given with the intention of explaining something, and it is our business first of all to ask what that something is, and then to interpret it accordingly. We must then carefully observe the story itself, for however mythical may be its form it contains ideas that were of vital importance to the narrator, and if true they are of vital importance to us. What then is the subject of the story? Plainly it is a "Lost Paradise"; but it is no such story as Milton has told in his wonderful epic. That poem is marvelous for its imagination and its learning. It reaches the high-water mark of English poetry, and ranks with the few great poems of the world. Its theme is the fall of man and its consequence, but it is evident that this subject is considered from a theological point of view which was not in sight to the narrator of this story. He did not think of the serpent as Satan in disguise, nor is there the least suggestion that he regarded him as an evil spirit at all. The quality attributed to this animal is purely intellectual. He is subtle, crafty, prudent, but not malicious or vile. It is expressly said that he was made thus by his creator, and prominently endowed with these qualities. He does not introduce evil into the garden. It was there before man entered it, and is as constituent a part of Paradise as the tree of life itself. Many people forget this fact when they speak of the fall. They speak as if evil was original with man, as if he devised it, adopted it, and made it his own. But this story gives no such idea. We are told "that our first parents, being seduced by the subtlety and temptation of Satan, sinned in eating the forbidden fruit;" and then in the same breath we are assured that "God was pleased to permit this sin, according to His wise and holy counsel, having already ordered it for His own glory." Now there are many difficulties in the way of accepting such a statement. In the first place it is impossible for any man to know anything of the kind. In the second place it is impossible for us to see how perfect wisdom and holiness can permit and order that to be done which is antagonistic to it in essence and action. In the third place there is no ground for this statement in the story. Nothing is said about the subtlety of Satan, and nothing about his temptation. It may seem strange to you, but the fact is that the transaction is not represented as a temptation, nor is the result of it called sin. Both the idea and the language are wanting to the story.

We are further told that "man was created with an immortal soul, and that he was endowed with knowledge, righteousness and true holiness, and that by eating of this forbidden fruit he fell from this original righteousness, and so became dead in sin, and wholly defiled in all the faculties and parts of soul and body". And furthermore, that on account of this all mankind are "utterly indisposed, disabled and made opposite to all good," and that this is our guilt, and its penalty is punishment in this world and the pains of hell forever.

Is there anything of this in the story? Do you believe that such notions were in the mind of the narrator, or that he was supernaturally guided to tell a story which should admit of such an interpretation? I said last Sunday evening that the first and second chapters of Genesis were not given to teach us theology, but that they were given to teach us that God made the world, and that one God did it, and that He is transcendent over and immanent in His creation. That is the great lesson which the hymn of creation teaches, and it shows how far away in the very beginning of human history there were thoughts of God which precluded materialism, pantheism and polytheism. And now I say with equal confidence that this story was not intended to teach Augustinian, or Calvinistic, or Arminian theology, and you cannot get these things out of it unless you first put them into it.

Let us try and bring before us the thought of the narrator as suggested by what he has written. He has already accounted for the world and its inhabitants. He has represented the Divine Being as engaged in an orderly work, the result of which is an orderly world. He thought of it as beginning with chaos and darkness, and ending in life and light. He looks about him and he sees that man is still striving to realize the end for which he was made. Forms of government have been adopted, rules and regula-

tions have been made. Whatever man undertakes meets with success in proportion to his adherence to the primal ideas of unity and proportion. If he builds a house it must have its plan. If he makes a tabernacle and institutes a ritual of worship, it must be after a pattern. If he forms an army, it must have its ranks and divisions. If he makes any instruments for labor or for recreation he must conform to certain principles. All his labor therefore is in a real sense a work of art. Now the inquiry has often been made, how all this originated? and then deeper inquiries have been started. Whence the conflict that we see all about us? Is it the work of one power or of two diverse powers, or is it the result of a harmony of opposites? Whence comes life, and what is death? Now these are difficult questions, and the most perplexing thing about them is that when we have arrived at an answer we are conscious that the opposite answer may be true. Truth seems always to be in motion like the oscillations of a pendulum. The movement is rhythmical, and yet it is not controlled by logic. A man commits a crime. Is it altogether a crime or is it in part a disaster? A judge and jury listen to evidence. Is the trial complete, and can the verdict be now rendered? No! There remains yet the voice of the advocate and the appeal to sympathy. On the one hand human responsibility seems to stand alone, and yet no sooner does one try to shut out everything else than there rises the vision of the inevitable, and demands that in the verdict the inevitable have its due place. And no verdict can be just that does not recognize the fact that this enters as an element into every action done by man. You may admit and insist upon the power of choice, but by no possibility can you exclude the circumstances that surround the man, and hence in every just judgment there must be the putting of your soul in his soul's place. This, I believe, is also essential to divine justice, and it in part explains the character of this story we are now considering.

The narrator of it endeavored to put himself in the place of the ideal he was attempting to portray. He intended to ask of that ideal an answer to the questions suggested by his own experience. Let us try and do the same. Reading over the whole story again, and again, I can see in it much more of an intellectual conflict than anything else, and yet there is not wanting a moral conflict. The man while alone is surrounded with mysteries. There is a greater mystery yet when he recognizes that opposite of himself which is yet a true part of himself. The woman is of the man, and yet she is distinct from him. She is bone of his bones and flesh of his flesh, but she has her own soul, her own life, and her own functions. There seems to be a common starting point and then a divergence, and in that divergence lies the only possibility of union. But this union will not take place until they have a common and mutual experience. They are both laborers in the garden. The man was placed there to till the garden, and the woman was given him as a helpmeet. The labor then must have been divided, and each must have worked in accordance with the difference between them. Their lives were undoubtedly happy, but only to that degree which marks the absence of pain. They were innocent, but innocent only because they were unconscious. There was no virtue in the innocence. It was a natural manifestation, and of no higher order than that which belonged to the animals who were their other companions in the garden. Now when the serpent came with his specious words he aroused no moral conflict. His suggestion did not touch the right or the wrong of the matter, but only the truth or the falsehood of it, for truth and falsehood are relative terms as we see from the issue. God's word threatening a certain penalty, was true only in a certain sense, not absolutely true. The serpent's word was not false, only in a certain sense, for according to the story God himself acknowledged the truth of it. Hence this transaction does not show us a dallying with temptation, and then a final surrender, and after that penitence, and forgiveness, but a purely intellectual conquest, and an unfolding of a mystery. Their eyes were opened. The open eye was then as it is now the downcast eye. It was not an open unblinking gaze, but an averted look which brought a vision of that which the eye had not before seen, and which it could not see. So the revelation which followed the eating of the forbidden fruit, was not the consciousness of sin, but the consciousness of manhood and womanhood. It was not a passing from perfection to imperfection, from original righteousness to total corruption, but from innocence to knowledge, or from an instinct to a principle. In his previous condition man had not risen above the gregarious instincts of animal life. He had not consciously exercised any choice, but now he is struggling to realize that higher life which gets its consummation in the social compact. In partaking of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, he advances into the realm of choice, and makes his heart's devotion to the one woman who is now more to him than all else in the world, and whom he design-

ates by the tender and sacred name of mother. The previous natural selection has become a spiritual selection. Yet it is true, that act of disobedience has brought with it a sense of shame. This is the evil, but there is good also, for the sense of shame is the condition of knowing the meaning of purity. Is there, then, no fall here, no temptation and no sin? Certainly, but not in the modern sense of these terms. The narrator had no such idea of these things as we have. With us these things are wholly evil. They issue, as we have been taught, in total depravity and complete corruption. But with him there is good mixed with the evil, and hence the disobedience while it is followed by punishment, is also succeeded by a definite progress into a larger life. The threatened penalty was, "Thou shalt die in the day that thou eatest thereof." The real consequence was that the narrow bounds of Eden cease to be the residence of man, and the whole world becomes his, as it was promised on the day of his creation. And he enters the world with a burden, but also with an assurance of mastership, and with a new experience that will enable him to carry out the divine purpose under the self imposed restraints of a social law which was written on his heart in the day when he awakened from the simple dream of Paradise innocence to the actual realities of a life of virtue, purity and love. But we cannot stop here in our interpretation. We must ask whence came the evil? Two explanations have been given. One is, that it is inherent in matter. It exists in things. The literal definition of sin is "missing the mark," but if evil exists in things then sin is not so much missing the mark as having a bad weapon. The other explanation is that evil exists in persons, and with this explanation sin is missing the mark, because of a weak arm, an unstrung nerve and a poor aim.

Now we know what the idea of this writer is because we have the repeated assertion that God said of everything that he had made: "He saw that it was good." This conviction is in the mind of the narrator of this story. A sublime personality stands at the head of creation. God himself is that personality, and his highest work is the creation of a person in his own image. Materialism here finds its immediate and direct antithesis. If then there is any evil in the world it is not there of necessity but of choice, because the idea of personality is incomplete without the idea of choice. The only evil then is the choice of evil. But it is necessary that this choice should be presented. Therefore the tree of the knowledge of good and evil stands in the midst of the garden, and man's development depends upon his coming in contact with it. Let us see then how the case stands. The man and woman are there in safety and peace. But no man can really know what safety is unless he also knows the meaning of peril; he cannot understand the meaning of peace until he has been tried in conflict. So of all other qualities which identify manhood. How can there be courage without a sense of danger, or honesty where every want is supplied, or virtue where vice is absolutely unknown, or generosity where poverty is wholly absent? Do you not see that everything essential to heroism is lacking until evil summons it to buckle on its armor and prove itself in hard fought battle? If this does not explain the existence of evil, it at least makes it less perplexing. It shows us that in the mind of the writer of this story, there was the thought which has often come to us that without evil there could be no real good, and at the same time it enables us to see clearly that while an inducement to evil is necessitated by the circumstances which surround us and which are beyond our control, the only real evil after all is in our opposition to a righteous will. This interpretation of this story, however much it may differ from others has at least this advantage. It takes into account all the circumstances, and relieves us from the thought that the creation was a terrible disaster, or a gigantic blunder. That is the thought which governs the whole system of theology as set forth by Augustine. He makes the whole history of creation a practical preparation for everlasting destruction and unutterable and never ending torture. According to his theory the first act of human life was to call evil into existence, and to perpetuate it throughout all generations, with no possible chance of self-deliverance, and with only a meagre opportunity arbitrarily presented for the escape of a chosen few. This terrible doctrine has well nigh made the earth as dark as he has painted it. It has set the seal of sin on the holiest of all relations and by degrading fatherhood and motherhood, has done what it could to reduce man to the level of that animal life out of which he rose when his eyes were opened to the sanctity of his being as a temple of God.

But while I thus contend against this doctrine, I am aware that it contains a truth which must be heeded at our peril. The potent sin of the world is selfishness, and selfishness lies exceedingly near to what is dearest and best in our lives. We know that the greatest thing in the world is love, and that it is the source and spring of all that is excellent and of

good report, but love must be pure or it will degrade the soul and bring disaster worse than death. It is exceedingly significant that in this story the man and woman go forth to bear together the suffering of that punishment which in its turn became their redemption. We hear no word of reproach from either, and no regret for the lost paradise. They began at once to make a better one for themselves than that which was given to them. They had now a knowledge which fitted them to become the true conquerors of the world. We are the inheritors of their knowledge without being the inheritors of their sin. The inheritance is not of doubtful value. If it has given us a bias, such as we cannot overcome, it has also given us a freedom which cannot be taken away. It enables us to say that the only evil in the world is the choice of evil, and the only sin is a consciousness of sin. But for the evil that we do, and for the sin that we commit, there is redemption for us as for them. The toil of the man, and the anguish of the birth pangs, are the factors in that redemption which shall yet usher in a new world. The man of sorrows passes through humiliation and death and then onwards and upwards to wear the immortal crown. He bears the cross, and then wields the eternal scepter. If the disobedience of one man brought the inevitable conflict to an issue, the obedience of one man shall also bring it to a triumphant close.

I said in the beginning that this story was really the history of man and of the world, and I now reaffirm it. We come into this world with closed eyes, unconscious, and innocent. A probation inevitably awaits us. The tree of the knowledge of good and evil is laden with fruit and stands by our pathway. We every one of us eat of it. There comes a time when our innocence leaves us. We become conscious of ourselves. That consciousness cannot be taught. It cannot be learned from any lessons from without. It comes to us in due time and our eyes are opened. Then we know the difference between right and wrong, good and evil. It is an intellectual knowledge, and it becomes by and by moral. If we resist the wrong, it is because we know what wrong is, and the more we resist it the more completely do we know it. Not to resist it brings a gradual loss of knowledge. Increase of evil brings decrease of good. The soul that keeps itself pure alone understands the full measure of truth, and sees the complete force of its antithesis. The only hero is the man who has fought battles. The only saint is a sinner who is trying hard to hit the mark. The only good man in this world is he who realizes the double nature of the conflict in which he is engaged and while with his flesh he serves the law of sin, with his mind is serving strenuously the law of God. And this is no mere theory but a fact proven by the deepest experiences of the soul. You will find it written in colors of living light in the fiction that is true as the truth of God. It is the doctrine that gives all its wonderful force to the character of Gwympaine in Victor Hugo's story of "The Man who Laughs." Gwympaine's love for the blind girl Dea, and the strength that came out of it as manifested in his resistance to the terrible temptation of the duchess Josianna, is only another proof that the loss of innocence may be the highest gain for the soul, and the greatest good for others. Gwympaine is but another Adam driven out of Paradise that he may have the chance of winning a heaven for himself.

The "Marble Faun" is another illustration drawn in more esthetic lines but not with greater force. Donatello does not become a man with a rational spirit until he becomes conscious of sin. I have no reason to give why this is so, but the fact is beyond contradiction. I do not say now that sin is necessary on our part in order that we may rise into manhood. To that assertion I reply, "God forbid!" But it is nevertheless true that the knowledge of sin, an experience of its power, a test of its subtlety, is prerequisite to a life of righteousness. If Adam had not eaten of the forbidden fruit, he would not have known the difference between hope and despair, faith and doubt, hate and love. But there is another point worth considering. Paradise was lost to him before he ate of that fruit. If he had resisted the argument of the serpent, that resistance would have brought the knowledge that Paradise was not large enough for him. The victory would have roused aspirations that would have compelled him to seek for newer pastures and wider streams than Eden afforded. As a conqueror he would have received the key of knowledge of good and evil, and that would have made his soul a battlefield. So in any event I think that we can see that a paradise life was not sufficient for the race. The knowledge of good and evil was bound to bring suffering, and trial, and death, but it also brings joy, and victory, and life. That failure in the garden made love and self-sacrifice possible, and love and self-sacrifice opens the gate not of a garden, but of a city, in which social life is perfect, and communion with God not intermittent, but constant and permanent. So then this story which has its sad aspects is yet fraught with good news. The fall, if you choose so to term it, was not a curse but a blessing to the race

It brought evil into the light and disclosed it as the shadow of liberty, but at the same time it foretold a time when freedom shall be unvexed with the consequences of evil. It gave men a hope, not of regaining lost ground but of entering into the possession of a new territory, of far greater dimensions and of more enduring value. Above all it emphasizes the fact that nothing can put God out of amicable relations to this world which he has made, and in the commutation of the punishment from immediate death to hard labor for life, it shows that God had a gracious purpose from the start, and in the subsequent developments of the world we see clearly that this purpose cannot be thwarted. If the tree of life is guarded for the present, the time will come when its fruit shall be for the healing of the nations. If death is inevitable in the order of nature, in the order of spirit, its bitterest sting shall be removed, and man holding fast to the primeval promise that the seed of the woman shall tread the serpent under his feet, may now look back along the lines of hereditary transmission, not with regret and despair but with hope and faith, confident of the coming time when he may stand and sing his psalm of triumph over the first and last great enemy of the human race. It is thus that this story of "Paradise Lost" appears to me, and viewing it in all its various aspects, I accept it as the true inspiration of a man who spoke better than he knew, and so offered to us and to all the world a comforting and assuring message, that enables us to say in the face of the evil as well as the good in the earth, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth."

DECEMBER 14, 1890.

STARTLED BY A GHOST.

The Chicago daily papers have contained detailed reports of an occurrence over which it is said that the people of Carthage, Ill., and of the countryside east of that city, are considerably excited. The following account is taken from the *Inter Ocean* of January 28th:

On Thanksgiving Day, Louis C. Boston, an exemplary young man died and on his death-bed made a most startling profession of faith, and declared that he yet hoped to see a number of young men of the neighborhood turn into better paths. Last Wednesday night as August Wright was feeding his horses at the barn an apparition stood before him which looked like a man. Wright hallooed at the object and it disappeared.

Sunday night young Wright was returning from church and while passing a lonely strip of road a form dressed in long white robes stepped out of the hedge fence in front of the horses. The animals reared and plunged with fright but the spook caught each one by the bridle rein saying "whoa, Charlie, whoa, Frank." The animals seemed to recognize their names for they sank down on their haunches and trembled with fear. The ghost then climbed up on the buggy tongue and walked along it until the dashboard was reached; then it said: "Why, Aug, don't you know Louis Boston? shake hands with me." Wright, though terribly frightened, took the proffered hand and said it was as cold and clammy as that of a corpse. Wright then attempted to drive his team along but the spook said: "Wait, I want to talk to you, and if you will only listen to me a moment I will never bother you again."

Young Wright says he sat alongside of the horrible apparition which he swears was the wraith body of Louis Boston, while the spook delivered messages to loved ones and friends mostly of a religious nature. Wright has so far refused to repeat what Boston's spook told him.

Finally the spook said: "But I must go back; I am called; oh, I must go back; don't you hear the angels calling, good-by," and the spirit vanished.

Last night while young Wright was doing chores around the barn the same apparition appeared. "Go away," cried Wright, "I don't want to see you; go away I tell you."

"I want to say just one more word," said Boston.

"I don't want to see you," cried Wright, and in desperation threw a singletree at the object, which passed through it as though the body were mist. The long, white-robed thing moved away weeping bitterly and saying, "I want to say one more word."

It is now revealed that Mrs. Andrew Wright, mother of Aug. Wright, who has been quite ill for some weeks, was the first victim of the apparition. She was in the barnyard one evening about three weeks ago, when she was heard to utter piercing screams. She was found prostrate in an insensible condition and removed to the house. Delirium followed, in which she muttered the name of "Louis, Louis Boston" repeatedly. The lady is still quite sick.

The appearance of the specter has caused intense excitement through all the eastern portion of the country.

Reuben Boston, father of the dead boy, was seen by a reporter this evening. He is a well-to-do and intel-

ligent farmer. "Do you believe this to be your boy, Mr. Boston?"

"I believe it is Louis; he was a good boy and had the welfare of his young friends at heart. I wish Aug. Wright would tell you what Louis told him, so you can print it. I believe he has wonderful things to tell."

"Have you ever seen the apparition?"

"No; but I believe it must be Louis."

To-day the strange affair is the topic of conversation in Carthage, and future visitations from the spook are awaited with great interest.

MR. WRIGHT'S OWN STATEMENT.

After the article printed above was put in type the following dispatch appeared in the *Inter Ocean* and is here reproduced since it will make more complete the account of the alleged apparition at Carthage, which is declared to be "the reigning sensation" there:

CARTHAGE, ILL., Jan. 28.—The excitement concerning Lewis Boston's ghost is on the increase, and the story has spread far and wide. Newspaper men have been making life a burden to young Wright, who is a quiet country farmer, and in his wildest dreams never hoped to gain the notoriety he has attained. The *Inter Ocean* correspondent has succeeded in obtaining from Wright an explicit statement concerning his experiences with the spook. They were made in the presence of A. N. Cherrill, a notary public, and C. W. Boston, a relative of the dead boy. The statement, which is full and which Wright will swear to at any time, is as follows:

My name is Arthur Wright; age 19. I have seen ghosts twelve or thirteen times within the past two months. On Wednesday night last I was going home from a meeting at Bowen, driving a pair of ponies to a buggy, when, within nearly half a mile of home, a ghost came out from a hedge fence. It was clothed in white. It caught both my horses by the bridle reins. The horses were frightened and tried to get away. The ghost spoke to the horses, calling them by name. He caught the smaller one, Frank, by the rein, and walked around by the side of him, and then came to the side of the buggy and climbed on the wheel, and put his knee on the side of the bed as if to get in. He said to me: "Halloo, Art." It was the ghost of Lewis Boston, who died lately. I worked for him about two years ago. He said: "Poor old L. L. has come back to see you." He said he had come back to tell me something. He told me some things which I will not repeat. It was good advice to me and other friends. He said to me not to tell what he said now, but he told me when I might tell them. He sent a message to his father, his son Willie, and his wife, and others not remembered now. He asked me to shake hands with him. I did so. His hand was as cold as ice. He said: "I must go, for the angels of heaven are waiting for me," or words to that effect. He then disappeared. The tone of voice of this ghost was precisely that of Lewis Boston. During the time of this talk my horses had run into the hedge and were standing there, but wanting to get away. Arriving at home I said nothing about this apparition to any member of my family, but told it next morning to all my folks at home. The ghost said to me before it disappeared that I would never see him again, and I never have. Once before this, when I saw the ghost about the same place where the ghost of Lewis Boston came out of the hedge, it stepped out in front of the horses. They turned around. He went back toward the hedge. The horses ran past him, and he came running out and climbed on behind the buggy top. He rode that way about a quarter of a mile when I hallooed and he got off. Before this I met him coming out of the barn. That was the first time I ever saw him. My horses had been driving, were frightened, and I held them until the ghost went out of the gate. I saw the same ghost at the barn a number of times afterward, and once threw at it with a neck-yoke. The ghost started at me as if it would eat me up. It then disappeared. Once when the ghost came out of the barn one night I asked it what it wanted. It spoke and said: "It's none of your business." Then pretty soon I said: "What the devil do you want?" It said the time would come when I would know what it wanted. I said: "D— you, if you don't get out of here I'll blow you up." It then commenced crying like a man and disappeared. All these and other appearances of the ghost, which I believe to be the late Lewis Boston, appeared to me at night.

ARTHUR H. WRIGHT.

Witness, C. W. BOSTON.

DUAL PERSONALITY FROM A THEOLOGICAL STANDPOINT.

That some of us at least have distinct strata in our spiritual natures, so distinct that they are capable at times of being split into separate personalities, is no longer simply the dream of the far-seeing novelist,

but has been endorsed by savants on both sides of the worshipful "silver streak."

That this discovery should tally with assertions and assumptions in the sacred Gospels written 1,800 years ago, is surely a triumph for revealed religion, and although people have taken upon themselves to declare that the days of demoniac possession were only those co-eval with the earthly life of the Divine Logos, yet there is no shadow of authority for this belief, while the deeds of horror which are of daily record point to the continued power of evil spirits as indwellers in mortal flesh.

Again, the student of character finds himself baffled at every turn, except for the theory of dual existences in one form, which comes to his aid. Here is a case in point. An individual who in private appears pious, conscientious, and benevolent, yet in a public capacity, as head of a large educational college, is made up of unscrupulous kingcraft. Tradesmen again, not a few, who are model husbands and fathers, and strictly fair in friendly dealings, are yet willing abettors of dishonest commercial tricks. Brewers, who draw their wealth from the drunkards' pockets, give back lavishly to mitigate the poverty they have made, and mill-owners, who grind the faces of their employes, are the first to start schemes of practical philanthropy.

Now the question is: Are all these people gross hypocrites? I incline to think otherwise, and that the headmaster, the tradesman, the brewer and the mill-owner are all demons to be exorcised, unless indeed, they can be proved to be only the stale remains of the old Adam ultimately to be converted by the divine leaven already at work.

For besides the plurality of spirits existent in many men (as I hold), the integral being has layers within himself, so obtuse and impenetrable to the warmth of the divine life that even St. Paul in an agony exclaims, "Wretched man that I am—who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" He no doubt here refers to the pagan punishment of lashing a living man to a corpse, eyes to eyes, mouth to mouth, breast to breast, and it is noteworthy that he speaks of deliverance from the defunct being, not its ultimate regeneration; it is therefore presumable that even in noble specimens of humanity there may exist material to be cast away, not reclaimed.

It is not too much to assume that all my readers have met with enigmatical cases hitherto classified under the convenient but illogical title "inconsistencies of human nature." To say that two opposite qualities, as honesty and dishonesty, co-existing at the same time in one man, are inconsistent, is clearly a contradiction for they do consist; and either they must belong to different strata of one personality or to distinct personalities. Anyhow, so long as they inhabit the same fleshly house it is idle to speak of relaxed responsibilities, for Mr. Jekyll will have to suffer for Mr. Hyde if Mr. Hyde sets the place on fire or otherwise misbehaves himself. Denizens even of the same world, the innocent have daily and hourly to suffer with and for the guilty; how much more when the corporate body is of so small dimensions as man's own little cosmos includes.

May not the posture of the Divine sonship in the soul of humanity have been prefigured by one who hung between two malefactors, the one reclaimable, the other irreclaimable, the one to be welcomed, the other to be cast out.

In conclusion, I venture to remind indulgent readers that the office of the Universal Church as indicated by her head is not only to preach the gospel, but also to heal the sick, and cast out devils—and surely in days which witness the doings of a Pearcey and a Bompard (typical cases apparently of possession following on epilepsy) it is time for the custom of exorcism to be revived, as the gifts of healing already have been in their midst. May not hypnotism be the destined agency to accomplish this end?—M. W. G., in *Light*.

Mr. Theodore Weld, famous as an anti-slavery lecturer, is now eighty-eight years old, but remarkably vigorous for one of his age. An old friend who visited him at Hyde Park, Mass., recently, says: "Mr. Weld's declining years are made happy by the tender care of his son Stuart and his estimable wife, while the little grandson, Louis, is a constant source of enjoyment in the household. Mr. Weld closely resembles the poet Bryant in looks, although Mr. Weld's eyes are always uplifted, while in the portraits of the poet the eyes are downcast. His snow-white hair and beard, which he wears very long, give him a patriarchal appearance, and as we passed along the streets of hilly Hyde Park every man, woman and child we chanced to meet had a pleasant word or smile for their highly-honored townsman, one of the last of the brave abolitionists and a distinguished lecturer and scholar."

A French engineer claims to be able to harness the ocean tides and to make them run machinery.



VICISSITUDES.

BY EMMA ROOD TUTTLE.

Where can I rest my soul? I am so weary
Of whirling from the sunlit mountain peaks of bliss
Down to the fearful caverns, cold and dreary,
Where no light is. O, I am tired of this!

Flapping of bat's wings one day, next the eagle's
screaming
In the sun's face, wide eyed and jubilant of life,
But yet no still, low bower for quiet dreaming
Where exultation is not, nor yet strife;

Where one might pluck a rose, its flaky roundness
Contenting more the soul than longings vain
For bright star-jewels, burning in profoundness,
Off where creation loops through space her chain,

My eyes ache watching comets, suns, and light-
nings;
My ears ache with the grand and ominous sounds
I hear!
I shut my eyes and dream sweet doves come
whitening
The lurid sky—ah!—in some far-off year!

FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

A meeting of prominent ladies and gentlemen was held at the residence of the editor of *THE JOURNAL*, last Tuesday evening, to talk over the matter of woman suffrage, and to press the question of granting suffrage to women in school and municipal elections especially and at all elections if possible. Miss Ada C. Sweet, whose experience as a commissioner of pensions has made her name well known throughout the country, presided in a graceful manner. Mrs. A. W. Holbrook gave a recitation entitled "Ellen Flynn Seeks a Situation," which was cleverly done and well received.

Miss Sweet said that she did not believe in the extension of suffrage *per se*, but rather in its restriction founded upon educational tests. What she really advocated was an agitation in favor of primary education as a test for suffrage—a law that after twenty-one years from its passage would restrict the right to vote to all persons, native or foreign, male or female, who did not possess the requisite educational qualifications that should be enacted. She was decidedly in favor of women being allowed a voice in school and municipal government. She contended that women who owned property surely had the right to vote about the use of the money they paid in taxes, and no one takes a greater interest in the schools than the mothers whose children attend them. Chicago women should demand a voice in these matters, and now was the time to make a move in that direction. Some bill should be presented in the present legislature looking to this end. The condition of the streets upon which the women walked every day was a sufficient argument. The government of cities is the most conspicuous failure of American civilization, she declared. Women, if voters, would be partisans; they always had and always would be, but they are certainly entitled to a representation in municipal government, for the property reason if no other. In conclusion she said she was tired of speeches and would like to see something practical done in the way of securing female suffrage.

Miss Sweet was followed by Senator Castle, who was opposed to the restriction of suffrage, but hoped it would be extended until it should include the votes of women. That this would be the result he had little doubt, and quoted from the many instances in which modern women had successfully stepped out of what used to be called "her sphere" to prove that the world was daily growing more liberal as far as her sex was concerned. Rev. Miss Kolloch remarked that she was tired of speech-making herself, that speeches did no good, neither did petitions signed only by women. Politicians threw them under the table, saying: "They can't vote." "Yes," remarked Miss Sweet, "when I had occasion to get some petitions to advance my own political fortunes I got men and not women to sign them." Mrs. Sara A. Underwood was in favor of working aggressively for all the rights of suffrage which men possess. She had exercised school suffrage in Boston; at the polls women were treated respectfully, but it was humiliating for women to be compelled to limit their votes to a school committee when men, however ignorant, could cast their votes on all the issues in-

involved in the elections. She was for united and persistent action for extending the right of woman suffrage to all municipal and general elections. Mrs. Celia P. Woolley said that reforms are accomplished gradually, not suddenly, and that women would have to accept such partial rights as they could obtain while working for complete suffrage. She was in favor of practical work. The sentiment in favor of giving the franchise to women was growing, and she could not doubt as to the success of this great reform. Miss Ellen Martin, who is an able lawyer, said that an extension of suffrage would require a constitutional amendment. No efforts had been made in that direction for ten years, when as a member of the Social Science club she had carried the matter before the Illinois legislature. Miss Rebecca Rice had not, she said, attended suffrage meetings of late. Little was to be hoped for from mere talk and the adoption of resolutions. Well directed work was what was needed. She contemplated hopefully the result of this meeting. Mrs. McKinny, president of the Cook County Women's Suffrage Association, said a good word in favor of woman suffrage, and thought there could not be too many associations for its promotion. Miss Mary Allen West said that petitions presented from women were treated with indifference. One politician had held up such a petition and said it probably represented so many thousand uncooked dinners, and so many thousand neglected husbands. She referred to the attitude of the W. C. T. U. in regard to woman suffrage, and read bills which are to be presented to the legislature of Illinois, before which advocates of woman suffrage are to have a hearing February 12th. Dr. Frances Dickinson said that the Farmers' Alliance and labor organizations were in favor of woman suffrage, and that it would come sooner than most of its friends supposed. Now was the time for preparation and intelligent direction of the sentiment in favor of women's enfranchisement. Interest having been shown in the formation of an association for definite work, a committee consisting of Miss Sweet, Mrs. C. P. Woolley and Mrs. Mary E. Bundy was appointed to report on a plan of organization and work at another meeting, to be held at Mr. Bundy's house, Tuesday evening, February 10th. Representatives of the press were present, and good reports of the meeting were given in the Chicago daily papers the next morning.

The Queen Isabella Association met at the Palmer House on the afternoon of January 27th, Dr. Julia Holmes Smith, president, in the chair. The 100 ladies present listened to a history of the Isabella movement given by Mrs. Thorton. A synopsis of the work of the association in furthering the publicity of the fair was given by the secretary, Miss Frances Dickinson, and showed that the association had done a vast amount of systematic advertising throughout the United States and other countries. The possibilities of the Queen Isabella Pavilion were ably set forth by Corinne S. Brown. The threefold organization of the association, first by Congressional districts, second by departments, third by allied association, was explained by the treasurer, Catharine V. Waite. One-half of the gross proceeds of Professor Browne's lecture on "Columbus," to be given Saturday evening at Central Music Hall, so generously donated by Mr. Browne, will form the nucleus of the fund for furnishing the pavilion. The study of Spanish history and literature was recommended by Mrs. Marshall and the suggestions received with marked favor. Many ladies joined the association at the close.

The Young Women's Christian Association, founded in London in 1858, now has 143 branches, with a membership of 17,000. There are forty institutes, evening homes and boarding houses, where young women from the country are lodged and cared for at a small charge.

President Powers, at the eleventh annual meeting of the National Farmers' Alliance, held at Omaha, January 27th, advocated the general organization of trades unions and Knights of Labor with the Alliance, and recommended not the formation of a new party, but independent political action, and among the reforms he favored was taking the franchise from the ignorant and vicious and giving it to women.

The bill lately introduced in the Kansas House to confer the right of suffrage on women provides that women twenty-one years of age, and possessing all the other

qualifications of voters, shall be entitled to vote at all general, special and municipal elections in the state the same as men, and that women twenty-one years old and over shall be entitled to be voted for and hold any office in the state. The Alliance members are practically unanimous in favor of woman suffrage.

PILOTED BY A SPIRIT.

By A. Y.

I checked my horse, and after one long, straining look around owned to myself that I was lost. I had suspected the fact some time since, but had stubbornly fought down the suspicion, though my horse evidently realized it. With patient endurance he plodded along, resignation plainly expressed in the droop of his tail and ears. In place of the ranch, the hearty welcome, pleasant words, bed, supper and fire I had expected to reach by sunset, there was nothing to be seen before, behind or on either hand, but the dead level of the plain. There were paths in plenty; in fact, the trouble was there were too many—all narrow and winding, for whose meandering there seemed not the slightest excuse, except the general tendency to crookedness most things, animate and inanimate, alike possess. But it would have taken the instinct of a bloodhound or a trailing Indian to have said which paths had been made by horses' feet or those of cattle.

Now that the sun was gone, I found my knowledge of the point of the compass gone with it. As I sat preplexed and worried the gloom of twilight gathered fast, and the chill of coming rain smote me through and through while in the distance there was the roll of thunder.

It was now quite dark, and very dark at that, though at short intervals close to the horizon a faint gleam of lightning showed too distant to cast brightness on my path and only sufficient to intensify the blackness about me.

All at once I saw a man walking about fifteen feet in front of me. Yes, I know I said it was intensely dark, but all the same I repeat it. I saw a man walking in front of me, and, furthermore, I could see that he was a large man, dressed in rough, but well fitting clothes; that he wore a heavy red beard, and that he looked back at me from time to time with an expression of keen anxiety on his otherwise relaxed features.

"Halloo!" I cried, but as he did not halt I concluded he did not hear me. As a second hail produced no result I spurred my weary horse up to overtake the stranger. But, though the gray responded with an alacrity most commendable under the circumstances I soon found that this strange pedestrian did not intend to let me catch up with him. Not that he hurried himself. He seemed without any exertion to keep a good fifteen feet between us.

Then I began to wonder how, with the intense darkness shutting me in as four black walls, I was yet able to see my strange companion so clearly, to take in the details of his dress, and even the expression of his face, and that at a distance more than twice my horse's length, when I could hardly see his head before me. I am not given to superstitious fancies, and my only feeling was of curiosity.

We went on in silence for nearly half an hour, when as suddenly as he had appeared he was gone. I looked around for him, half afraid from his instant and complete disappearance, that I had been dreaming, when I perceived that I was close to a small, low building of some sort. I reined in and shouted several times, but not the slightest response could I hear, and at last I rode boldly up and tapped on the wall with the butt of my riding whip. Then as this elicited no sign of life, I concluded that I had stumbled on some deserted house or that it was the abode of my eccentric friend; so dismounting and tying the gray, I resolved to spend the rest of the night under a roof or to find some good reason for continuing my journey.

I felt my way along the wall till I reached a door, and trying this and finding that it yielded to me I stepped inside, striking a match as I did so. Fortunately, I carried my matches in an air tight case, and as it was dry the one I struck gave me a light at once. I found myself in a large room close to a fireplace over which a rude shelf was placed, and on this mantel I saw an oil lamp to which I applied my match.

On the hearth was heaped a quantity of ashes, and over these crouched a child, a little girl of 5 or 6. At the end of the room, which was plainly and scantily furnished,

lay a man across a bed, and as I raised the lamp I saw that he was the same I had been following, but there was something in his attitude and face that struck me as peculiar, and I was about to go forward and look at him when the child who had at first seemed dazed at the light fairly threw herself upon me.

"Have you anything for Nelly to eat?" she said, and then, "Oh, Nelly so hungry!"

I ran my hand into my pocket and drew forth what had been a paper bag of chocolate candy, but now was a pulpy unappetizing mass. I must confess to a childish fondness for sweets, which I usually carry in some form about me. I handed the remains of my day's supply to the child, and then walked over to the bed. Yes, it was the same man, red beard, rough clothes, but setting off the magnificent frame to perfection; the same man, but dead, long dead.

I took his hand only to find it stiff and cold while his face had the dull gray aspect never seen in the newly dead. As I stood gazing down on him a little hand touched mine.

"Nelly so hungry!" said the child.

"Have you eaten all the candy?" I asked her.

"Yes, yes! But me hungry, for me had no dinner, no brekkus, no supper, and papa won't get up."

The house, which consisted of the large room, a smaller kitchen and a shed, where I found a quantity of hay and fodder, seemed quite bare of food but by dint of searching in the hay I discovered a nest, which Nelly informed me was there, and in it two fresh eggs. These I boiled for her. When she had finished I soothed her to sleep on a bed I made for her before the fire. Then after I had put my horse in the shed room and fed him I performed as well as I could a service for the dead.

When day dawned I was able to discern at some distance from the house a line of telegraph poles, and taking the child with me I followed these to the nearest town where I notified the authorities of the death.

The dead man's name was Frederick Barnstable. He was an Englishman, so I found, a recent arrival in those parts. His daughter was restored to her family across the water, and is now a . . . I have never told this story, am ready to take an affidavit to its truth. It all happened about thirty miles from Dallas.

HEGEL.

Professor Josiah Royce, of Cambridge, writing of the character of Hegel, in the January *Atlantic*, says:

Yet, as I now come to speak of Hegel's temperament, I must at once point out that, of all first-class thinkers, he is, personally, one of the least imposing in character and life. Kant was a man whose intellectual might and heroic moral elevation stood in contrast to the weakness of his bodily presence which, after all, had something of the sublime about it. Spinoza's lonely, almost princely haughtiness of intellect joins with his religious mysticism to give his form grace, and his very isolation nobility. But Hegel is in no wise either graceful or heroic in bearing. His dignity is solely the dignity of his work. Apart from his achievement, and his temperament as making it possible, there is positively nothing of mark in the man. He was a keen-witted Suabian, a born scholar, a successful teacher, self-possessed, decidedly crafty, merciless to his enemies, quarrelsome on occasion, after the rather crude fashion of the German scholar, sedate and methodical in the rest of his official life; a rather sharp disciplinarian when he had to deal with young people or with subordinates, a trifle servile when he had to deal with official or with social superiors. From his biographer, Rosenkranz, we learn of him in many private capacities; he interests us in hardly any of them. He was no patriot, like Fichte; no romantic dreamer, like Novalis; no poetic seer of splendid metaphysical visions, like Schelling. His career is absolutely devoid of romance. We even have one or two of his love-letters. They are awkward and dreary beyond measure. His inner life either had no crises, or concealed them obstinately. In his dealings with his friends, as, for instance, with Schelling, he was wily and masterful; using men for his advantage so long as he needed them, and turning upon them without scruple when they could no longer serve his ends. His life, in its official character, was indeed blameless. He was a faithful servant of his various successive masters, and unquestionably he reaped his worldly reward. His students flattered him, and

therefore he treated them well. But toward opponents he showed scant courtesy. To the end he remains a self-seeking, determined, laborious, critical, unaffectionate man, faithful to his office and to his household, loyal to his employers, cruel to his foes, asking no mercy in controversy and showing none. His style in his published books is not without its deep ingenuity and its marvelous accuracy, but otherwise is notoriously one of the most barbarous, technical, and obscure in the whole history of philosophy. If his lectures are more easy-flowing and genial, they are in the end and as a whole hardly more comprehensible. He does little to attract his reader, and everything to make the road long and painful to the student. All this is not awkwardness; it is deliberate choice. He is proud of his barbarism. And yet—here is a miracle—this unattractive and unheroic person is one of the most noteworthy of all the chosen instruments through which, in our times, the spirit has spoken. It is not ours to comprehend this wind that bloweth where it listeth. We have only to hear the sound thereof.

A TOPSY-TURVY COUNTRY.

Everybody knows that the Japanese have queer ways of doing things, but few appreciate in how many directions and how completely they reverse our customs, says the *New York Ledger*. For example, we should think it highly improper to receive visitors while we are taking a bath. Such a reception is, however, the acme of conventional propriety among the Four Hundred of Japan. We never eat fresh fish until it is cooked. The Japanese prefer to eat it raw. If we take wine at all, we like to sip it after dinner. Wine is drunk before a meal in Japan. With us, sweets are placed upon the table after meats and vegetables. In Japan they precede the principal dishes. When we enter a friend's house, politeness prompts us to remove our hats. The Japanese, who are quite as ceremonious, take off their shoes.

We mount a horse on his left side, a Japanese mounts on his right, and when he brings the animal back to the stable, puts his head where he should put his tail. In keeping accounts, he writes the figures first and the explanatory items next. He addresses a letter in the reverse way to us, last and the country and these keys turn in instead of out, and Japanese carpenters saw and plane toward themselves, not away from themselves. Japanese books begin at the end, the word *finis* coming where we should place the title-page. The foot-notes are printed at the top of the page.

In view of all these proofs of their liking to put things upside down, it is not perhaps surprising that the Japanese have adopted European institutions, and have actually translated the writings of Herbert Spencer, although they have not yet invented or borrowed an alphabet, but still use the cumbersome graphic system of China, in which each character stands for a whole word.

THE COLOR OF SOUND.

M. Pedros, the young Nantes physician, has given the world his theory as to the color of sound, and that sound possesses the attribute of color. He made this discovery through a friend who was endowed with the mysterious faculty of seeing the colors of sound, and who had for a long time not supposed himself to be an exceptional case, believing that everybody possessed the same faculty. Now, on the heels of the discovery that sound produces color, comes the discovery that light produces sound. The following on the subject from the *Art Journal* is interesting: "One of the most wonderful discoveries in science that has been made within the last year or two is the fact that a beam of light produces sound. A beam of sunlight is thrown through a lens on a glass vessel that contains lampblack, colored silk or worsted or other substances. A disc having slits or openings cut in it is made to revolve swiftly in this beam of light, so as to cut it up, thus making alternate flashes of light and shadow. On putting the ear to the glass vessel, strange sounds are heard so long as the flashing beam is falling on the vessel.

"Recently a more wonderful discovery has been made. A beam of sunlight is made to pass through a prism, so as to produce what is called the solar spectrum, or rainbow. The disc is turned, and the colored light of the rainbow is made to break through it. Now, place the ear to the vessel containing the silk, wool or other material. As the colored lights of the spectrum fall on it, sounds will be given by the different parts of the spectrum, and

there will be silence in other parts. For instance, if the vessel contains red worsted, and the green light flashes upon it, loud sounds will be given. Only feeble sounds will be heard when the red and blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the vessel, and other colors make no sounds at all. Green silk gives sound best in red light. Every kind of material gives more or less sound in different colors, and utters no sound in others. The discovery is a strange one, and it is thought more wonderful things will come from it."—*More Light*, Greytown, N. Z.



STRANGE THINGS I SEE.

TO THE EDITOR: As far back as I can recollect I have had the faculty of seeing things beyond the power of my normal vision and always in the dark, when it seemed to make no difference whether my eyes were open or closed. Telling my good mother of this, she so earnestly begged me resolutely to fight against it as being something akin to the evil one, that I finally resisted with all the force of my will and drove the abnormal sights away. The activity of this faculty did not return until a number of years ago when I began to sit for spiritual developments, and still always in the dark or dim light. But in some unaccountable way, I cannot tell how, this has changed. I now often see strange scenes and faces with vivid distinctness in the clear light of open day, and amid the change and bustle of every-day busy life. Not only this, but I can now hear or in some unknown way have clear sense of what is spoken.

My first experience was at a political convention, when a notorious party hack got up to give thanks for the honor of having succeeded by trickery in being put into the chairmanship; spreading his fingers wide over his bosom he exclaimed:

"Fellow citizens, this is the proudest moment of my life!" At that instant I saw an imp-like dwarf, covered all over in green scales, perched on his shoulder, with a world of grinning mockery in its face, and extended thumb pointed in derision at the speaker, as it said: "What a liar he is!" From the pig-headed roar of cheering and wild clapping of hands it was evident that the strange appearance was seen by none but myself.

Not long after, when I had joined a Spiritualist society and become more or less intimate with a large circle of adherents I grew not a little interested in one gentleman of very pronounced belief in the spiritualist faith, who had the appearance of being fenced within a small enclosure, whose close-set pickets had only a narrow gate out of which he could creep on all fours, whenever a matter of extraordinary import called him forth from the isolated patch in which he burrowed. Spread all over the little patch were thistles and other noxious weeds, with dabs of fungus and withered sticks, amid scattered stones and other useless rubbish. Stuck here and there on the fence were the tests he had diligently scooped together through long years of search for something to hang his faith on. Under these tests were written in letters of burnished brass: "My belief in Spiritualism is finished and fenced in. I need nothing more, neither lyceum, lectures, books nor papers; nor do I care to offer contributions to help on the cause. Every tub must stand on its own bottom. I know that spirits return. That settles it. Now I'm a selfish snail dried up in its shell, the most useless creature in the universe." At first I was greatly astonished by this showing. But afterwards I met quite a host of this class, all more or less closely boxed-in with their compeers, the weeds and fungi. This gave lucid explanation why lyceums and spiritual societies languish for want of support, and books and papers go begging to be read.

At the opposite end of the string I met quite a host of men and women who were madly insatiable, running hither and thither, in a sort of wild frenzy after tests. Tests are their consuming hobby. They keep themselves everlastingly on the trot from medium to medium, stark crazy to gobble materialization and other startling physical phenomena, with mouth wide open to swallow whatever they may see or hear. For their credulous belief nothing is too preposterous; they take in every specious humbug; are blind to the most

glaring frauds; they have no idea of any earthly thing but tests. Running by the side of every one of these, I always see a shadowy figure in blue and yellow stripes that seems to be constantly feeding them with a milk-and-water liquid which is drawn in through the lips with smacking sounds of delight, accompanied by the childish cry: "Oh, isn't that a testing taste of nectar fit for the gods!"

One curious, albeit undoubtedly appropriate thing is, that whenever I see any of the pestiferous horde of fortune-telling mediums who eke out a living by spouting silly stuff to servant girls at fifty cents a dab, they are always in the form of barnacles stuck fast to the good ship of Spiritualism. The minute one of these parasites flops into the usual trance, the stereotyped cry comes forth in a fitful jerk: "I get the name of Sarah!" or, "Who walks lame on account of rheumatism!"

My most unaccountable experience is one I have never been able to have explained. Nine-tenths of the mediums I have visited invariably have assured me, as from spirit control, that the angels have a great work for me to do; that I am being prepared for a special work that I shall soon be called upon to perform; that I am a medium only requiring to sit for development to achieve great things!

This is flattering, but queer, to say the least. Why have I been left till I am bald and gray before being fitted for this angelic mission? Still more queer, every one of my friends who have gone through a similar experience have been told precisely the same bold story! One circumstance may throw some light on this. In every case in which this assurance was given, I saw the same grinning imp in green scales and mocking smile of derision, that I first beheld on the shoulder of the great political liar, poking a thumb at the medium as the mocking utterance was blurted forth: "Great Scott! what a whopper!"

W. WHITWORTH.

CLEVELAND, O.

TRANSITION STATE OF SPIRITUALISTS.

TO THE EDITOR: Evidently Modern Spiritualism as well as all the various conditions of society are undergoing a change. The more phenomenal phases of Spiritualism must continue to exist, but there is a continual movement toward higher development.

Mr. Ravlin in his lectures has several times made the startling announcement that the Christian churches are becoming spiritualized, and that we are on the eve of a great religious excitement. Spiritualists he says, have missed the golden opportunity, and the different Christian sects stealing our thunder will now inaugurate a Christian spiritual movement, that will eclipse all previous reformations. I hope all this may prove true and come to pass, providing it will make mankind better and happier; but I have my doubts about it, and do not believe in brother Ravlin's prophecy. It is written in the Bible, that "new wine must not be put into old bottles." The new truths of Spiritualism can never be put into the old dogmas, creeds and doctrines of the different Christian churches, and if we have to wait until they do abolish their forms of worship we will have to wait a very long period; so that, according to my view of the case, the coming reformation of society will not come through churches but through the emancipation of the people from the dogmas, creeds and false doctrines of the churches; and nothing will bring this change about like the teachings of a true and genuine Spiritualism—a Spiritualism based upon authority of the highest standards ever revealed to mankind, and that authority is the divine Lord and Master. I hope we are not going to let the churches steal our thunder; on the contrary we claim an importance in the truths—not the errors—that our fathers and grandfathers have taught us; we are not going to relinquish the Bible, but will teach and promulgate a Spiritualism that will embrace all that is good in the so-called churches, without their errors. When we do this, and can show by our lives that we live up to all we teach, is it not reasonable to suppose there will be a shaking and quaking among the dry bones of the old Christian churches, and that all the better members of those old societies will gradually leave and forsake them for lack of spirituality and seek alliance with the new spiritualistic movement, which will, if Spiritualists do their duty, become the greatest religious movement of this or any other age.

The question naturally arises, upon what basis or platform can Spiritualists

unite or organize? For it is not possible that any are so ignorant as to suppose that anything can arise or flourish without organization.

The evils of all religions hitherto have come through the multiplicity of doctrines, dogmas, forms and ceremonies, out of which have grown ecclesiastical systems. Spiritualists want none of these; yet it is impossible for Spiritualism to succeed and become a power or religious system without doctrine or a simple platform, upon which all may stand and work together in union and harmony. It is a legitimate part of man's nature to worship God; all over our globe, wherever found, men worship a God of some kind, and the history of all ages proves the eternal fact. "God is a spirit and they who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." These are the words, or the command if you please, that came from the lips of the divine master, and surely therein can be found the all essential doctrines of all Spiritualists who may desire organization, not alone for avoiding the evils and errors of the past, but for the good that will come out of it.

The crisis is before us! Which will you choose? A Spiritualism with God as a spirit? or a Spiritualism without a God? Like Joshua of old, I say, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

SAN FRANCISCO.

ATHENE.

ORGANIZATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

TO THE EDITOR: I believe that I voice the sentiments of many of your readers when I say:

No enterprise can succeed without some kind of an organization; no amount of patriotism will save a nation from danger if each individual acts separately and apart from his neighbor; no army can hope for success if every private dictates his own line of march and manner of attack; no party can grow and become a powerful force in the land unless it has some well-defined principles on which all the members can agree and to which they cordially subscribe, and which are understood by all the members alike; no advanced idea like ours can hope for general recognition if it is presented in different ways, according to the peculiar and dissimilar views of each individual who may subscribe to it in whole or in part. This is our present condition.

A dignified organization consisting of only a few individuals is a nucleus which will gather to itself those who are in sympathy with it, while any number of people entertaining similar views in the main, but each acting separately on his own responsibility, cannot accomplish any desired end.

Personal opinions should not be underestimated; when based on fully established facts and experiences they should not be given up, abandoned or compromised, but unmaturing opinions can be largely aided and improved by immediate contact with those who have given more care and definite thought to the matter. One man cannot build a bridge, but he may gather around him others with whose help a magnificent structure may be erected; such help will surely come to his assistance if the architectural design meets their approval and the importance of it is made known. Spiritualists are a numerous and active body of people without organization, each acting separately and independently for himself, without any common rallying ground or any authorized expounders of the teachings, and it can only be expected that many of those who are convinced of its truths, by having witnessed its phenomena, will, as soon as the novelty wears off, become stragglers and deserters from its ranks, like soldiers from a disorganized army. Shall we ever have an organization that will embrace all sections, not local.

Many of your readers have waited anxiously but patiently for an organization of which they can claim membership.

R. K. WALKER.

SEARCY, ARK., JANUARY 24TH.

NOTES FROM NEW YORK.

TO THE EDITOR: I have just finished reading Mr. Stebbins's new book. It is a timely publication, and will strongly aid in advancing the cause of truth and justice. This history forcibly illustrates the fact that a few noble souls in every age lead the race to a higher civilization; that they are stoned by the populace in their lifetime, but sainted by the public in after ages. It appears by this history that nearly all of these great leaders became Spiritualists during their lifetime.

Mr. Stebbins is entitled to great credit for recording the noble deeds of these mar-

tyrs, to be known and read by future generations. The history of real life is more interesting than fiction, and I hope this work will have a wide reading.

There is great interest awakened in this city in the cause of Spiritualism, but it is largely confined to private circles. Many who have been made free from creed slavery fail to show their light to the world. The great body of believers, each earnest and unselfish, work for humanity. The society at Adelphi hall has generally had able speakers, but latterly they have failed to increase or hold their audiences. During the last two Sundays of this month Mrs. B. W. Banks, of Haydenville, Mass., has spoken for the society with great eloquence and profit. She is just the speaker to wake up the laggards, and has done it here most effectually. As a specimen of her directness, when she closed her first service, she gave a benediction, substantially as follows: "May you go forth into active life and enjoy all the blessings that you earn and receive all the chastisement necessary for your good."

Mrs. Brigham is expected to inaugurate a new society next Sunday. There is room and need for more workers in this great city, and I hope all believers will feel it their duty to aid the cause of truth and righteousness.

E. F. BULLARD.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 20TH.

THE INFLUENCE OF SURROUNDINGS.

To the EDITOR of the *Standard*.—Sir,—I have had occasion to send out several men to outlandish parts of the world for mining purposes. One man, with whom I had thirty years' reference, within six weeks of his arrival at the spot was a perfect wreck. Other men have acted in such a strange and unaccountable manner that my superintendent has written me that they appeared to be out of their minds, and we had to get rid of them. From the experience thus gained, I have come to the conclusion that a certain type of man, accustomed to ways and habits of civilization, when put down in a savage country without the conveniences and habits of civilized life, begins to lose his senses, and becomes a totally different individual from what he formerly was.

It is a well-known fact that some of the worst characters in Texas have originally been Oxford and Cambridge men. Can it be that this is an explanation of the Barttelot-Stanley affair? We have a fine polished English gentleman suddenly placed amongst a lot of savages, without companionship of his own class, and with no intellectual resorts to fly to. Under such circumstances, did not his mind break down? I throw this out merely as a suggestion for those who have made the peculiarities of the human mind the subject of study, and possibly its publication may bring forward other examples of experience like my own.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A. PULBROOK.

20, ST. HELEN'S PLACE, E. C., NOVEMBER 11TH.

This is a very sensible letter. There are millions of persons who are sensitive or mediums and do not know it. Not having cultivated control from the within, they readily fall under the influence of surroundings, and act accordingly. Some men cannot enter a city without succumbing to its vice, nor could they attend upon lunatics without becoming insane. The savage mind has a similar influence. The same law holds good as to the susceptibility to infectious diseases—indeed all diseases are in a degree infectious to some one or another. Taking note of these matters literally causes charity to cover a multitude of sins, and to pity those who are already sufficiently punished by their susceptibility.—Ed. *Medium and Day Break*.

Dr. R. Jay, Davenport, Ia., who writes: "I cannot say that I am a Spiritualist though leaning that way" relates the following incident: "Last night about ten o'clock, my daughter—who ridicules Spiritualism—and I were reading in the sitting room, when all at once we heard a great noise in the kitchen, resembling the clatter of dishes and the moving about of chairs, tables, etc. The noise was so loud and startling that we both rushed to the place, thinking the cat was the cause of it, but the cat was outside the house, the room had been shut up, the doors all closed, and there had been nothing alive in the place. This

to me was a very strange occurrence though not the first time in my life that similar things have happened to me. I dared not suggest to my daughter that the noise was caused by spirits for fear of exciting her risibility, though she confesses herself to be quite puzzled about it." Perhaps the noise was caused by some mundane agency which the doctor has overlooked. Even though he was a Spiritualist he would not be obliged to believe that the noise in his house was caused by departed spirits until the possibilities of otherwise explaining it had been exhausted.

Dr. J. C. Hoffman, Jefferson, Wis., writes: I have taken THE JOURNAL since 1871, now twenty years, and it is the only paper or periodical that I have steadily subscribed for. Indeed, I could not have missed its weekly visit without feeling a loss that no other periodical would fill. Since taking THE JOURNAL it has undergone great changes, all for the better. To-day it is a paper that one can unhesitatingly leave on the center-table, clean and well edited as it is. There is none of the cranky, silly nonsense about it that renders so-called spiritualistic papers the proper butt of ridicule. It is truly a religio-philosophical paper.

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To itself in many important particulars, Hood's Sarsaparilla is different from and superior to any other medicine.

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Peculiar in its "good name at home"—there is more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold in Lowell, where it is made, than of all other blood purifiers.

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And all diseases arising from a Torpid Liver and Bad Digestion.

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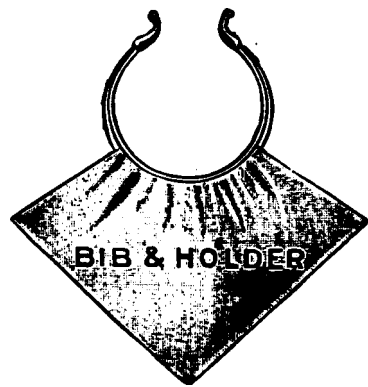


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American Branch.

The Society for Psychical Research is engaged in the investigation of the phenomena of Thought-transference, Clairvoyance, Apparitions and Haunted Houses, Spiritualistic Phenomena, etc., and evidence in connection with these different groups of phenomena is published from time to time in the S. P. R. Journal and Proceedings, to which associate members (dues \$3.00 per annum) are entitled.

Persons who have had psychical experiences of any kind are earnestly requested to communicate them directly to the Secretary of the American Branch, or to the editor of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, with as much corroborative testimony as possible; and a special appeal is made to those who have had experiences justifying the spiritualistic belief.

Applicants for Membership in the Society should address the Secretary. The Branch is much in need of funds for the further prosecution of its work, and pecuniary assistance will be gratefully welcomed. Information concerning the Society can be obtained from

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OPINIONS.

W. D. HOWELL'S, in *Harper's Monthly*: "Where it deals with civic, social, personal duty, Mr. Salter's book is consoling and inspiring."

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THE WAR IN HEAVEN.

BY DANIEL LOTT

This is founded upon Revelations 12: 7-9 and will be found interesting. Price, 10 cents.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

The Fruits of Culture; A Comedy in Four Acts. By Count Leo Tolstoi, translated by George Schumm. Boston; Benj. R. Tucker. 1891, pp. 185.

The mention of this work in THE JOURNAL before it was issued, based upon the publishers announcement is about all that really need be said of it. It is an attempt to expose certain follies and fads in high social circles in Russia and the uselessness of much that passes under the name of culture, trickery and fraud which many charlatans have practiced, claiming that their performances were the work of spirits. Tolstoi describes in a humorous manner with a view to showing the credulity of those imposed upon by such "manifestations," but the author is certainly unacquainted with the genuine phenomena of Spiritualism and shows no knowledge even of the methods of deceptions used by the more adroit and skillful operators who have produced spurious spiritual phenomena.

Japan; A Sailor's Visit to the Island Empire. By M. B. Cook. New York: John B. Alden. 1891. pp. 146. Cloth, 50 cents.

On his first voyage to Japan, Capt. Cook became much interested in the people and the country, and while there learned all that he could about their customs, ceremonies, traditions, legends, etc. A subsequent voyage enabled him to add to his knowledge of the country. In this handsome little volume, compiled he modestly says "with the intention of interesting my family and a few intimate friends," the author has given a fund of facts of interest and value to readers in general. Capt. Cook makes no claim to literary art, but the book is well written and gives a good idea of Japan and its people. "Up to the present time," he says, "the people have shown great aptitude in adapting themselves to a higher civilization, and in very many things they compare favorably with the nations of the west."

Voices From the Heavens; or Stellar and Celestial Worlds. By Reuben Potter. San Francisco: Carrier Dove Printing & Publishing Co. 1890. pp. 118.

In this book Mr. Potter presents in plain and simple language what he claims to have received from his spirit teachers. Among the subjects treated are "Law of Spirit Approach," "The Dual Form," "Celestial Zones," "The Atmosphere of the Planet," "Magnetic Force of the Planetary Motion," "Classes and Sexes," "Spirit Speed," "Spiral Motion," "Transition in Childhood," "Inhabitants of Other Planets," "Male Spiritual Degeneracy—Causes," "Stellar Worlds," "The Spirit Suns and their Duplexes," etc. The book contains thought which has the merit of originality whether it is all true or not, and it is put forth in an interesting manner, and with evident sincerity.

The Idea of Re-Birth. By Francesca Arundale, including a Translation of an Essay on Re-Incarnation by Karl Heckel with a Preface by A. P. Sinnett. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1890. pp. 155.

This work is a defence of re-incarnation and an attempt to interpret the doctrine. The author believes that the all-important truth that the evolution of the human soul is carried on by means of successive life experiences, will when it is comprehended and thoroughly established, bring the essential principles of religion into line with knowledge of other natural laws, and at the same time rescue the hopes and aspirations of cultivated minds from the burden of irrational dogmas. Space will not permit a discussion of the authors' views here. The work is marked by a philosophical spirit and literary taste.

Lovell's International Series. New York: United States Book Co. Price, 50 cents a number.

A variety of novels are being brought out by this enterprising firm each month, and some of the best writers are chosen. Pauline, by Julian Hawthorne, and others of this grade of writing will meet with many readers.

Imgar; a Story of India. By Frederick A. Randle. New York: John B. Alden.

This is a very romantic tale indeed of love and war, and all sorts of minor excitements. It has a large number of heroes and heroines, with outlandish names, who go through the most surprising adventures,

which serve to keep the reader's attention on the alert, and to divert his mind from the question "What is it all about?" The author's style is florid and rather confusing to a plain-thinking mind, but the story proves him to possess a wonderful fertility of imagination.

The Three Scouts. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: Lee & Shepard, pp. 383. Paper. Price, 50 cents.

This is a story of soldier life during the War of the Rebellion. It is full of marvelous adventure, fun, war, and pathos. It introduces a number of the heroes of the writer's earlier works, one of them a character in "Neighbor Jackwood."

Lyrics; Fjelds, the Arctic Heroes, etc. By Joseph Hudson Young. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. pp. 131. Price, \$1.00, cloth.

This pretty book of short poems, many in sonnet form, is above the average merit of such work by comparatively unknown writers. The poems are classic in tone, finished in structure, and are the expression of genuine feeling and love of the ideal.

MAGAZINES FOR FEBRUARY.

The Bibliotheca Platonica, for November-December, 1890, editor Thomas M. Johnson, Osceola, Mo., is at hand. This magazine, which appears but occasionally, is devoted to the exposition of the Platonic philosophy and has contributions from leading American students of Plato's writings. The present number has the following articles: "Plato and Greek Thought," by F. W. Bussell; "Key to the Republic of Plato," by Dr. H. K. Jones; "A Study of the Phaedo," by Dr. A. Wilder; "On the Name of Plato," by Prof. Lewis Campbell; "The Plato Club, of Jacksonville, Ill.," by Mrs. M. D. Wolcott; "Poem; For the Birthday of Plato," by Louis J. Block; and "Plotinus, On the Beautiful," translated by Thomas Davidson.

St. Nicholas. (New York.) St. Valentine's Day is represented by a picture and an appropriate article entitled How the Mails are Carried. The Story of the Golden Fleece is concluded, as is Lady Jane. There are besides these many short stories and poems, with illustrations.

The Homiletic Review. (New York.) The departments are well filled for February.

Rudyard Kipling, the somewhat peculiar but always original writer, has lately finished "The Light That Faileth." It is Mr. Kipling's first plunge into the literary field, outside of the short story boundaries. The story was purchased by three firms in the United States, for novelette use in a monthly, and for book publication. Mr. Kipling suddenly decided that he wanted to add a third to its length and change the denouement; but it was too late however, to alter the syndicate arrangements.

The United States Book Company, of New York, immediately published the revised and lengthened edition, and it is now ready for the public. Some of Mr. Kipling's best descriptive work appears in this volume. Price, cloth, \$1.25; paper cover, 25 cents.

The Chicago Daily News has issued an Almanac and Political Register for 1891, compiled by Geo. E. Plumb, A. B. LL. B., of 376 pages. It is replete with information in all departments—educational, political, financial, and statistical, and contains facts and figures and all necessary data to enable the reader to form intelligent opinions upon all the leading public questions of the day. It will meet the requirements of a comprehensive, accurate and concise American year book.

Vick's Floral Guide for 1891 is out early and proves to be as attractive if not more so than its predecessors. The flowers and vegetables shown in the colored plates are among the best, and have been thoroughly tested by competent judges. The cover is in unique style and coloring and somewhat different from those of former years. The Guide can be procured of James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

The date of February 16th has been definitely fixed for the publication of Edwin Arnold's new poem: "The Light of the World; or, The Great Consummation." It will be published simultaneously in America and England, the American publishers being Funk & Wagnalls, of New York. The American edition will contain also an introduction, by R. H. Stoddard.



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THE LOVER'S LAMENT.

Your face is like a drooping flower,

I see you fading, hour by hour,

Sweetheart!

Your rounded outlines waste away,

In vain I weep, in vain I pray,

What power Death's cruel hand can stay?

Sweetheart! Sweetheart!

Why, nothing but Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

The hand of time deals lightly with a woman in perfect health. But all functional derangements and disorders peculiar to women leave their mark. You needn't have them. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription comes to your rescue as no other medicine can. It cures them.

For periodical pains, prolapsus and other displacements, bearing-down sensations, and all "female complaints" and "weaknesses," it is a positive remedy.

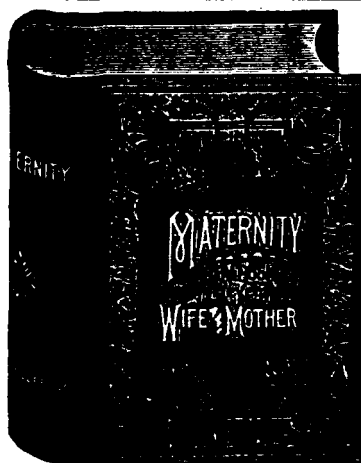
The "Favorite Prescription" is a powerful, restorative tonic and nerve-line, imparting strength to the whole system, in general, and to the uterine organs and appendages in particular. It keeps years from your face and figure—but adds years to your life. It's guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case. If it doesn't, your money is returned.

World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y.



"Well! Well!"

That's the way you feel after one or two of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets have done their work. You feel well, instead of bilious and constipated; your sick headache, dizziness and indigestion are gone. It's done mildly and easily, too. You don't have to feel worse before you feel better. That is the trouble with the huge, old-fashioned pill. These are small, sugar-coated, easiest to take. One little Pellet's a laxative, three to four are cathartic. They regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels—quickly, but thoroughly. They're the cheapest pill, sold by druggists, because you only pay for the good you get.



A BOOK WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD
is what a leading physician says of **MATERNITY**. Many it has proven more valuable, for it has saved such from life-long misery or early death. Not a quack cure-all, but a standard work by an eminent lady physician. Every wife or woman contemplating marriage should possess a copy. Ignorance has been the bane of woman's life. Enlightenment is her salvation. "Maternity" is a book treating of the physical life of women in health and disease; her relation to husband, family and society; reproduction, limitation and care of offspring; as well as hundreds of kindred topics of vital importance to every woman.

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With an Appendix by a Clergyman of the Church of England.

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For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO C. BUNDY,
Chicago.

MY SPIRIT VALENTINE.

By L. L.

There's a beautiful Indian maiden;
She is petite of form and fair;
She has jet-black eyes, they tell me,
And a wealth of raven hair.

In costume ornate and becoming,
In person exquisitely neat,
In all things attractive in girlhood,
This maiden is charmingly sweet.

And now I will tell you a secret
Concerning this maiden and me—
(A secret to keep now remember,
Until the next neighbor you see.)

This Indian maiden, so charming,
Confesses affection for me,
And I—why, I love her so dearly
I'm dying her sweet face to see!

"To see! and have you not seen her?"
No wonder you ask in surprise;
Ah! no! I sadly must answer,
My sweetheart is veiled to my eyes.

She writes to me often, I'm thankful,
Is much of the time by my side—
So lovingly, some who have seen her
Have thought, why, that she was my bride!

She has promised to sunder the curtain
That hides her away from my sight;
And sometime—O, yes, I am certain!—
I'll see her with joyous delight.

At least there's a day in the future
When, weary of sub-lunar strife,
The veil now dividing between us
Will include me on her side of life.

Till then, her invisible presence
Means a blessing to me and to mine;
And so I rejoice to confess her
My angel, my sweet valentine.

The cruiser Boston is still undergoing repairs.
It is stated that a defective crank has been discovered in her machinery. This is where she differs from her distinguished namesake; all of Boston's cranks are in good running order, so far as heard from.—Boston Herald.

Takes 1000 people to buy Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, at 50 cents a bottle, to make up \$500. One failure to cure would take the profit from 4000 sales. Its makers profess to cure "cold in the head," and even chronic catarrh, and if they fail they pay \$500 for their over-confidence.

Not in newspaper words but in hard cash! Think of what confidence it takes to put that in the papers—and mean it.

Its makers believe in the remedy. Isn't it worth a trial? Isn't any trial preferable to catarrh?

After all, the mild agencies are the best. Perhaps they work more slowly, but they work surely. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are an active agency but quiet and mild. They're sugar-coated, easy to take, never shock nor derange the system and half their power is the mild way in which their work is done. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One a dose. Twenty-five cents a vial. Of all druggists.

Heaven and Hell, as described by Judge Edmonds in his great work on Spiritualism. As Judge Edmonds' writings are mostly out of print, this pamphlet may be welcome to many, as it describes two scenes in heaven and two in hell, in his most graphic and careful style. Price, 10 cents. For sale at this office.

A Specific for Throat Diseases.—Brown's BRONCHIAL TROCHES have been long and favorably known as an admirable remedy for Coughs, Hoarseness, and all Throat troubles. "They are excellent for the relief of Hoarseness or Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective."—Christian World, London, England.

Two Papers a Week for a Dollar a Year.

The "Twice-a-Week" Edition of THE ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC is at once the best and the cheapest news journal in the world. It is a big seven-column paper, containing six to eight pages each issue, or 12 to 16 every week, and is mailed every Tuesday and Friday. Its readers get the news of the day almost as promptly and fully as the readers of a Daily and half a week ahead of any Weekly in every State in the Union. Yet the price is ONLY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR. Special Missouri, Illinois and Texas Editions are printed, and the General Edition for other States contains nothing but details of important events of interest everywhere. THE REPUBLIC is the leading Democratic paper of the country, aggressive, but at the same time liberal, and the only thoroughly national journal in the whole country. Remember the price is ONLY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR. Sample copies, also an illustrated Premium Catalogue, sent free on application. Address THE REPUBLIC, St. Louis, Mo.

The Constitution of Man considered in relation to external objects, by George Combs. More than three hundred thousand copies of the Constitution of Man have been sold and the demand is still increasing. It has been translated into many languages, and extensively circulated. A celebrated phrenologist said of this work. The importance and magnitude of the principles herein contained are beyond those to be found in any other work. For sale at this office, price, \$1.50.

Permanent Results,

And not a mere temporary exhilaration, are produced by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine, being an alterative, and working constitutionally, through the blood, its effects may not be immediately apparent in all cases, but the gain in health and strength, through its persistent use, is real and lasting. It reaches every drop of blood in the body.

"I have none but good words to speak regarding Ayer's Sarsaparilla. All during the winter I was languid, tired, and without any appetite, until I commenced the use of this remedy. I took three bottles. Its effects have been revivifying, and I feel as if I had entered a new life. I did not think it was in the power of medicine to produce such a wonderful change, as has Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my case."—Mrs. C. Johnson, 310 Hicks st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and also other preparations of a like nature, for the purposes of a blood-purifier, and, while receiving no good, but often positive harm, from others, I have always derived benefit from Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and have no hesitation in recommending it to any one in want of a reliable blood-purifier."—Mrs. M. C. Hopkinson, 110 Merrimack Corporation, Lowell, Mass.

"The safest and most reliable tonic, alterative, and diuretic is

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
—FOR—
Debility.

"I was a great sufferer from a low condition of the blood and general debility, becoming, finally, so reduced that I was unfit for work. Nothing that I did for the complaint helped me so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla, a few bottles of which restored me to health and strength. I take every opportunity to recommend this medicine in similar cases."—C. Evick, 14 E. Main st., Chillicothe, Ohio.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla is one of the very few proprietary medicines that I can honestly recommend. I have seen it used in this place, in a number of cases, with very satisfactory results, and I have used it in my own family, for salt-rheum, with abundant success. I consider it to be the leading blood-purifier of the day."—Charles C. Davis, Nashua, N. H.

"I suffered from general debility for fifteen years. A few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla completely cured me, and I now enjoy good health."—Mrs. J. F. McElhinney, Truro, N. S.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

Price \$1. Six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

HOW DO YOU FEEL AFTER YOU EAT

Millions of American people feel badly after they eat? In fact it has been said that we are a race of Dyspeptics. What caused it? Over eating! Over drinking! Over working! If you are losing flesh; have no appetite, or voraciously eat without satisfaction, feeling gloomy, morose, sleep poorly, it is all because your stomach is lacking some of the active properties needed for good digestion.

STERLING DIGESTER furnishes all the gastric ferments in the same proportions as they exist in a healthy human stomach, and by the use of Sterling Digester the food is digested in a natural manner, allowing the worn out stomach to rest, without impairing the work of nutrition.

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“THE OPEN DOOR.”

That versatile writer and deep thinker, J. H. Dewey, M. D., author of the “Christian Theosophy” series of books,—also of “The Way, the Truth and the Life,” “Pathway of the Spirit,” etc., has in press a new book. This latest product is entitled “The Open Door, or the Secret of Jesus,” and the prospectus says: “.... It gives in condensed form a lucid and convincing exposition of the interior life, latent powers, and divine possibilities of man, with the specific law and conditions of their normal development and immediate practical realization. Its luminous and helpful interpretation of the life and message of the Christ opens a new and deeper insight into the sublime realities of spiritual being, and throws a flood of light on the most vital and perplexing questions involved in the nature, relations, and destiny of man. Its clear definitions and sharp discriminations disentangle the practical from the speculative and bring to the active worker of our busy age the very help he needs.”

It is in pamphlet form, price 30 cents. In a letter to the editor of THE JOURNAL the author says: “I desire to do missionary work with this new volume and wrote it with this end in view. I have put it at a low price so that all who desire, can have it.” The book will be on sale in a few days, and orders for it may be sent to THE JOURNAL office.

Dr. Robert G. Eccles, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who was for several years a lecturer on Spiritualism, and is now a prominent chemist and pharmacist, points out that the danger of disease is, as a rule, in the direct ratio of the carelessness with which they are regarded. He says that diseases may be classed as more or less fatal as people are afraid of them and seek proper advice to both prevent and cure. If people are not afraid of diseases they act the part of fools by not seeking medical knowledge and skill and so give the disease a chance to kill more people. The ravages of various diseases, especially of the venereal class, would be diminished to a surprising extent if people were imbued with a more wholesome fear of them and so led to make use of proper measures for their prevention and cure. Dr. Eccles gives some interesting statistics in support of his statements. No one fails to send for a physician in typhus, yet only six persons in a million die of it since efforts are made to suppress it. Four hundred and twenty-eight in a million die of whooping cough because it seldom frightens patients, and neighborly folks of both sexes give advice. Three hundred and forty-one in a million die of measles, because it so frightens us as to induce our friends to send for a doctor. Two hundred and twenty-two in a million die of scarlet fever, because medical advice is sought sooner and more implicitly obeyed. One hundred and sixty-eight in a million die of diphtheria, because it frightens more than any other disease, and sends people in haste to the doctor. Dr. Eccles urges on the medical profession the necessity of teaching people a rational fear of disease and of impressing upon them the idea that the greatest element of safety is to avoid the mistake of a bad general—i. e., not to underestimate the strength of the enemy.

The proprietor of numerous small farms in the western Pyrenees, having an area altogether of nearly 1,500 acre, has for some time past been utilizing a neighboring stream for electric lighting purposes. He has now applied electric power to the working of a wine-crushing plant. Besides providing the power for lifting and driving purposes electricity is made to work the pumps for irrigating the vines. One hundred and eight 16-candle-power lamps are distributed all over the farms, and the area which they cover may be judged from the

fact that the length of telephone wire connecting the buildings is sixty-two miles. Another notable application of electricity to agricultural purposes has been made in Hungary, where, on large farms, grain is thrashed out at night by means of movable light apparatus, driven by the locomotive of the steam thrashing machine, in order to complete the thrashing more quickly. Strange to say, however, the manifest benefits of this improved method have been taken advantage of to only a relatively small extent. In view of this fact Baron von Steiger Munsingen has taken the trouble to explain the advantages of thrashing by the electric light on the basis of actual figures as obtained from his own practical experience. He has given very full statistics on the subject, and shows that to begin with there is a very considerable saving in time. It appears that a thrashing season of forty-five calendar days with the aid of the electric light is equal to seventy-one calendar days with daylight alone. Thus there is a clear saving of twenty-six days, or, in round numbers, a month. As to the relative expense of the new and the old system of thrashing, Baron Munsingen found that the cost of the new installation was 500 florins, as against the cost of a hired plant, which could be put down at 450 florins; so that in a second year the plant would only have to earn 50 florins, and it would then work gratuitously, with the exception of a trifling cost for carbons and oil.

Rev. M. J. Savage, strongly urged to remain in Boston by the church for which he has preached sixteen years and with which his relations have been uninterceptedly pleasant, has finally decided not to come to Chicago. This will be a great disappointment to the Church of the Messiah of this city, which had confidently expected Mr. Savage would fill the pulpit made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Utter. Mr. Savage’s Boston congregation evidently has a strong hold upon him.

The publisher pays for first-class press work, and in case any subscriber gets an imperfect copy it will be esteemed a favor if he will return it with a postal card calling attention, when a perfect copy will be forwarded. It is only in this way that the publisher can know when there is imperfect work.

Dr. J. K. Bailey has lectured, held parlor séances and healed, during January, at Clay Centre, Kan.; Madison, Neb., and at Lehigh, Webster City, Cedar Falls, Nashua and St. Ausgar, Iowa. He may be addressed at his home, 812 South Washington ave., Scranton, Pa.

Dr. S. N. Gould writes: Mr. E. A. Tisdale spoke at Barre, Vt., on February 3d, 4th, and 5th. He has been holding very interesting Sunday meetings at Stowe, Vt.

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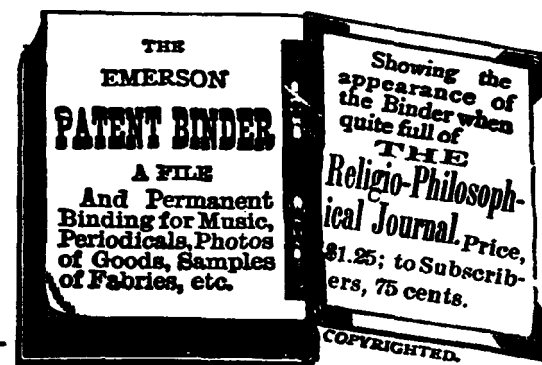
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TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, FEB. 14, 1891.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 38.

For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

There are more evictions for non-payment of rent in New York and Brooklyn in one year, says a judge of the latter city, than in Ireland in two years.

In our country, three-fourths of the nation's illiteracy is in the south. Forty per cent. of the whole population of the south cannot read the New Testament. Of the 2,000,000 illiterate voters in our country, 1,500,000 are in the south. The negro population, now about 8,000,000, increases at the rate of 500 a day.

The power of the mind over the body is illustrated by the experience of a young woman at Beaver Falls, Pa., who had been bedridden and unable to move with paralysis on one side of her body. A fire occurring in the house she arose, put on a wrapper and fled from the burning building. The papers say that to all appearance she is wholly recovered, but a recurrence of the disease is very probable.

In Erie county the legal right of doctors to advertise is to be tested. There is an old statute under which it is claimed that by advertising a physician forfeits his diploma. If there is such a law it cannot be repealed too soon. A practitioner who has made himself skillful in any branch of surgical or medical science should not be compelled by law, even if he is by a foolish code of medical ethics, to hide his light under a bushel. Medical mediocrity is entitled to no protection in competition with originality, or with exceptional ability and fitness to treat the maladies of mankind.

Carroll D. Wright, in an article in the *Independent*, gives his estimate of the probable population of the United States in 1900, which, he says, will approximate 76,639,854. He says, referring to the eleventh census: We now know that the population of the United States at the beginning of the last decade of this century is 62,622,250, and a careful study of this number convinces us that it is fairly satisfactory. I had the good luck (for it was simply good luck) several years ago, using simply fair judgment and a reasonable knowledge of general conditions, to fix the population for 1890 at 62,500,000. There was neither genius nor skill in this.

Recently ministers of the Congregational Club at the meeting at Northampton determined to labor with the Springfield *Republican* for the suppression of its Sunday issue, which was classed with the forces of evil. The *Republican*, which is one of the cleanest and best newspapers in this country, protested against the correctness of the classification, and added: The Sunday issue of the progressive daily newspaper has taken its place with the many other conveniences and necessities of modern life that were unknown to the fathers. The demand for such an issue was clearly apparent before the *Republican* determined that its duty lay in meeting this call by furnishing such clean, wholesome and valuable reading as should hold this field for the

best influences of modern life. The *Sunday Republican* not only fulfills its mission as a newsgatherer, but is doing a distinct moral service to the constituency which it serves in promoting good politics, high thinking and better living. It is possible that some of our critics are not sufficiently familiar with its quality. "The *Sunday Republican*," said a Congregational minister and doctor of divinity in Western Massachusetts, "stands beside the Sunday newspapers of the greater cities as an angel of light."

Peter Brezidine, of Bee Springs, Ky., writes of some wonderful paleontological discoveries made by him in that part of the state. He says: I explored what is known as the Hundred-Dome Cave, about six miles east of Mammoth Cave. In it I found evidences of a race of human beings of great antiquity. In niches of the cave I counted over 2,000 mummified skeletons or bodies of what must have been a large and very superior race of men, evidently dating back beyond our history of Adam and the Garden of Eden many thousand years. The bodies are in an excellent state of preservation, and I intend to remove about ten of them at once to Boston for the benefit of the scientific world.

The Medico-Legal Society, physicians and professors of Chicago colleges, says the *Womans' Tribune*, have adopted a resolution declaring that public séances of hypnotism, mesmerism and magnetism should be prohibited by law, and that the employment of hypnotism for medical purposes should be permitted solely to duly qualified men. . . . A committee was appointed to secure legislation on this resolution. . . . How much would have been found out about hypnotism if experiments in mesmerism, etc., had been left only to "duly qualified men?" . . . Facts bear out the statement that hypnotism, under another name, has long been beneficially used by healers and faith curers, and these same irregular practitioners have always been the target of the "duly qualified." What would be the use of passing any laws on the subject, when it could by no possibility prohibit those who would desire to make a vicious use of this power.

The triumph of medical science are among the most striking evidences of the progress the world is making. Recently the leg bones of a dog were grafted into human limbs, and a girl in this State whose nose had been broken was provided with a new nose made out of cat's ribs. Last Sunday, at St. Louis, Dr. Scott B. Parsons performed an operation on a woman thirty years old who not only had no cartilage in her nose but had lost by disease much of the frontal bone, which had come out in pieces through an opening between the eyebrows. The surface of the nose had sunk to a level with the eyes, the palate was gone and a large hole opening in the roof of the mouth, interfered with breathing and caused suffering otherwise. To overcome the difficulty the upper teeth were drawn and a new set was fitted to a plate which covered a hole in the palate. Then from a young calf which he had killed Dr. Parsons took the cartilage and with it built a new bridge for the nose, correcting the unsightly depression and enabling the woman to breathe through her nostrils in a natural

manner. Commenting on the new surgical science, so full of fascination both for professional and unprofessional minds, a writer speculates humorously as follows: There is certainly little improbability in the hypothesis that the animal substances thus rudely transplanted retain still some of their natural instincts. Who cannot help wonder, for instance, what the emotions of the consumptive into whose veins goat's blood has been injected would be when he comes across a battered tomato can or stands face to face with a dead wall decorated with gorgeous theater posters? Who can resist the temptation to speculate whether, when the temper of the lovely Illinois maiden is violently ruffled, her Grecian nose, made of cat's ribs, may not arch itself and become Roman in an instant? And what son or daughter of Adam is there who does not contemplate with the liveliest curiosity as to the result, the possibility of an accidental meeting between the maiden aforesaid and the New York boy whose leg bone was taken directly from a very vivacious dog? Verily, the possibilities of these times are tremendous.

The daily papers last week published accounts of the return to life, at Springfield, O., of a dead woman, who startled her watchers by rising in bed and demanding that she be at once baptized. The request was carried out under difficulties, and it is stated that the woman is likely to recover. The probability is that she was not dead but sleeping. The name of the woman is Mrs. George Tyree, and she lives on West Pleasant street. The *Inter-Ocean's* report of the affair is here reproduced: "For some time she had been a chronic invalid from consumption, the illness being augmented by a severe fall, which affected her spine. She has been gradually growing weaker, and Monday afternoon was seized with a spell of difficult breathing. Her breath came in gasps, and at 2 o'clock to all appearances life left the body and the woman was pronounced dead. Soon after she began to show slight signs of life, but by 5 o'clock the body was again seemingly lifeless. All hope was given up and arrangements were made for the proper care of the body, an undertaker being summoned. Before he could arrive, however, the woman again revived, and, sitting up in bed, startled the attendants by saying, 'I have come back to be baptized.' So positive was Mrs. Tyree that she must be at once baptised that the Rev. W. A. Cross was summoned and requested to take her to the church and administer the rite of baptism. He refused, saying it would kill her. But the woman's appeals were so pitiful that he determined to baptize her at the house. Accordingly he took the metallic coffin, and filling it with water, with the aid of her husband, immersed the woman. The almost lifeless body seemed to be revived, and shouting 'Glory! Glory!' the invalid was laid upon the bed. No bad effect was produced by the plunge, and to-day she is better than she has been for some time, and says she will recover." Perhaps the plunge was just what was needed physically, or it may be that with the views in which she had been indoctrinated it was just what was required to produce a mental effect favorable to the restoration of organic activities. Such a case a few years ago would have been convincing evidence to thousands of the necessity of baptism as a saving ordinance.

ALFRED A. WALLACE ON PHANTASMS.

In the *Arena* Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, the distinguished naturalist, gives the Society for Psychical Research credit for having done excellent work in presenting evidences for the phenomena known as ghosts or apparitions in such a way as to cause the facts to be generally accepted, as facts, by all who have taken the pains to inquire into the amount and character of the testimony for them. "The number of men eminent in literature, art and science, who have joined the Society and have contributed to its Proceedings has," he says "given the object of its inquiry a position and status they did not previously possess, while the correctness, the thoroughness, the literary skill and philosophic acumen with which the evidence has been presented to the world have compelled assent to the proposition that the several classes of apparitions known as doubles, phantasms of the living or the dead, spectral lights, voices, musical sounds, and the varied physical effect which occur in haunted houses, are real and not very uncommon phenomena, well worthy of earnest study, and only doubtful as regards the interpretation to be put upon them."

That apparitions are objective is shown, Dr. Wallace points out, by the perception of the same phantasmal sights or sounds by two or more persons at the same time, by the persistence of the phantasm in one spot notwithstanding change in the observer's position, by the effects of phantasms on domestic animals, by the physical effect produced by or connected with the appearance of phantasms and by the fact that phantasms can and have been photographed. Several samples of each of these groups of cases are given and their bearing on the question at issue is discussed. Dr. Wallace says that photographic experiments and tests have not been considered by the investigators of the Society for Psychical Research hitherto, but that they cannot be much longer ignored since the evidence for them is superior in quality to any that the Society has collected.

Dr. Wallace holds that in cases even of phantasms of the living the facts, inexplicable on any theory of telepathy between persons in the flesh, point to the agency of spirits. He thinks that altogether too much is assumed in regard to an unconscious second self or double personality living, unknown to the normal self, an independent mental life and exhibiting the characteristics of a distinct and different individuality. In the case of phantasms of the living, he does not believe that the phenomenon is due to an agent wholly unconscious of any agent in the matter; the person whose "double" is produced is more likely a condition only necessary to the production of the phantasm. Dr. Wallace thinks that the phenomena of phantasms and hauntings are better explained by Dr. Eugene Crowell who says: "I have frequently consulted my spirit friends upon this question, and have invariably been told by them that a spirit while in mortal form cannot for an instant leave it; were it to do so, death would at once ensue; and that the appearance of one's self at another place from that in which the body at the moment is, is simply a personation by another spirit, who thus often accomplishes a purpose desired by his mortal friend, or some other useful purpose is accomplished by the personation. I am informed and believe that in cases of trance when the subjects have supposed that their spirits have left their bodies and visited the spheres, their minds have been psychologically impressed with views representing spiritual scenes, objects and sounds, and many times these impressions are so apparently real and truthful that the reality itself barely exceeds these representations of it, but these are all subjective impressions, not actual experiences."

Transference of thought from one person to another Dr. Wallace of course admits, but in phenomena that pass beyond that he holds there is probably coöperation of preter-human intelligences. Veridical dreams, impressions and phantasms which are at first so unrecognizable or seem so trivial or commonplace may not, he argues, be so difficult of explanation as some have supposed, when it is considered that there is evidence at the continued association of spirits with mortals

is often beneficial or pleasurable to the former, and when it is remembered that a large number of very commonplace people are departing this life every year and every day. The idea of guardian spirits so common among Spiritualists, Dr. Wallace believes is no mere dream but a reality, and he refers to the dæmon of Socrates which warned him against danger and to the numerous and various forms in which knowledge and premonition come to many persons. Some are influenced in their ideas and impressions when no visible or audible manifestations are produced; to others spirits can make their presence known through one or more of the senses. All these phenomena should be looked upon not as supernatural but as the result of the natural and orderly exercise of powers which spirits possess and use for communicating, however imperfectly, with those in the material tabernacle.

THE AGENCY OF SPIRITS.

Few men have investigated spiritual and psychical phenomena with such patience, persistence and thoroughness as have characterized the researches in this respect of Alexander N. Aksakof, author of a work published at Leipzig, last year, entitled "Animismus und Spiritismus," in which reply is made at length to Dr. E. von Hartmann's "Der Spiritismus," which appeared in 1888. Hartmann treated as real and beyond reasonable doubt most of the phenomena claimed by Spiritualists to be due to the agency of discarnate spirits, but he held that they were produced unconsciously by the mediums and those that sat with them. In his professed explanation he had recourse to a supposed nervous force, producing physical and plastic effects, to hallucinations frequently collective supported by this nervous force, and to a hidden consciousness somnambule in its nature, which exists throughout the normal life of the subject which possesses telepathic power and may perceive the entire past and present of another person's life—a consciousness that sometimes becomes clairvoyant and, bringing the subject into relation with absolute being, enables him to know whatever is or has been.

M. Aksakof, while conceding much that Hartmann claims, after many years' investigation of Spiritualism, in all its details, in all parts of the world, in all literatures and by personal examination of all kinds of real or alleged spirit phenomena, is convinced of agency "extra-mediumistic and extra-mundane." He found much at first to raise doubts as to the actuality of such agency, and it was only gradually, when certain phenomena of an intellectual type had compelled him to recognize an intelligent power outside the medium, that he forgot first impressions and learned to look with more respect on the claims of Spiritualism. The falsity and vulgarity of many messages with their poverty of thought, the fanaticism of many Spiritualists, the vast amount of fraud practiced even by renowned professional mediums, and the credulity and infatuation which clamored for recognition of this fraud as the acts and words of departed spirits, often made him think of the great illusions through which mankind had passed, and to wonder whether Spiritualism was not another illusion like unto the others.

Continuing his investigations, a critical study of facts satisfied him that every type of mediumistic phenomena can be produced by the unconscious action of persons in the flesh, that the unconscious psychical activity of our being can exert either within or without the body even physical and plastic effects. It is this so-called unconscious element, this inner consciousness, M. Aksakof holds, that constitutes the original principle of each individuality, which the outer, conscious self, is but a phenomenal manifestation of the noumenal self, and the personal elements of the outer conscious self may assume the manifold character shown in sleep, somnambulism or mediumistic activity. Phenomena of this kind are designated *personismus*, or change of personality. Unconscious psychical phenomena, such as thought-transference, the movements of objects without contact and materialization, where the elements of the personality overstep bodily limitations and manifest themselves at a

distance, whether physically or psychically, are classed under the name of animism. Under the name of spiritism are included the earthly manifestations of the individuality made possible by the combination of these elements of personality which have been able to cling round the centre of the noumenal individuality after its separation from the body, and which can manifest themselves by association with the corporate psychical elements of some being still in the flesh.

All hypnotic and psychical phenomena in the opinion of M. Aksakof point to "that transcendental core of indissoluble forces, round which the complex and separable elements of personality are grouped and cling". A variety of phenomena is adduced to show the agency of spirit, but such as readers of THE JOURNAL know of, if they have not personally witnessed them. M. Aksakof, referring to the labor of his life, says: "One last word! In the decline of life I ask myself sometimes, 'Have I in truth done well, to have devoted so much time and toil and money to the study and the publication of facts in this domain? Have I not struck into a blind road? followed an illusive hope? Have I not wasted my existence, with no result to justify all my pains?' Yet always I seem to hear the same reply: 'A life on earth can have no higher aspiration than to demonstrate the transcendental nature of man's being,—to prove him called to a destiny loftier than the phenomenal existence which alone he knows.' I cannot, then, regret that I have devoted my whole life to the pursuit of this aim; although it be by methods which science shuns or spurns,—methods which I hold far truster than any other which science has to show. And if it be in the end my lot to have laid one stone of that temple of the spirit, upbuilt from century to century by men true of heart,—this will be the highest and the only recompense which ever I strove to gain." As Mr. F.W. H. Myers observes in an able notice of *Animismus und Spiritismus* in the "Proceedings of Society for Psychical Research," December, 1890: "M. Aksakof has written with adequate knowledge of what experimental psychology has done within the last few years in France and England to throw light on human automatism and the workings of the subconscious self, and his own temper of mind is free from haste or fanaticism." The investigations of such a man are invaluable and his testimony carries weight among intelligent people.

SECTARIAN APPROPRIATIONS FOR INDIAN EDUCATION.

The National League for the Protection of American Institutions, which has its headquarters in New York, has issued a petition and protest against sectarian appropriations for Indian education, and especially against the increase of such appropriations. The petition and protest are timely. The National Constitution says "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." The appropriation of money by Congress for the sectarian education of Indians is a violation of this first amendment to the Constitution of the United States. Yet Congress appropriated to various religious bodies for support of Indian schools during the fiscal years from 1886 to 1891 as follows: 1886, \$228,259; 1887, \$363,214; 1888, \$376,264; 1889, \$530,905; 1890, \$562,640; 1891, \$560,218. Every one of these years more than one-half of the amount appropriated went to schools under the care of one denomination—the Roman Catholic. Last year special appropriations in addition to the liberal estimates of the department were made for three new Roman Catholic schools. The National League for the Protection of American Institutions justly declares that these appropriations are opposed to the fundamental principles of the Constitution, that they threaten the peace of the community by introducing questions of denominational preference into our civil legislation, that they are a menace to the whole common school system, and that they produce legalized friction with the rational and American theory of the Indian bureau for common schools and industrial education to prepare the Indians for self-supporting citizenship.

In its printed circular the League says: "We submit that it is undignified for a great nation to farm

out its work among its wards to the sects, instead of doing its own work in a broad and liberal-minded manner. Many of the Indians have been made to believe by some of the religious teachers that the United States Government is their enemy, and added to this baleful instruction is their inherited belief that they have been wronged by the nation. How better can the government dissipate this wrong conception, and prove to the Indians that the government authorities and the American people are their friends, than by making large and uniform provision for their education, moral, intellectual, and industrial, instead of establishing as many grades of treatment as there are sects sharing in government appropriations?"

Some of the ablest and most prominent men of the country, East and West, have recorded their names with the National League and have expressed their desire for the passage of the following amendment to the United States Constitution:

"No State shall pass any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or use its property or credit, or any money raised by taxation, or authorize either to be used, for the purpose of founding, maintaining or aiding, by appropriation, payment for services, expenses, or otherwise, any church, religious denomination or religious society, or any institution, society, or undertaking which is wholly, or in part, under sectarian or ecclesiastical control."

Among those who favor this movement are Francis A. Walker, Edmund S. Stedman, Philip Schaff, Charles Scribner, Horace Porter, Henry C. Potter, Abram S. Hewitt, Rutherford B. Hayes, W. T. Harris, William E. Dodge, George William Curtis, Howard Crosby and hundreds of others of national reputation. The movement is a worthy and timely one. A division of public money among the several sects imperils the American school system, for if the general government divides school money among the sects what is to prevent the states following the example and making denominational advantages dependent upon political majorities. The intelligence of its citizens is the only foundation of republican government, and the public schools has well been called the palladium of our liberties. It cannot be too soon entrenched by national and state constitutional safeguards. THE JOURNAL is heartily with the movement.

THAT CASSADAGA CONVERT.

One may get heaps of fun out of this jolly old world if one but tries; and nothing is more provocative of mirth than the ludicrous efforts of a pompous old man to keep up with the procession; nothing, unless it may be the sublime arrogance and cheerful immaturity of a conceited provincial lawyer of mature age when endeavoring to pose as a psychical researcher and defender of his own homemade and variegated philosophy of shoddy. In the latter case, unless one is very very amiable, one is apt to vote the exhibit ridiculous rather than ludicrous and to mix his laughter with contempt, which is not happyfying. To play the literary mountebank before camp crowds and supply intellectual small-beer to the mentally immature is the acme of happiness it would seem to one old party. It should not disgruntle any one if this old party can thereby inflate himself afresh and at the same time amuse the rabble. It is only one of the many farces which really demoralize no one so seriously but that he can get in at the final grand round-up on the other side of Jordan. If Turveydrop from Meadville desires to walk on stilts and decorate his pomposity with paste diamonds labelled "Shakespeare," where's the harm? True he may befuddle the followers of other amusement purveyors, but the great world will be none the worse for that; he fools nobody who is of any account in the affairs of God or man.

In his characteristic arraignment of the editor of THE JOURNAL for presuming to take him in earnest, for having "solved the mystery" of the suspended slates on "a scientific basis," the Meadville bard introduces some homebrewed lines thus: "How truly did earth's greatest poet say:

"'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange with what show of truth
And seeming sincerity cunning sin can cover itself with all."
Of course, it goes without saying, every well-informed person knows Shakespeare never uttered such lines;

and furthermore, that no poet ever would or could have uttered them with the smallest ear for rhythm. But such little trifles never bother the wag of Crawford county; he loves a joke—when not on himself—and he is not talking to the well-informed, and knows it. For the benefit of the uninformed, among whom THE JOURNAL subscribers should do missionary work, it might be well to tell them that the only passage in Shakespeare at all like the false citation is from "Much Ado about Nothing," Act IV, scene 1, near the beginning, where it reads:

"Oh what authority and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal."

The quotation from the Cassadaga convert is typical of many others of his make. Shakespeare's lines are of ten syllables, sometimes eleven, rarely of twelve, yet the Pennsylvania poet, in the sublimity of his genius does not hesitate to put in seventeen; and this too, without getting short of breath or blushing. "What monstrous arrogance to foist his own words and phrases into Shakespeare's great lines, and then say they are 'earth's greatest poet's,'" we hear some reader exclaim. Pshaw! you have no humor in your soul thus to inveigh against the harmless, even if vulgar, prestidigitation of this amateur performer. He does the best he can and tickles the *hoi polloi*.

Were the strolling player of Meadville performing for other than the rabble, one could hardly forgive him for what would then be the utter silliness of quoting Uncle Toby rhythmically—and impossible rhythm at that; the ghost of Sterne would surely haunt him for thus libelling one of the finest creations of his genius. But under the circumstances the performer is not amenable to any court of soberness, either of this or the Spirit-world.

The dissection of these selections will show the reader on reflection the stupendous value to Spiritualism of a man who displays in his single person the lawyer, the scientist, the literateur, the philosopher, the orator, the wit, the psychical researcher, the everything all combined,—in his own estimation. Such a man is invaluable to any movement. He will prevent too rapid spread of its doctrines, and too great respect for the honesty and acumen of its exemplars and advocates. To this extent will he keep it pruned back; and its strength in its roots to shoot up, flower, and fruit when the world is ready to partake, digest and properly assimilate.

If it be said that this player, this new star, has donned the mantle which Jonathan M. Roberts doffed for a shroud, this differentiation should be accentuated, to wit: Roberts was a vulgar blackguard and general nuisance because of the intensity of his sincerities, and is thereby entitled to be covered with the mantle of charity. Whereas, Richmond imitates Roberts, mangles Shakespeare, Sterne, *et al.*, distorts the truth, and prevaricates all because of the intensity of his insincerities.

As nursery rhymes befit both childhoods, the first and the second, and as "Humpty Dumpty" seems to have soothed and pleased Mr. Richmond we offer another, which, with a trifling alteration, is even more applicable under the circumstances:

There was a man in our town, and he was wondrous wise,
He jumped into a bramble bush, and scratched out both his eyes,
And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jumped into that self-same bush,
But—he never saw again.

After having assimilated that dose it will the better fit him to appear before the bar of the Open Court, if he will digest this genuine bit of Shakespeare:

Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy successors of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Mixed with a generous supply of pathetic tone such as this practiced pleader knows so well how to use, the above lines may be effective as a plea in mitigation of sentence.

Last March Jesse Streitt, a thirteen-year-old boy, fell from a barn loft on frozen ground. He was injured severely about the spine and confined to bed three or four weeks. The latter part of May his father left to work in Illinois, and Jesse begged to go

with him, but was refused. On May 28th, after his mother had tried to get him to sleep and to stop crying after his father, he made her cross herself and promise to wake him when his father returned home. Then asking his sister to stop playing the organ he went into a sleep from which he woke the last of June. During this time he took only a few spoonfuls of food. Many times he was thought to be dead, but when placed in the coffin moved so as to attract attention. He said he had been in heaven, a most beautiful place, and saw his brother. He also described the identical work his father did in Illinois. He said that he would stay on earth until he was thirty years old. Since then he has been only in fairly good health, being better mornings, but having sinking spells in the afternoon, not breathing and seeming to be dead. It is now a question whether he will go into another long sleep.

Tennyson's Enoch Arden, finding that his wife had mourned him as dead and had married another, rather than disturb her happiness lived and died in loneliness. The world has admired the self-sacrifice and nobleness exhibited in that romantic character. According to published dispatches a fellow returned to a town in Pennsylvania and learned that his wife, believing he was dead, had married again, sat down with the new husband and drew lots in the presence of the woman to determine whose wife she should be in the future. The first husband won, and the second abiding by the decision left the house. As a daily paper commenting on this remarks: "Human nature is a queer thing. Sometimes it soars and sometimes it grovels. This was a case in which it groveled."

A German anatomist has called the attention of his class to certain hysterical women who are affected with a kind of "pain-joy"—not only experiencing no pain from surgical mutilation, but having a morbid desire to bear without anæsthetics operations which should prove very painful. A young woman was introduced who had seriously injured her lower jaw during a paroxysm of hysteria, but who had insisted upon having the necessary removal of part of the jaw and ligature of two arteries performed without an anæsthetic, and subsequently declared that the operation had given her great pleasure.

According to a dispatch to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, from Macon, Mo., the body of Joe Zick, thirteen years' old, who mysteriously disappeared from John Todd's house, on the Carlton River, about twenty miles from Macon, was discovered by Dr. Harris, who says he dreamed he saw the body of the dead boy some distance below the town, covered with sand and debris. Dr. Harris, out of curiosity, searched in the places indicated in his dream and discovered the body. The boy was an orphan from New York, and was sent west with others from that city.

The late Chief Justice Chase once startled Donn Piatt by saying: The wicked men are not in the penitentiary, they are in the churches. The criminals we convict are not wicked, they are simply weak—weak in character and weak in intellect. The men from whom society suffers are the cold, selfish, calculating creatures who not only keep clear of the courts but seek the churches, and deceive others as they deceive themselves and hope to deceive the Almighty.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has just invented two more admirable words—"pseudopathy" and "pseudotherapy," one signifying the quack science of disease and the other the quack method of healing.

Justin McCarthy is a charming and graceful literary man, but it can hardly be claimed by his warmest friends that he has shown himself equal to the Parliamentary emergency.

The president of Rutgers' female college has issued an edict that "the Browning and Ibsen fads interfere with soul growth."

THE RICHMOND-BANGS AFFAIR.

Our faith in the verity of the fundamental claims of Spiritualism is so strong, our confidence in the knowledge we have acquired of spirit phenomena is so great, that we feel fully armed for the support of the cause to which we have given twenty-five of the best years of our life. He who has settled for himself the great question of the continuity of life and spirit manifestation to mortals, and settled it in the affirmative, has assumed responsibilities from which he cannot shrink and be a man. He must be doubly critical and careful as to all that claims to sustain his belief and position; and this, not for his own sake but for that of the cause to which he owes allegiance and for that of the public to which he owes duties which can neither be ignored nor evaded with impunity.—From editorial remarks in account of "Hon. A. B. Richmond, at Cassadaga," in RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of May 24, 1890.

Continuous readers will recall that in its issue of May 24, 1890, THE JOURNAL contained an extended exposition of the manner in which Mr. A. B. Richmond was deceived by the notorious Bangs sisters, at Cassadaga Camp, Lily Dale, N. Y., in August, 1889. That account called out a rejoinder from Mr. Richmond, published in THE JOURNAL of June 14, 1890—those who never saw said papers, and those desiring to refresh their memory, will be supplied with copies on application. Mr. Richmond devoted a large share of his time during the next three months to a campaign against THE JOURNAL, and a malicious, undignified warfare upon its editor. After months of preparation Mr. R. made his complete answer and grand assault on August 16th, when the several spiritualistic camps were in full blast, and when he knew the editor of THE JOURNAL was on the sea-coast, nursing a sick wife, a thousand miles from home; and thus unable to meet the assault in his own paper before the campmeeting crowds had scattered, carrying with them the impressions which the Meadville lawyer hoped to produce. That Mr. R. would pursue this plan had been predicted months before by those who knew his methods. However, on reading Mr. Richmond's onslaught, the editor of THE JOURNAL saw no occasion to reply, believing that in the minds of all rational people its author had irretrievably ruined his case and written himself down as a low black-guard unworthy the attention of a respectable antagonist. This opinion was afterward fortified in many quarters; among others in *The Cambridge News*, a paper published in the county in which Meadville is located. "..... Mr. Richmond's latest article," says the *News* of August 21st, "was evidently written while smarting under the criticism of THE JOURNAL and in a state of great irritation, and by no means does him justice. He even falls in the lawyer's appreciation of the effect of his statements..... Having seen his article in cold type Mr. Richmond is no doubt by this time sorry he allowed himself to make such an undignified appearance before the reading public."

Notwithstanding Mr. Richmond's intemperate and malicious ravings, embodying all the gall accumulated at Onset, Lake Pleasant and Cassadaga, in contact with such companions as W. R. Colby, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Clayton, Lizzie Bangs and others, the editor of THE JOURNAL hoped there might be somewhere hidden in the man's nature a feeble spark of decency and manliness which, as he grew calmer, would make him feel "sorry," as the *News* suggested he would be. The editor of THE JOURNAL also hoped that on careful analysis of the whole case there would be no one left among reputable, sensible people who would impugn his motives in complying with Mr. Richmond's request in the *Arena*, where he said: "I earnestly request those who are capable of solving the mystery on a scientific basis to do so." The editor thought there could be no one in possession of fair reasoning powers who would not acknowledge, even though sorrowfully, that the evidence conclusively proved Mr. Richmond had been deceived, and that he had not borne himself becomingly nor as one devoted to the truth. It is with regret that THE JOURNAL is

obliged to chronicle the fact that Mr. Richmond, after nearly six months of frosty weather, has given no sign that he is cooled off, or "sorry." With yet more regret the editor finds evidences accumulating with time that some very good people in various sections of the country still believe him actuated by hostility to Spiritualism, as charged by Mr. Richmond, and guilty of a premeditated, cold-blooded design to humiliate the brilliant advocate from Meadville, and dim a rising star in the spiritualistic firmament. Furthermore it is discovered that there are, here and there, some quite intelligent people who either credit Mr. Richmond's *Arena* account or are in grave doubt as to its having been a deception. Surely these people cannot have given any careful study to the literature of the case.

Personally, it is a matter of no consequence to the editor what uninformed or prejudiced individuals may think of him; but in so far as his acts and motives may form a part of the history of Spiritualism it is due to the cause in which he is an humble worker and to the body of intelligent people whom he strives faithfully to represent, that the cause and his constituency be not handicapped for want of information. Furthermore, it is due posterity that the future historian of the Spiritualist Movement shall have the data essential to a correct account of matters thereunto relating. Therefore is it proper and timely now to put on record some of the inner history of this Richmond-Bangs matter. It may also be well to supply some additional but seemingly superfluous evidence in support of THE JOURNAL's exposé of the deception practiced on Mr. Richmond. Before doing so, however, it will be necessary to briefly recapitulate the facts and condense the history of the case.

In the *Arena* for March, 1890, Mr. A. B. Richmond had a paper entitled, "Is there a To-morrow for the Human Race?" Apparently in support of the affirmative of his question the writer selected incidents from his experience at Cassadaga in August, 1889. The one over which the controversy arose was as follows:

The next day I procured two slates as before and in company with a friend visited another medium—a lady—of whose occult powers I had heard many, to me, incredible relations. I told the medium that I would not prepare any interrogatories, but that I desired to make a test experiment for publication. I placed a piece of pencil between the slates, tied my handkerchief around them and suspended them from a lamp-hook in the ceiling, over a table. My friend sat at one side of the table and I at the other. The medium was not at any time near the slates while they were thus suspended, she being seated at least ten feet from them; she asked me who I desired to come? I replied: "Any one that can write on those slates, I don't care who it is or what they write." We sat for some time conversing on the topics of the day and place, when I distinctly heard the pencil moving between the slates. It seemed to be making marks, it did not sound like writing. My friend and myself distinctly saw the slates moving with a vibratory motion. Soon the sound changed as if the pencil was writing; we waited five minutes, when all sound having ceased, I removed the slates from the hook, opened, and on one were two artistically executed drawings, with a poem(?) of two hundred and fifty words. The poem, or more properly rhyme, in connection with the drawings, seemed to be a joke perpetrated at my expense as if in answer to my indifference as to who wrote or what was written, and it was so pertinent, or rather impertinent, that my friends who have seen it have no doubt but that the "intelligent force" was well acquainted with my foibles, a fact, which, on reflection, I can have no doubt of myself. The "force" was not a Burns, neither a Shakespeare, yet it certainly possessed wit as well as knowledge. There was evidently more truth than poetry in this occult literary production, and the fact of the presence of an unseen intelligent force was so conclusive that Agnosticism was no solace to my wounded vanity. Observe, I do not pretend to be able to explain the phenomena I have described, and shall not attempt to do so. "I have only a round unvarnished tale delivered." That I know is true in every particular, and I earnestly request those who are capable of solving the mystery on a scientific basis to do so.

This bit of illustration was based on a piece of deception practiced on Mr. Richmond by two notorious frauds known as "the Bangs Sisters," as was conclusively shown in THE JOURNAL of May 24 and June 14, 1890. The trick had been uncovered to the editor two months before the appearance of Mr. Richmond's paper in the *Arena*. As Mr. R. earnestly demanded a scientific solution of the mystery, and because to him "the presence of an unseen intelligent force was so conclusive that Agnosticism was no solace to his wounded vanity," THE JOURNAL undertook to furnish the solution and supply a better healing balm than

"Agnosticism" for his "wounded vanity." While THE JOURNAL's effort was a success so far as the solution of the mystery went, it was worse than a dismal failure as a balm for "wounded vanity"; it was like pouring sulphuric acid on that vanity's raw wounds. It made the owner of that vanity wildly insane with rage; it turned his conceit into gas, and the noxious vapor spread throughout the country, aggravating a mental disease quite prevalent at campmeetings, dark circles and in materialization shops.

In opening the inner history leading up to the exposé of the deception of the suspended slates it may be well to begin with a curio clipped from the highly colored crazy quilt which Mr. Richmond pieced up for display at the several camps, and under which he essayed to hide his own mental and moral peculiarities, succeeding only in making them the more prominent. If his work lacks artistic finish, Mr. Richmond is certainly entitled to mention as a colorist, as this patch from his quilt will demonstrate:

If Bundy was honest in his pretended exposé, why did he not write to me first, and get my version of the particulars of the séance? I would have, most cheerfully, given them to him to the best of my recollection; but instead of that, six weeks before the publication of his malicious libel, he wrote a "confidential" letter to a gentleman in this city (Meadville) requesting him to procure a copy of my slate and send it to him. The gentleman indignantly refused, but said nothing to me of the occurrence until after the appearance of the libel in THE JOURNAL.

Attention is first especially called to the latter half of this specimen; and the following exhibit shows from what refractory ores the genius of a Richmond can extract paints suited to his purpose:

The Meadville gentleman who so "indignantly refused" the request made him in a "confidential" letter is Mr. A. Gaston, president of the Cassadaga camp; and here is the correspondence:

[Confidential and strictly private.]

CHICAGO, April 9, 1890.

MR. A. GASTON, Meadville, Pa.

DEAR BRO.: In the *Arena* for March, Mr. A. B. Richmond has, as you know undoubtedly, an article entitled "Is There a To-morrow for the Human Race?" In the article he relates a case of alleged independent slate-writing where he got some rhymes, the slate being suspended from the ceiling. He calls for a scientific explanation. Now I have reason to believe that as long ago as last January I was in possession of the facts regarding that séance, and I waited, presuming Mr. R. would publish something about it. After Mr. Richmond's course in the Rowley matter, I feel delicate about approaching him on topics involving his ability as an investigator; yet I would like to have the real facts of that test séance brought out if it can be done—in the interest of Spiritualism. I have in my possession what purports to be a copy of the contents of that slate—the rhymes and pictures. A copy made from memory by the party who furnished it to me. Quite likely it is not *exactly* like the original. Now I would like your advice and assistance. How shall we proceed? Have you seen Mr. R.'s slate of late, and could you tell if you saw my copy whether it is a close approximation of the original? Could you obtain the original for a short time and compare it with the copy, and write me wherein they differ and how—either in pictures or words? I wish I could have a photo of the original. In order to avoid all suspicion that my copy was made after seeing the original, I am willing to send it to you by express, *in strict confidence*, for you to see and compare with the original, before I see it. If my copy is substantially the same so far as the rhymes go, and the general make-up of the work on the slate, it will tend to corroborate my information, and I can then explain "scientifically."

This is, my brother, a serious matter and one in which, but for Mr. Richmond's attitude in the Rowley case, I should suppose he would be as anxious as I to have the *whole truth*, and a "scientific answer," but remembering his very unscientific methods and after-course in that case, I feel there must be no chances taken now. I am sure you, like myself, are so well grounded in your knowledge of Spiritualism that you do not fear the truth whatever it may be. Now if you are disposed and can consistently aid me to get at the bottom of this matter I shall be glad; if you cannot, then let the matter drop. Awaiting your pleasure, I am

Fraternally yours,
JNO. C. BUNDY.

On April 17th, Mr. Gaston replied. Such extracts only as are pertinent to the present purpose are here given, in order to save space; but the entire letter is open for inspection or copying by any one who will take the trouble to call at THE JOURNAL office. Mr. Gaston writes:

In answer to yours of the 9th will say: I have been so busy, and also absent from home five days in the meantime, that you have been quite neglected.... My position at Cassadaga as well as Mr. Richmond's warm friendship for me is such that I do not see how I can act in this matter only in an open way, *which I am willing to do if you*

wish. It seems to me that if you should send your copy to me, and I take it to Mr. R., he would be entirely willing to compare and allow a report to be made of result. However, I am not sure. He is quite sensitive on some points and might not see it in same light as I do.... I am anxious for the truth and would be only too glad to lift our cause on to higher ground and will cooperate to that end wherever I can see my way clearly....

Faternally yours,

A. GASTON.

To Mr. Gaston's letter of April 17th, the following reply was made:

[Private.]

CHICAGO, April 19, 1890.

A. GASTON, Esq., Meadville, Pa.

DEAR BRO.: Of course I did not want, and I don't think you understand that I want, you to act in any underhanded way or to take undue advantage of your old friend and neighbor. But I have found it necessary to give away no points and to guard every step in dealing with men who have thoroughly committed themselves and who have not the moral courage, or who lack the power of seeing their own blunders....

Faternally yours,

JNO. C. BUNDY.

Reflecting upon Mr. Gaston's connection with Cassadaga camp and his relations with Mr. Richmond and others engaged to appear there, and not desiring to push him into a position that might be annoying, the following letter was sent him:

[Confidential.]

CHICAGO May 2, 1890.

MR. A. GASTON, Meadville, Pa.

DEAR BRO.: In view of your position at Cassadaga and your semi-official relations with Mr. Richmond in connection therewith, which I did not think of when I broached the matter of the Bangs sisters' slate "tests" to you, I have concluded it would be putting you in too delicate a position to ask you to act in getting at the truth of the matter. I have therefore asked Mr. — to act if he can do so consistently, and have sent him the copy, and a copy of Graham's statement. I tell you this so that you may feel I am dealing square with you, and because I consider you entitled to this information.

Yours truly,

JNO. C. BUNDY.

The above correspondence shows all the foundation there was for the statement of Mr. Richmond; and as he is as far from the truth, in general and particular, in most of the assertions and all the implications in his August 16th screed, that high explosive is more dangerous to its maker than any body else. On September 15, 1890, a letter was written by the editor of THE JOURNAL to Mr. Gaston, calling attention to the assertion of Mr. Richmond concerning him (Mr. G.) as having "indignantly declined," etc. "I do not and I will not believe," wrote the editor, "unless you tell me so, that you ever gave him reason to thus speak of my writing you and of your reply. Will you kindly give me, so far as you are concerned, the basis for his malicious prevarication?" No reply to this letter has ever been received. Readers of THE JOURNAL are at liberty to draw their own inferences. It is to be regretted that Mr. Gaston's name should be dragged into publicity in connection with this controversy, but his silence, in the face of Mr. Richmond's widely circulated assertion based on information that could only have come, so far as can be divined, from him, and his non-compliance with the request of September 15th, for an explanation, leave no other course open.

A letter, sent on the same day the documents were dispatched, to the gentleman selected to relieve Mr. Gaston, and who for convenience may be referred to as Mr. Brown, was as follows:

CHICAGO, May 2, 1890.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER: Knowing you to be so thoroughly grounded in your knowledge of the phenomena of Spiritualism and faith in its central claims that you do not fear to face the truth whatever it be in relation to our cause, I desire to call your attention to a matter of great importance, and to solicit your cooperation in bringing to light the truth concerning it.

In the *Arena* for March is a well written article by our friend Hon. A. B. Richmond, entitled, "Is There a Tomorrow for the Human Race?" On page 472 Mr. Richmond gives an account of a slate-writing séance in which the slates were suspended from the ceiling, with the result of obtaining on one of them "two artistically executed drawings, with a poem (?) of 250 words." After giving some general idea of the character of the communication Mr. Richmond concludes: "I earnestly request those who are capable of solving the mystery on a scientific basis to do so."

In January last I was called upon by a man named H. H. Graham, who had just been sued a few days or weeks before for divorce by May Bangs. I suppose he called upon me because I had exposed the fraudulent

nature of the Bangs Sisters' claims to materialization and had captured them in the act of personating a spirit, etc. He told me, in substance, that he did not consider himself the legal husband of May Bangs and if any ceremony was ever performed, it was while he was under the influence of drugs. He told me much concerning the fraudulent practices of May Bangs; and from my knowledge of the methods of the Bangs Sisters and of instances to which he referred, I was satisfied that he was telling me the truth, as, had he varied from it, there were many points where I should have detected the variation.

Among other things he told me of having prepared at Cassadaga last year, at the solicitation of the Bangs Sisters, a slate containing a rhyming message taking off some of Mr. Richmond's peculiarities, that in one corner was the picture of an angel or spirit and in another that of a devil. He recited to me at the time, with but little hesitation as he proceeded, the poem. His rendering of the whole affair was very dramatic and amusing and strongly impressed me with its truthfulness; when, therefore, in March, I read Mr. Richmond's account in the *Arena* I at once recognized the incident as the one related to me by Graham. I sent for Graham, showed him the article, cross-questioned him again, and then requested him to make me a duplicate of the slate as near as he could from memory, which he did. He tells me since, however, that he thinks there was one stanza omitted in his duplicate. He recalls the two last lines of it, but so far has not been able to recollect the first two. It would be impossible in a letter to give you the great amount of detail and collateral evidence which causes me to believe that Graham tells the truth, and that the slate which Mr. Richmond supposes was written on when hanging from the ceiling was the identical slate prepared by Graham.

My first impulse was to lay this whole matter before Mr. Richmond; but reflecting upon his course and methods in the Rowley investigation of last year, I hesitated as to what might be the better course in this case. My personal feelings toward Mr. Richmond are of a most cordial nature; but I do not hesitate to say that however honest he may have been, his conduct in the Rowley matter was not such as to commend itself to those desiring scientific proof of spirit phenomena, nor was it such a course as a man fearless of consequences in the pursuit of truth would have followed. Unfortunately Mr. Richmond's temperament, supplemented by his professional career as a legal advocate, unfits him to a considerable extent for real scientific work. Add to this his great love of approbation and confidence in his own abilities and he becomes an unsafe guide to a novice in psychical matters. The inevitable tendency of such a nature as Mr. Richmond's when confronted with evidence tending to show or prove that he is mistaken in his published assertions, as in the case of Rowley and as now in the case of the Bangs sisters,—the inevitable tendency of such a man is to defend his own position at all hazards, rather than to calmly and in a scientific frame of mind analyze the evidence.

Now, I am perfectly willing that Mr. Richmond should have an opportunity to investigate the evidence going to prove that the alleged spirit message hereinbefore referred to was a fraud deliberately practiced upon him; and I am also willing that he should be the first to publicly announce the fact of the deception and to revise his opinion in so far as may be necessary in that particular instance and to so state publicly; but in giving him this opportunity I do not desire nor propose to place myself in the hands of a shrewd criminal lawyer who may practice all the arts of his profession in making black appear white in order to carry his point. I will not tolerate any hedging or sophistry in the matter.

I send you by express this day a duplicate copy of the slate made from memory by Mr. Graham and with it a copy of Graham's statement. If you feel that Mr. Richmond can be induced to look at this matter from a purely scientific standpoint and, regardless of any chagrin it may cause him to be obliged to acknowledge that he was deceived, you are at liberty to go to him, ask him to produce the original slate, compare with him the two, discuss Graham's statement and report to me the result. If you do not wish to do this, then you will please treat the whole matter as confidential and return intact the express package. In any event the duplicate and statement of Mr. Graham are to be returned to me within five days after their receipt in as good condition as when received. In case Mr. Richmond is away from home, then they are to be returned to me within five days after his return; and if you desire, you are at liberty to show this letter to Mr. Richmond.

Faternally yours

JNO. C. BUNDY.

Mr. Brown was also a personal friend of Mr. Richmond and regretted that occasion should arise obliging him, from a deep sense of duty, to take part in an investigation likely to irritate his old acquaintance. He accepted the commission, but doubted the wisdom of bringing the case before the public. Writing of the case Mr. Brown says: "I have no respect for the tares which pass for the wheat of Spiritualism. I despise fraud and have no sympathy whatever with the perpetrators. But it is indeed questionable whether, in this instance, in going for this individual case, if it was fraud, there is not danger of uprooting more wheat than tares."

In reply to this the editor wrote, saying:

.... Now, you speak of it being, maybe, more damaging in this case to pull up the tares than to let them grow. You would not say this if you could sit in my office and see the wide-spread damage done to the cause by such reasoning in similar cases. No! the truth and the whole truth is the only safety for the Cause, however damaging

or humiliating it may be to the individual. You say, "The character of the testimony going to prove the deception would justly be called in question." No, I don't think it could be "justly." It is not as though the Bangs sisters were mediums above reproach previously. They are notorious tricksters and liars; and the whole story told by Graham is perfectly consistent with their methods and previous career. I seek no public controversy with Mr. R. over this matter, neither shall I shun it!

All the letters of Mr. Brown breathe a manly, kindly spirit. From the first he evidenced a pronounced intention of acting only in a judicial spirit and of protecting the reputation and feelings of his fellow townsman in so far as was compatible with loyalty to truth. And in this he, of course, had the full approval and cooperation of the editor of THE JOURNAL, who wrote him on this point, saying: "..... I desire above all things not to humiliate Mr. Richmond, but to help him to come forward in a manly way and publicly revise his opinion."

On May 10th a letter was received from Mr. Brown saying:

I have been thinking whether it would not be fair, if Mr. Richmond should be willing, to give him a certified copy of Mr. Graham's alleged reproduction of the message, provided he would give a certified copy of the original. I will not propose this unless I get a telegram from you to do so. Mr. R. will be at home, I am informed, tomorrow.

To this a telegraphic reply was sent in these words: "Exchange copies certainly. Candor and fair play imperative."

It is probably needless, and might be tiresome, to follow the case from this last date up to the final publication in THE JOURNAL of May 24th. Enough has been given to show that the editor did not rush into print, but assiduously sought for six weeks to have the evidence put before Mr. R., for reasons and purposes hereinbefore set forth.

Suffice it to say that from various quarters and from those well acquainted with Mr. Richmond, came independent testimonies to the effect that he would never meet the issue in the proper spirit, but would seek to maintain the correctness of his *Arena* statement at all hazards. "He is not willing," writes a Meadville correspondent, "to concede there was any possibility of his being deceived. His theory is, if there is any duplicate of the test, it was subsequently copied. In fact he alleges that it was copied by one person to his knowledge." The form of THE JOURNAL was about to be changed; and clearly, there was nothing to be hoped for from Mr. Richmond; and so the publication was made. Those who know the most about the inside history of this controversy will bear out the editor in saying he exhibited no personal feeling against Mr. Richmond; that while protecting himself, he tried his best to give Mr. Richmond an opportunity to remedy his blunder. Furthermore, that Mr. R. did not meet the issue in any such spirit as that of the editor. Mr. R. made his choice and must abide by the consequences.

SUPPLEMENTARY EVIDENCE.

It would seem further testimony were superfluous in support of the claim that Mr. Richmond was deceived; that those capable of rendering a just verdict on the evidence are already satisfied; and that no amount of fresh proofs are likely to weigh with those determined not to be convinced. However, the following is offered for consideration:

No one will deny that in maintaining his account of the phenomena of the slate-writing the burden of proof rests on Mr. Richmond. Now, when May Bangs, one of the mediums who took part in the affair, states over her own signature that it was a trick and that Graham's account of the affair is correct; and furthermore when four or more credible witnesses stand ready to testify in court that she acknowledged the trick in their presence, and did this prior to the appearance of the *Arena* account, in what sort of a predicament does this put Mr. Richmond? The names of the witnesses who heard May Bangs confirm Graham are on file in THE JOURNAL office. In August last, the editor of THE JOURNAL, while at Nantucket, received a letter, forwarded through his office, from May Bangs. It was written for publication, but a request accompanied it that it should be withheld for the present. Immediately

after getting back to Chicago, about September 1st, the editor was requested to return the letter to the writer. It would appear, so far as can be learned, that Lizzie Bangs owed her sister \$100, which she either could not or would not pay; and that after sending the letter for publication, May threatened unless the debt was paid she would remove the restriction on the letter and permit its publication. In this emergency it is said that the poor old father of these women, desiring to avoid further public scandal, went to a friend, with whom he had \$100 on deposit, withdrew the money and paid it over to May, whereupon she requested the return of the letter. The request was complied with, but a photo-electrotype copy was first taken. All except that portion of it relating to the séance recorded by Mr. Richmond is here suppressed, but the photo-electrotype copy of the entire letter is in the vault of THE JOURNAL office, to be produced if need be:

CHICAGO, August 4, 1890.
 "... In justice to all I wish to state (notwithstanding I have for her [Lizzie's] sake said to the contrary) that all Mr. H. H. Graham has said about the Richmond slate writing is true, except it was Lizzie Bangs, not I, who gave the sitting to Mr. Richmond, as he well knows and is no doubt willing to state. The trick was done by her exchanging his slates for the ones Mr. Graham prepared....

(Signed) "MARY E. GRAHAM,
 nee MAY E. BANGS."

The full significance of the above will more completely appear further along. The following letter would seem to fit in here. It is from a dressmaker often employed by the Bangs sisters. The letter opens with statements as to Lizzie Bangs, irrelevant to the question of her mediumship, and continues thus:

.... While in her (Lizzie's) employ she sent me to her closet for dress trimmings. I found instead a black bag containing wigs, gray whiskers, curls, lace of various colors, beaded dress of the "Princess," and the soldier uniform and cap of the spirit control, George. At another time I saw her cleaning part of the brass work of George's uniform; that same evening I witnessed the same brass work at her séance, on the human spirit George. I have frequently admitted to her house her confederate who would frequently come through the alley and pretend he was a collector, a grocery man, carpenter, etc. He is well known to me and his identity I can prove. I have also heard May Bangs discuss the Richmond slate-writing; and heard her acknowledge that her husband, Mr. Graham, did compose the rhyme and did draw the picture on that slate....

(Signed) "KATE MEAGHER."

To those who have carefully studied the testimony on both sides and who will turn back and analyze Mr. Richmond's *Arena* account of the séance after reading the following letter, there may come fresh light. That a criminal lawyer of local celebrity, at least, should be made to testify against himself over his own signature may be hard on the Pennsylvania bar, but nevertheless it will help to clarify the case under consideration:

MEADVILLE, PA., May 29, 1890.

MRS. MARY GRAHAM.

DEAR FRIEND. Yours received. I have written a long article contradicting the Bundy libel for the *Banner of Light*, also will for the ——. I will give Bundy all he needs.

I believe you are right that it was Lizzie not you—you yet you were both in the room were you not?

Do not make any written statement to any one until I send you one to sign.

I hope to see you and Lizzie at Lily Dale this summer.

Your friend,

(Signed) "A. B. RICHMOND."

As the authenticity of the above letter might be questioned in some quarters, the precaution has been taken to reproduce it by the photo-electrotype process, and a fac-simile will be found on page 607.

In his *Arena* paper Mr. Richmond gives the reader to understand that there was no one present at the séance other than the "friend" who accompanied him and "the medium." He could not have stated this stronger by direct assertion than he does by implication. The editor of THE JOURNAL, however, had been informed that May and Lizzie were both present during a greater part of the séance; Lizzie acting as "leading lady" in the farce, and May going behind the scenes in time to produce the "vibratory motion" seen by the old gentleman from Meadville. But the editor had by this time learned the proneness of Mr. R. for mal-observation and loose statement. He felt sure that Mr. Richmond could not tell whether the leading performer was May or Lizzie, and it did not matter

which name was used; hence, the following language in the exposé of May 24th:

For reasons of his own Graham does not mix up the name of "Lizzie Bangs" with that of her younger sister May. It may be that Lizzie was the visible "medium" who posed in Mr. Richmond's presence, but it does not matter; the two women work together whenever either needs a confederate.

After the publication of the deception, May writes Mr. Richmond, and he responds to his "dear friend" as above. Evidently it needed May's help to clear Mr. Richmond's mind as to which sister was in the leading part. "I believe you are right," he says; but his recollection is still hazy and he inquires, "Yet you were both in the room were you not?" Evidently his obfuscation arose from the fact that he recalled May's presence during the first part of the séance and her absence during the latter; and between the recollection of seeing her and not seeing her his memory became dazed. Hence he seeks information of the "dear friend" who was one of the parties in foisting a fraud upon the public and who of course would be more competent than himself to answer. "Do not make any written statement to any one," commands Mr. R., "until I send you one to sign." Why this injunction? According to his own words he is not clear on vital points in the case, yet he instructs those whom he must realize know more of the affair than he to wait until he, five hundred miles away, can prepare testimony for them "to sign." The only reasonable inference to be drawn from his words is that he proposes to write out in Meadville what he desires them to affirm, so that when brought to light in Chicago it will harmonize with his version of the séance;—another striking evidence of the necessity of "harmony" in promoting and exploiting the products of the commercial séance room. Possibly this letter of Mr. Richmond is an exemplification of the ethics of his "beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism;" yet, as he never in print avowed himself a Spiritualist nor affirmed the spirit origin of the phenomena until after THE JOURNAL's exposé, it is more likely his conduct and this letter to his "dear friend" are survivals of his materialistic ethics, or telepathic reliquiae from the esoteric stores of his long professional intimacy with criminals.

SATURDAY'S SATURNALIAN SYMBOLOGY.

By PROFESSOR COUES.

Controversy between my venerable friend Jackson and myself on elementary text-book facts in astronomy may not be edifying; but it is so exasperatingly funny that I want the readers of THE JOURNAL to help me enjoy some more of it. Every statement of fact that I made, in my two skits of November 8 and December 13, is correct, and verifiable by reference to any authority on the subject; and if Mr. Jackson knows as little astronomy as I do astrology, it is his misfortune, not his fault, and I can neither dispute his ignorance, nor argue with it. But as soon as I can compose my features and stop shaking my sides, I will try to enlighten that gloom of astronomical night which makes Mr. Jackson say of himself that his "back is up," and liken himself to his "pet cats when they see a strange dog" (see JOURNAL, December 27, p. 490).

Were I given to epithets, I could discount such mild similes as those. I eat, drink, sleep, work, move and have my being at present in the "Century Dictionary," whose resources are beyond 200,000 words with which to war. I might call my friend a phylactolomatous polyzoan, or an opisthobranchiate gastropod, or a thalassiculous radiolarian, or an echinoprocious hystericomorphous rodent, or a bambusicolic sonorivox, or a regular parallelopipedon—something of that sort, you know. But I do not; I simply say he is a gentleman who has had the misfortune to be mistaken (which is no crime) and to lose his temper (which is worse than a crime, because it is a blunder). I extend my sincere and sympathetic condolences, together with this valuable and strikingly original piece of advice: Be ca'm, my friend. Try to ca'm yourself. Cultivate ca'mness. Ca'mness conduces to peace of mind, serenity of brow, philosophy, longevity, and other admirable or desirable things. Remember, "God still lives"

and thrives; and if, as you say, your back is up, why not get it down? You say you are just like a cat. Then don't try to be a camel, too, for that is impossible—that would be a mixing of zoological metaphors as naughty as the nautical mixing of those babies up in "Pinafore."

With these preliminary and precautionary signals of polemical amenities, customary with diplomatic controversialists, let me see if I can find out what ails my respected patient. It seems to worry him that I said, in THE JOURNAL of December 13, that "this planet [Saturn] has never been seen by mortal eyes," and he says (JOURNAL, December 27) that my statement "is some kind of a trick or catch." It is neither; it is a fact. In support of which I quote the exact words of Professor Charles S. Peirce, one of the leading astronomers of the world, who says: "It is evident that we see only the atmosphere of Saturn." This, I may inform my venerable astrologophobist, is due in part to the construction of our telescopes, in part to the structure of our eyes, and in part to the inconsistency of Saturn himself. For his mean density is only 0.7, or less than three-fourths that of water; and his albedo is 0.5, or about that of a cloud, but decidedly orange-colored. So we have never been able to penetrate the nebulous obscurity with which the old god has shrouded himself—and I hope Mr. Jackson's lynx-eyed vision discerns the point, now that it is explained. Had it been a joke, perhaps his acute sense of humor would have taken it. But he suspected it was a "trick" or "catch"; and I confess, on second thought, it makes a first-rate one, though I did not think so before he put the notion in my head. So be it! Then the catch shall be, that no mortal eyes have ever seen Saturn, or even Saturn's albedo; for I need not argue to convince a veteran Spiritualist that the real eyes with which we see are immortal. The physical mechanism of vision, like the telescope with which we amplify it, is perishable, and sees nothing whatever. It is only the spiritual eye, back of the eye we apply to the telescope, that sees, and this eye, Mr. Jackson knows, is not "mortal." Next time Mr. Jackson feels like saying, as he says in THE JOURNAL of December 27, "I deny the assertion totally, and defy any one to defend it on any basis of common sense," common sense should make him pause to reconsider what assertion he denies, and whom he defies. Denial of fact and defiance of factors are what lawyers call *brutum fulmen*—empty thunder, or sound without sense (if Mr. Jackson will allow me to translate the Latin for one who does not seem to know that "Kronos" is Greek for "Saturn"). And while we are on a question of fact, let me correct Mr. Jackson's statement respecting the mean density of Saturn, which he asserts (apparently on his own authority, though I know where he cribbed the statement) to be three-fourths as heavy as water; but it is not; it is only seven-tenths. In refraining, in my former article, from conveying this information, I am sorry to find that I did, quite innocently, set a trap for my friend, into which he tumbled with neatness and dispatch. What a wonderful artist in words I must be, when I can spring a trap and catch a Jackson with a simple remark about the relative density of water and of Saturn!

I. ETYMOLOGY OF SATURN.

The derivation of the name is not absolutely certain, but it is probably, and according to the greatest and latest authority—that of Professor Charles P. G. Scott of New York—from the Latin *satus*, sown, past participle (as Mr. Jackson will be glad to learn) of the verb *serere*, to sow. It is in Latin form *Saturnus*; so also in Dutch and Danish; *Saturno* in Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian; *Saturne* in French; *Saturn* in former English, and *Saturn* in Anglo-Saxon. In the latter language it appears in the words *Saturnesdag*, *Saturndag*, and *Saterdag*, which I can assure my friend means "Saturday," or Saturn's day—an expression first found in Latin in Tibullus, who calls it *Saturni dies*, I hate to spring this profound erudition on so amiable a critic as my camel-humped friend, for fear he will think it a joke; but I was never more serious in my life.

II. MYTHOLOGY OF SATURN.

It will, I fear, make Mr. Jackson feel like a pet cat at sight of a strange dog—to use his own confession—to be told that Saturn was a god long before he became a planet. The first application of the god's name to the planet occurs in Cicero; and as that famous orator, one of whose lucubrations was *De Natura Deorum*, lived in the first century before the great Jewish reformer, it follows that Saturn, as a planet, is only about 400 years older than Christianity (which was first established in 325 A. D., by the political and ecclesiastical intrigues of Constantine and Eusebius). The first certain mention of the planet Saturn by a classic author is somewhat earlier; for we find "the star *Kronos*" named in Aristotle's *Metaphysics*; and what I said about the "heavenly *Kronos*," as a classic synonym of Saturn, need not have transformed my friend into either a camel or a cat. Neither need it have been the innocent cause of this confession: "It is not an astronomical term ever used in my sixty years reading of that science, nor is it in either of the many dictionaries or cyclopedias at hand. Possibly it may be found in astrology; but not being a Greek scholar I do not understand it, and must let it pass," says our good friend. I wonder at this naive admission, made by a gentleman of mature years, presumably worldly-wise; but I marvel more at the fearfully and wonderfully made sentences I have just quoted. But I gather from what he says—if he will allow me to translate his words into English—that he doesn't know what "*Kronos*" means, never saw the word before, couldn't find it in the dictionary when he tried, and had to give it up as probably some dreadful astrological slang, covering a world of wicked symbolism, mysticism, occultism, and other feefoofummism too dreadful to contemplate. Let him take new courage then in the conviction that "*Kronos*" is good solid Aristotelian Greek for the planet Saturn; that it has been used in that sense, off and on, for more than 2,000 years; that it is seldom if ever so used by astrologers, because few of them have been Greek scholars; and finally, that he will be likely to find the word in the first school-girl's text-book he can pick up, if he will simply look for *C* or *Ch*, instead of *K*. For it is a fact, which appears to have escaped Mr. Jackson's study of classical literature, that the Greek *Kappa* (by which he will understand me to mean our letter *K*) usually becomes *C* when transliterated in English; so that *Kronos* is liable to be found in English books as *Cronos*, or *Cronus*, or *Chronos*, or *Chronus*. To make sure of this, I will ask my little son when he comes home from school, as my bookshelves are across the room from the desk where I am writing, and Mr. Jackson has made me too tired to leave my chair.

However, a rose by any other name will smell as sweet. Saturnus was an ancient Italic god, popularly believed to have appeared in Italy in the reign of Janus, and to have taught the people agriculture, horticulture, arboriculture, medical botany, and other sensible things. He was an honest old farmer, not the least bit astrological, who married a rich wife named Ops, thus making a more reasonable "Farmer's Alliance" than they have in Kansas at present. He seems to have been pious, too; for the story has come down to us that he had an altar somewhere, before Rome was founded. There may be some hitch about the title to this property, for the early Romans mixed Saturn up with the Greek *Kronos* in such a way as to give rise to the legend that after he had been overthrown by Zeus ("Zeus" is Greek for "Jupiter," my friend) Saturn wandered to Italy, where he ruled so well that the poets sung his reign as the golden age, and after his death—pardon me, his transition to spirit life—the folks got up an annual festival in his honor, called the *Saturnalia*. The oldest form of national verse was also called the *Saturnian*; and for that matter the country itself was named *Saturnia* in those good old times. Saturn's regular wife was Ops; but as she was goddess of the crops she was called *Consiva*, and under that title had a sanctuary to which only vestals and priests were admitted at any price. Saturn seems to have had another wife, or brevet wife, named *Lua*; but perhaps the less said about that lady the better. The great *Saturnalia* (also called *Opalia*, from Saturn's

wife's name Ops) were long celebrated during the third week in December; or what would be just before our Christmas holidays; and a good many of the festivities which we still have at the winter solstice are historically as well as literally "*Saturnalia*." When the memory of the good old man began to get dim and hazy, they set up a statue to perpetuate it. They gave him a scythe or sickle, in dreadful symbolism of his agricultural proclivities; and to this day, in every almanac—in every astrological book, too, *horresco referens*!—you can see the same sign or "totem" of the planet Saturn, namely, the little symbol shaped like a reaping-hook. And to this day, too, the god Saturn figures in our folklore as "Father Time"—that venerable old fellow with the long beard, the scythe, and the hour-glass. This transformation was natural and easy—easy as lying, and natural as being mistaken. For it came about through not knowing how to spell his name. The Greek *Kronos*, in its Latin form *Cronus*, became mistaken for a Greek word *Chronos*, which means "time." Thus the god *Kronos* was metempsychosed into "Father Time." I have known a graceless newspaper man to call him a slow old coach, and ask why he did not trade off his hour-glass and scythe for a stem-winding watch and a McCormick reaper, so as to keep up with the times. But those of us who realize the falling of "the foot of time"—tread it on flowers or tread it on flints—cry "*cheu! fugaces*," and complain not that Saturn is slow.

III. ASTRONOMY OF SATURN.

This planet is the most remote of those known to the ancients. At brightest it appears like a star of the first magnitude. It revolves in an orbit inclined 2½ degrees to the ecliptic, nothing to that extent in *Spica*, and southing in the ribbon of *Pisces*. It is 9½ times as far from the Sun as the earth is, or a calculated distance of 872,000,000 miles. Its sidereal revolution takes 29 Julian years and 167 days; its synodical, 378 days. The eccentricity of the orbit is considerable. There is a point about the period of Saturn to which I must recall Mr. Jackson's polite attention, since I made it in my article of Dec. 13th, and since it seems to give Mr. Jackson a haunting suspicion that there is something astrological about me. I made the statement in my own language, and on reading what I said about the perturbations of Saturn, I find that I said what is exactly true and mathematically demonstrable. But to be doubly fortified, I will quote the very words of one of our first astronomers. Thus—

"Owing to the fact that the period of Saturn is very nearly 2½ times that of Jupiter, these planets exercise a curious mutual influence, analogous to that of one pendulum upon another swinging from the same support. Since 1790, when in consequence of this influence Saturn had lagged 50 minutes behind and Jupiter had advanced 20 minutes beyond the positions they would have had if undisturbed, Saturn has been moving continually faster, and the whole period of the inequality is 929 years. This is the largest perturbation of those affecting our (solar) system."

That is precisely what I said! I am little used to appeal to authority respecting scientific statements of fact which I make public; but in this case I am authorized to state, in advance of the appearance of the article "Saturn" in the Century Dictionary, that these statements are those which that great work will make. What there can be astrological about it I fail to see; and I never before found a man so easily perturbed by a mathematical calculation as Mr. Jackson seems to be. One would think such perturbations of a planet important and interesting; but one knows that the perturbations of a Jackson are neither, though greater.

I may add some facts which Mr. Jackson may be interested to learn. Saturn is the greatest planet except Jupiter! Its diameter is about 9 times that of the earth; its volume, 697 times; its mass, 93 times. Its equator is nearly parallel to that of the earth; and what is more to the point, the spheroidal compression of Saturn exceeds that of every other planet, for it is one-tenth of its diameter! This statement is not open to question; and we have, moreover, the great authority of my friend, Professor Asaph Hall, the discoverer of the

satellites of Mars, that Saturn's rotation is performed in ten hours and fourteen and four-tenth minutes. From these data, collectively, I must leave Mr. Jackson to calculate for himself the lengths of Saturn's day and year. Let him do so conscientiously—not capriciously nor for mere controversy, but as an humble student of nature and of nature's God, as reflected in elementary school-books—and then say, if he can, that I am wrong in the least particular.

IV. THE RING OF SATURN.

Mr. Jackson falls into a grave error in THE JOURNAL of Dec. 27th, where he speaks of Saturn's rings. Properly speaking, there is but one ring,—and that one ring is considerably less than 100 miles thick. It consists of (apparently) three rings; but other divisions of the ring have been observed at different times, and they do not appear to be constant. The innermost division is dusky and pretty transparent; in contact with it is the brightest division, between which and the outermost is a gap. While the total diameter of Saturn is only 75,800 statute miles, the total diameter of the ring is 172,800 such miles—figures which show, in a way which Mr. Jackson cannot presume to dispute, the true ratio between the respective magnitudes. The plane of the ring is inclined 7 degrees to the planet's equator, yet no less than 23 degrees and 10 minutes to the earth's orbit. This is an important fact in the chain of reasoning I am linking, and I wish to rivet my good friend's gaze on this point, since he seems to think there is something astrological in what is about to follow. For it is a simple fact, depending upon the inclination of these planes, that when Saturn appears in the hind legs of Leo, or in the water of Aquarius, we see the ring edgewise, and it passes out of sight, remaining invisible as long as the sun shines upon the side away from us; for the ring only shows by the reflected light of the sun, and is best seen when the planet is in Taurus and Scorpio! That is all I said, in substance, and I am sorry I did not make my meaning clear to an astronomer of Mr. Jackson's intellectual luminosity.

Considering my main points thus verified, demonstrated, and established beyond the possibility of other than fretful and testy criticism, I have but one question to ask of my formidable protagonist: It is this: Mr. Jackson, will you dare to say in public, whether the ring of Saturn is solid, fluid, or gaseous? I beg a candid, courteous reply, without evasion, mental reservation or subterfuge. You shall have my answer promptly and your long agony will then be over.

V. ALCHEMY OF SATURN.

Saturn was not only a god, a farmer, and a botanist; he was something of a mineralogist. At least, such is the logical inference from the fact that one of the metals, known to chemists as plumbum, used to be called by his name. This is the useful and valuable elementary substance Mr. Jackson may know of under its English name of lead. It is used for gas-pipes and many other purposes. We speak to-day of "saturnine red," meaning red lead. Of the effects of lead on the system, commonly called lead-poisoning, we have many technical medical terms, such as "saturnine amaurosis," for a certain defect or loss of eyesight due to this poison; "saturnine breath," the peculiar smell imparted to the breath in this malady; "saturnine colic," or lead-colic; "saturnine palsy" and "saturnine paralysis," such as the wrist-drop of house-painters; and lead-poisoning in general is technically known to the profession as *saturnism*.

VI. ENTOMOLOGY OF SATURN.

Mr. Jackson has perhaps heard of such things as silk-worms; perhaps also, that these are the larvæ of caterpillars of certain moths, or nocturnal lepidopterous insects. But it may be news to him, that one of the groups or divisions into which naturalists classify these moths is named *Saturniidae*; and that this division contains all the large silk-worms which are native to North America.

VII. PROSODY OF SATURN.

As above hinted, there is a kind of verse or meter called *Saturnian*, used in early Roman poetry before the adoption of Greek meters. Many examples are

extant, and have elicited expressions of various opinions of metricians respecting the true nature of this prosody. Some explain it as quantitative, others as purely accentual. The former describe a classic example as an iambic line of two cola separated by a cesura. In his introduction to the "Lays of Ancient Rome," Macaulay compares the Saturnian verse to the familiar nursery rhyme—

"The queen | was in | her par- | lour | eating | bread
and | honey."

VIII. PALMISTRY OF SATURN.

Under this head I hope to lead my pugnacious and irascible old friend gently by the hand to the astrological fate that is in store for him unless he repents of that rash heat which may be condoned in youth but less becomes maturity. I have not examined his palms professionally—in fact I am not a professional palmist, or chiromnist, or chiromancer, or chirosoph, or even a chiropodist, but just an ex-chirurgion somewhat given to chiromancy. Yet it is a fact, that my good friend, whose back, as he says, is "up," has also another protuberance, which he will find at the base of his middle finger—not the knuckle on the back, but the pad on the palm. This is technically called the *mount of Saturn*. If he will look closely he may find, on one or both hands, a line beginning at the wrist and running up the middle of the palm toward the base of the second finger. This is the line of fate! Let him beware and prepare to meet his God, even at the eleventh hour, while yet there is time for the sinner to repent—for this—this, I shudder to say, is the *line of Saturn*!! So it must be "astrological" and "symbolical"—but the subject is so painful that I forbear.

IX. ASTROLOGY OF SATURN.

Saturn was called by astrologers the "Greater Infortune." Among the animals mentioned by them as "under Saturn," the ass is first—so I hope my friend was born under some other planetary influence. Among the plants under Saturn they mention a "clown's wound-wort," which he might try to ease his woe. Among the diseases due to Saturn they cite "all melancholy and nervous affections, all phlegmatic humors, and chin-cough"—with none of which I hope Mr. Jackson suffers. Saturn, they say, "governs the spleen," so I am sure Mr. Jackson was not born under Saturn, for I perceive by his writings how well he governs his own spleen. Saturn, they say, "rules everything bitter, sharp or acrid"; let us pray, brethren, that there be nothing of that sort about us—let us be Mercurial, Martial, or Jovial, but never Saturnine. For the astrologers sum Saturn's character in these gloomy terms: "Saturn is in nature cold and dry, occasioned by his being so far removed from the heat of the Sun; he abounds in vapors, and is a melancholy, earthy, masculine, solitary, diurnal and malevolent planet"; and from his effects, when "lord of the ascendant," good Lord deliver us!

X. THE MORAL OF SATURN.

It is this: Next time Dr. Coues writes a paragraph to THE JOURNAL, as a kindly send-off for a friend's article to which he wishes to thus call attention, it may not be necessary for any one to question his mathematics before his motives and purposes are discovered; if any one should get his back up about it, he had better get his back down before his back gets into print; and if any one should feel like a pet cat at sight of a strange dog when astrology and symbolism are hinted, he runs the usual risk of those who monkey with buzz-saws, and takes even the extra hazard of being invited to discuss those topics in a public hall in Chicago, as Mr. W. H. Chainey challenges Mr. J. G. Jackson to do, in THE JOURNAL of this date.

1726 N STREET, WASHINGTON, D.C., SATURN'S DAY, JANUARY 17, 1891.

AGENCY OF SPIRITS AND CONSERVATION OF ENERGY.

By WM. I. GILL, A. M.

It is pleasant to have some one answer an article who has temper and taste, and who himself deserves an answer. Such claims Dr. John E. Purdon has made on me in his article in THE JOURNAL of January 17th. Still he should not advise the writer of the ar-

ticle he answers to "consult such a first-class work as that of Thompson and Tait," as if such writer was unacquainted with that work. It is very necessary to a correct view on this subject, that we clearly discriminate between the action of spirits and the agency of their mediums. The confusion of these two essentially different forces and actions suffuses the entire article of Dr. Purdon, and makes him erroneously wise, superficially profound, and his logic and science misapplied. All the action of the medium may conform to the laws of our world; and this I do not dispute but rather assume in my previous article touching the subject. For the present I will grant it none, because in most cases it is true, but not in all. The connections here can all be traced, and so the law of conservation may remain unbroken. I raised no question here. But this is just the question Dr. Purdon has discussed as against me.

But so far we have not entered into the sphere of undisputed spirit agency beyond the human spirit. So long as we can explain all phenomena by the laws and forces of our own known world, of which the law of conservation forms a part, we have no distinctive Spiritualism. It is only by proving an agency which transcends these laws that we prove Spiritualism. Therefore, so far as Spiritualism is proved, it is thereby proved that there our cosmic laws of the conservation of energy does not hold and operate. This is the extent of my previous assertion in the argument drawn from Spiritualism. The spirits and spirit agency affirmed and argued by Spiritualism are not of this world or cosmic system, as this system is conceived and expounded by the physical scientists who formulated and who defend the law in question and other cosmic laws. There are two things which distinguish these spirits and their action from the acknowledged cosmic forces and laws.

First. They do not get their energies from this world or cosmic universe and in and through the action of its laws. This notion of them is fundamental to Spiritualism, I believe, according to the universal conception of spirits and spirit action. They are conceived and described as extramundane, and as belonging to an economy whose forces and laws are different from our own. This is the essential point of difference between them and us. It was in the light of this fundamental truth that I assumed there could be no question that there was a limit to the operation of our cosmic law of conservation.

Second. According to the conception of Spiritualism, spirits in various ways and degrees project into our world added forces, by using their own extramundane forces in operation on ours and in our cosmic world. When this force reaches us and is seen in its operation and effect it may coincide with our cosmic laws. But its origin in the will of the spirit had no connection with them, was not an effect of their action. The energy they exert is not the transformed energy of our world. In order to make such a transformation, some form of our cosmic energy would have to disappear from this world and lodge in the extramundane world, transformed, and thence reappear. But this is not the proper conception of their relation to us, and is fundamentally alien to the scientific conception of cosmic law, including the law of conservation.

If science should ever see reason to enlarge its conception so as to connect in some way the sensible with a supersensible and spiritual economy, the case would be altered. Psychic science is working in that direction, and that this conclusion will be its ultimate result I doubt not; and that is what I wish to promote. What I want to make plain now is, that the accepted cosmic law of conservation of energy has a limit, that it is transcended every time an extramundane agent produces the slightest effect anywhere within our cosmic sphere, whether that agent be an incarnate spirit or angel never incarnate, or the spirit direct of the infinite eternal Deity.

The main question settled, let us note a few subordinate points in Dr. Purdon's article. He says: "There is no kind of work essentially different from physical work, and for the simple reason that work is quantity." This is irrelevant to the question at issue. The whole discussion concerns quantity only, whether

the quantity of energy is ever increased or diminished, and, therefore, whether there is ever any particle of energy projected into this world from another. Spiritualist say that spirits here and there, and how much we know not, make additions to the quantity of energy operating in this cosmic sphere, which the accepted formula of conservation denies.

Further, it is erroneously irrelevant. It says there is no difference of kind wherever there is quantity. As a metaphysical doctrine this is remarkably blind. Quality and quantity belong alike to all things; and the difference of quality is the difference of kind, for these are one; and whatever the quality or kind it is of some quantity, equal to or less or more than some other thing or work of the same quality or kind. Every sense and sensible organ or member has its own kind of action or work, and these are indefinitely various at different times in their quantity. So all sensible action and work are of a different kind from the supersensible action of our minds or that of incarnate minds or spirits and these too have their variations of quantity.

My critic tell us of his deep "conviction of inviolability of the order of nature." Another of my critics has emphatically sworn to the same creed. But who has called it in question? Not I. My simple contention is that the now popular law of conservation only partially accords with the order of nature.

He tells us next, in the same paragraph, "that the most reasonable view of spirit intervention in earthly affairs is that which regard it as necessarily operating through the intervention of a living nervous system." The error of this sentence consists in the one word "necessarily," which makes this mode of spirit operation a fated universality; whereas it is not by any means universal, unless Spiritualism has a much more limited sphere and foundations than its advocates generally suppose. There are very many well authenticated testimonies of supramundane agency entirely unconnected with living nervous tissue as the medium.

My critic seems to refute me by a dull affirmation that "there are no cataclysmic spiritual manifestations that come within the ken of the senses," no volcanic eruptions, no mountains cast into the sea or stopping of railway trains by direct spirit agency. But that is not my assertion, and proves nothing to the point. These spirits may not be able to move mountains, but if they can move a pendant leaf or an atom of air, we have there in that tiniest exertion of force an agency that transcends the accepted cosmic law of conservation of energy; and this law is also transcended if this or any more or less degree of such force is exerted on the "living nervous system."

THE FATHERS OF THE REPUBLIC YOUNG MEN.

No fallacy is more firmly fixed in the public mind than that which represents the establishment of our government as the work of old men, says the *Century*. The delusion is imbibed in childhood, and is unconsciously cultivated by the text-books used in school. The "fathers of the republic" are depicted in all the histories with wigs, queues, and other accessories of dress that apparently betoken age, and the pupil naturally concludes that they must have been old when the nation was born.

In point of fact, they were an uncommonly young set of men. George Washington, senior in age as well as in authority and influence, was but 43 when the revolution broke out, and 57 when he became first president; Thomas Jefferson only 33 when he wrote the Declaration of Independence; Alexander Hamilton but 32 when he became Secretary of the Treasury; James Madison only 23 when he was made member of a Virginia committee of safety, and 36 when he was Hamilton's great collaborator in the production of that political classic, "The Federalist."

Nor were the leaders of the great enterprise exceptional in this matter of age. Forty names were signed to the Constitution of the United States the 17th of September, 1787. Leaving out of account four whose birthdays are not given by the books of reference, only five of the remaining thirty-six had reached the age of 60; twenty of the remainder were less than 45 years old; and twelve were under 40, among the latter being one (Hamilton) of 30, another of 29, a third of 28, and a fourth who lacked some months of 27 when the convention met. The average age of all the members did not quite reach 45 years. The most important committee to which the instrument was referred for final revision consisted of five members, four of whom were between 30 and 36 years of age, the fifth and least prominent being 60.

ONE DAY.

The fire to kindle, the table to set,
The coffee to make, the breakfast to get,
The dishes to wash, the floor to sweep,
A watchful eye on the children to keep,
And—there's the baby crying!

The baby to wash and dress and feed,
The cows and pigs attention need;
The beds to make, the cheese to turn,
The chickens to feed, the milk to churn,
And—there's the baby crying!

The baby to quiet, the table to set,
The meat to roast, the dinner to get,
The dishes to wash, the pies to bake,
The ironing then my time will take,
And—there's the baby crying.

The baby to rock and put to bed,
The little chickens again to be fed;
The cows to milk, the table to set,
The kettle to boil, the supper to get,
And—there's the baby crying!

The baby to soothe ere supper I eat,
The dishes to wash, the room to make neat;
Then down to the basket of mending I sit,
Attention divided 'tween baby and it,
For—there's the baby crying!

God grant me patience and strength to bear
The every day round of household care;
To govern my kingdom in love and peace,
Until my rule with death shall cease,
And I at rest am lying.

Although the definite measure for which the advocates of woman's rights have chiefly contended from the beginning remains far from being generally adopted, there has been during the past forty years great advance. Women vote at school elections and are elected to school offices in New York, Massachusetts and many other states. In Kansas and other western states municipal suffrage is exercised and municipal functions discharged by women. Women have lately begun to serve on the board of factory inspectors in New York. Woman suffrage is a plank in the platform of the prohibitory party. In Wyoming political distinctions on account of sex are removed. The legal status of married women has been changed during the last forty years so that they can own property and have a recognized share in the custody of their children. The sentiment in favor of woman suffrage is strong and growing more rapidly now perhaps than ever before. A representative of the *Chicago Evening Post* recently interviewed Dr. Frances Dickinson one of the lady managers of the World's Fair, and as what she said is encouraging to all who are interested in the enfranchisement of woman, the report of the interview is here reproduced.

"There are over a million voters that I know of who are willing that women shall have the franchise," said Dr. Frances Dickinson in speaking of the present prospects of the woman's suffrage movement. "A year ago, at the convention of the National Suffrage Association, convened at Washington, I proposed that we should seek the assistance of voters through the labor organizations, as I knew they were favorable to our cause. You see I had come to understand, through my work with the Woman's Alliance of this city, that we could only hope to gain a hearing through the voters. In that association I had seen the power that an organization can wield which represents a goodly number of voters. My motion was to the effect that we should make an effort to get voters to sign a petition in our interest and that our first and especial endeavor should be to secure the co-operation of the labor organizations."

"My motion was opposed by the Boston delegation on the ground that they objected to seeking the aid of socialists and anarchists. However, it was carried, and I was made chairman of a committee of three to undertake the work, the other members being Mrs. Clara Bewick Colby and Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake. We began work at once. A wealthy Chicago gentleman, who does not wish his name mentioned, furnished us with the necessary funds, and we have done the work. Mrs. Blake has moved in the matter in New York, and in addition to other work wrote a series of articles for the *Workingmen's Advocate*, which was a valuable aid to our undertaking."

"However, workmen, as a rule, do not need to be converted to the cause of woman's suffrage. One of the leading

members of the Knights of Labor said to me some time ago; 'Experience has taught us that we must secure to women all the rights which we ourselves seek in order to be successful. With an army of skilled women standing ready to take our places, our strikes cannot be successful without their co-operation. Therefore we want to secure for women the same wages that men receive for the same work, and also equal political power.' For these reasons, which are obvious, the organized workmen are anxious that women should have the franchise."

"The other member of our committee," continued Dr. Dickinson, "Mrs. Colby, editor and founder of the *Woman's Tribune*, published at Beatrice, Neb., in the summer, and at Washington, D.C., in the winter, has done her share of the work. The headquarters are here, and the gentleman of whom I have spoken as furnishing us funds has also been of great assistance to us in other ways."

The ladies of this committee secured signatures to their petition by sending to different organizations throughout the country, with a request that it be filled out in behalf of the organization, the following form:

"To the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress Assembled: We, your petitioners, members of the—, and voters under the laws of the United States, respectfully request your honorable bodies to pass the resolutions already favorably reported by your proper committee, proposing an amendment to the National Constitution, securing to the women of the United States the exercise of the right of suffrage; that the question may go before the people of the United States to be rejected or ratified by them through the action of either their legislature or convention, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by Congress."

The—,—alliance, No.—, of the county of—, and state of—, an alliance numbering—members, at a regular meeting thereof have approved of the above petition and directed the secretary of our alliance to certify this fact under seal.

Then follows the official signature of the secretary, together with the seal and the date.

The ladies have presented their petition to the different branches of the American Federation of Labor, the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union, the Knights of Labor, the trade and labor assemblies and the posts of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The petitions which Dr. Dickinson now has in hand represent the signatures of considerably more than a million voters. As each mail brings in a large consignment of signed petitions, she is confident that by the last of the month, when she goes on to Washington to present the documents to Congress, she will have 2,000,000 signatures. Dr. Dickinson states that only twelve of the organizations whose signatures they have requested have refused them. One of these was an organization of ministers, who returned their petition with the message that they had nothing to do with such subjects.

Some of the old suffrage workers are a trifle timorous about having the question presented as the petition provides, but those who have the matter in hand are confident of success. Dr. Dickinson in particular, upon whom the mantle of her cousin, the stanch and able Susan B. Anthony, seems likely to fall, feels certain of a favorable decision from each of the several states, providing they can get the question presented.

Miss Phoebe Couzens, of St. Louis, in a letter to the *Evening Post* of this city "to correct a slight misapprehension of Rev. Bishop Vincent in regard to the status of woman in sacred lore," says: If the reverend gentleman will tell us just when and where and how the creator took him into his especial confidence and directed him to inform the latter day saints that Deborah and Huldah and Miriam were not "God's women," but that the Rachels and Ruths and Marys were, we shall be more certain that the mantle of sacred oratory has fallen upon the right shoulders, and that a bishopric means consecration to the Master's work, and not a sleek and self-satisfied perversion of biblical lore to suit the narrow limits of a selfish aggrandizement. Miriam, saith sacred history, was a prophetess, chosen by the Lord to lead the children of Israel out of darkness into day; but the reverend bishop says she was not "God's woman," and therefore Exodus is wrong and the instructor in the sacred college right. The fourth chapter of Judges tells us that Deborah was a Judge and lawgiver over Israel for forty years, "the years," saith the

scripture, "wherein the land had rest and peace;" but Deborah, according to Rev. Mr. Vincent, was not "God's woman.".... But Ruth, whose peculiar methods of capturing a husband would entitle her in our day and generation to be sent to a training school for reformed morals, is especially brought forth for the delectation of this divinity school, while Rachel, who kept a sheep ranch amidst her father's herdsmen, drawing the water while the men lazily browsed on the hillside, is another maiden dear to the sacred heart of Brother Vincent, whose long and unctuous career has been especially ministered unto by the female contingent of water haulers in the fold of his churches.... I know not to which Mary he refers, but either of them is not a good punctuation for the reflected light of masculine admiration. If she was the patient, serving Martha's twin sister, it was said she was not given to domestic ministrations for the elders, and had she dwelt in Brother Vincent's circuit yellow-legged chickens and creamy biscuits would not have boosted him to the summit of a bishopric in the year of our Lord 1890.

If the one out of whom Christ cast the seven devils the alabaster box of ointment would have served the same purpose in a sacred college in the nineteenth century—its price set aside for the heathen, and this specimen of "God's woman," whom man previously had invested with seven devils, shown to the door!

A SINGULAR EXPERIENCE.

In the September number of the *Journal* you call attention to Prof. William James's inquiries regarding hallucinations. I herewith enclose a statement of my experience: "About eight years ago I was delivering some lectures on phrenology in a school-house at Little Rock, Ill. My audience consisted of over one hundred adults besides a goodly number of children. The school-room had but one entrance, opening from the centre of the east side of the room into a hallway about twelve feet long, at the east end of which was the outside door. My pictures were hanging on the east wall of the room, above and on each side of the door. There was a space of from twelve to fifteen feet between the door and the first row of seats, extending the full width of the room with the exception of the space occupied by the teacher's desk on the left, and by a stove on the right of the entrance.

"One evening, after I had been speaking for half an hour or more, and while fully enthused with my subject and speaking rapidly, I felt a hand laid on my shoulder and the clasp of fingers and thumb very distinctly. In much surprise I turned to see who had entered through two closed doors and traversed the hallway so quietly as not to be heard. To my greater surprise I saw no one behind me; the door was closed, and I was the only visible occupant of the space above described. I recovered quickly from the shock it gave me and resumed my address to the audience, but not before they had noticed that something unusual was affecting me. After the lecture I gave two delineations of character.

"The first subject was a man about sixty years of age, an entire stranger to me, who, as I afterward learned, was a resident physician. While he was walking from his seat in the audience to the chair placed for him, I remarked, 'If there is any person in this community who is fond of flowers and loves to cultivate them this is the one.' I had no more than said it before I would have given the night's receipts at the door to have recalled the remark. I felt thoroughly vexed with myself for impulsively saying what my better judgment condemned as a foolish remark. However, I used both tape and callipers and gave quite an extended delineation of his character, and must have made some 'good hits,' as the audience frequently applauded, and I hoped that they would forget my remark about the flowers.

"But, judge of my surprise when, after the audience was dismissed, a lady approached me and asked how I could tell by the doctor's phrenology that he was passionately fond of flowers? She informed me that flowers were 'his hobby,' and that he was the only person in the village who cultivated a flower garden. I now felt better over my blunder, for it was the luckiest 'hit' I had made that evening. I had no acquaintance in the village and stopped at another town seven miles away, and consequently had no knowledge of the doctor or his flower garden.

"Nothing strange or unusual in all this? No. But the strange part is yet to come. I continued to lecture all that winter and the following fall and winter, and the incident of the hand on my shoulder, the flower incident, and even the lecture itself,

had faded from my mind, and would probably never have been recalled for serious consideration had I not paid a second visit to Mrs. Leonard Howard, a noted clairvoyant of St. Charles, Ill. My first visit to her had occurred about three years before, at which time I was intensely skeptical as to the truth of clairvoyance. In my first interview she told me of facts and incidents relating to my father's family, which I denied. She then told me what I thought were the facts, and told me also that my father would corroborate her statements when I saw him, which he did. She told me that I would succeed at phrenology, and advised me to quit my present business (photography) and try it. I gave her no information of myself and all her statements were volunteered. I was a perfect stranger to her, and yet while in a trance she seemed possessed of a fund of knowledge of myself and people far greater than mine or theirs. She advised me to try lecturing on phrenology as I could do much good in that field, saying she would help me, a statement which at the time seemed preposterous.

"Perhaps, for the better understanding of what follows, it may be necessary to state that Mrs. Howard claimed to be controlled while in a trance by the spirit of an old Indian doctor, and used the dialect Indians use in attempting to speak the English language. The 'doctor' told me he should remember me and would know me wherever and whenever he saw me if it was not in many years. Mrs. Howard was at that time over seventy years of age and her memory quite poor.

"At my second interview Mrs. Howard did not appear to know me or have any recollection that she had ever seen me. But after she had entered the trance state, she greeted me with 'Hello, Injun, me taut you come agin some time.' She, or perhaps it would be more proper to say, the 'doctor' (for Mrs. Howard had no recollection of what occurred while in her trance), recalled much that he had said to me on my former visit and asked if my father did not corroborate all his statements at that time. He told me that I liked to make pictures better than I did when I was there before, as the new way was easier. (I had adopted the dry plate process since my former visit.) He told me I had lectured and succeeded as he told me I would. We were sitting facing each other, when Mrs. Howard placed her hand on my knee, and clasping it with a light pressure while a merry look came over her face, said: 'Say, Injun, why you so 'fraid when I put hand on you shoulder in dat ole school-house where funny old doctor like flowers so?' To say that I was astonished does not express my feelings, for the thought that I might possibly get a solution to the hallucination of the hand on my shoulder, and comprehend why I should make such an unfounded assertion as to the doctor being passionately fond of flowers, made me anxious to ask many questions; but I was given no opportunity, for the medium continued: 'Didn't me tell you me help you if you go 'round make heap talk and feel heads? Injun, me made you tell ole doctor him like flowers 'fore he got to chair; how much you gib dat night if hadn't said it, hey? Injun, me put hand on you shoulder dat night; yip, me dare; see all dem folks and dat funny ole doctor—all dem pictures on wall, and skulls, and dat white head (bust) on table.'

"Well, if you were there why did you not speak to me so I should have known you? I inquired.

"Umph? me couldn't do dat—didn't hab my mejum, Mrs. Howard, dare. Me dare; see eberyting dare too.'

"The medium told me much more, and tried to explain something of the philosophy of clairvoyance; but could not explain to my satisfaction how the hallucination of the hand on my shoulder was produced, or why I was impelled to tell the audience the doctor was passionately fond of flowers.

"The impression was so strong in my mind, it 'said itself.' But whether it was an impression received directly from the subject by psychometry, or whether (as Swedenborg would express it) it was injected into my mind by an influx from a 'spirit,' I am unable to say. The incidents actually occurred, and so long as I can not account for them by any law familiar to myself, it is perhaps but fair to give the clairvoyant the benefit of the doubt and accept the Indian 'doctor's' statement that he produced them as the true solution, even though we do not comprehend the philosophy of the law by which they were produced.

"In conclusion, I wish to say that Mrs. Howard resided at St. Charles from the time that part of Illinois was settled, and until her recent death always commanded

the respect of all who knew her, no matter what their religious belief might be. She never advertised herself as a medium, but was visited by people of all shades of belief."—D. L. Sackett, in *The Phrenological Journal*.



NEW YORK CITY.

TO THE EDITOR: The new Ethical Society of Spiritualists opened its meetings to-day under favorable auspices. Although it had stormed all night, in the early morning it cleared up before time for meeting and proved to be a lovely, warm spring day. A larger number of people congregated than we anticipated to see at a morning Spiritualist meeting. It made one feel as though there was a revival of interest. Every face had a happy encouraged look. The table on the platform was profusely decorated with flowers, all the donations of persons present. On the platform sat the Hon. A. H. Dailey, Mrs. H. T. Brigham, Mrs. Milton Rathbun and Dr. Silsbee, of Long Island. The meeting was presided over by Judge Dailey, and was opened by singing of a hymn. Mrs. Brigham followed with an invocation. Judge Dailey made the opening address. Mrs. Rathbun then read a paper which was received with great satisfaction by the audience. Dr. Silsbee followed in a telling speech. Mrs. Brigham, who is to be the regular speaker, spoke next. The demonstration which followed her introduction made it apparent that she is the universal favorite. At the close of her speech she called for subjects for a poem. Three were given all of which were woven together in a poem of great beauty. A hymn was sung by the congregation, followed by a benediction by Mrs. Brigham.

Every one felt happy and glad to be present. Among the audience was seen faces formerly familiar at meetings, but latterly absent; evidently all were in accord with the declarations of principles laid down in the prospectus of the society.

About double the number present at the morning meeting congregated in the evening. Mr. Geo. H. Jones, gave the opening address on the "Evolution of Spiritualism." Mrs. Farnsworth followed with a beautiful original poem. Then came remarks from Mr. Geo. Colby of Florida, and reading of the prospectus and letters, noticeable among which was a brief letter from Felix Adler. Mrs. Brigham then gave the address of the evening. She stated fully the objects of the society and cordially invited all to join and cooperate who could accord with the principles set forth. Those who could not, were not wanted.

The meeting closed by the congregation singing "Nearer My God to Thee" and a benediction by Mrs. Brigham. * *

New York Feb. 1st, 1891,

OPENING REMARKS OF JUDGE DAILEY.

[Below are given the opening remarks of Judge Dailey—with some passages necessarily omitted from lack of space—at the meeting the proceedings of which are reported in the above letter by a New York correspondent.—Ed]

This society called into existence through the energy and wisdom of woman is the natural result of preëxisting causes. When society or communities find from experience that existing conditions are not congenial to some, however they may please others, the methods by which a change may be wrought, are agitated and ultimately eventuate in action. Political and religious bodies in this respect do not differ. They do, however, widely differ in others, for in our own country government is not the expression of religious thought or conviction, but one of the great purposes for which it is established is to protect liberty in religious thought and utterance, as well as peaceable assembling of people to discuss questions pertaining to their temporal and spiritual affairs. These privileges are united by clearly defined bounds which indicate where liberty ends, and license begins. Liberty to do that which seems wisest and best will only be restrained when law declares that prohibition is essential, and in this sense majorities are the whole. Then it is that minorities by agitating and discussing the wants and necessities arising from multifarious causes grow and enlarge until they become the majority and then bring about

those changes in the law which were barriers and restraints.

Among the questions which have been agitated in our own times are those touching the right of one man to hold another in bondage, the right to restrict the rule of intoxicating liquors by law, the right of woman to vote and hold political office, the right to prevent or enforce the reading of the bible in public schools, the right to use public money for sectarian purposes, the right to establish within the limits of the United States a religious hierarchy owing allegiance to a foreign potentate, the right to restrict individuals in the selection of medical advisers, the right to restrict foreign immigration, and changes touching marriage and divorce, and the right to practice certain trades, gifts and professions that are said to be condemned or prohibited in some ancient writings which are held in high esteem by certain religious sects.

The doctrine of evolution is now applied to numerous sciences and arts, and the Brooklyn Ethical Society has been holding a series of interesting meetings, devoted to the consideration of evolution in numerous departments of science and art. Notably among them has been the evolution of man as taught by Darwin and Wallace. It is impossible to restrain the effect of the researches along the lines where nature has left indisputable testimony, so potent, so clear and convincing, that those who have constructed theoretical systems are forced to change their base with every era of discovery. Creeds are revised, and re-revised; articles of faith are changed or seldom read, and when read are so softly uttered that ear trumpets are requisite to enable the keenest hearer to catch a whisper of what they are. Belief, theories, speculations and so-called revelations, have done their work and the result has been such a sad mixture of good and evil, and poor humanity has suffered so terribly that the hour of deliverance will be like the birth and reign of a new saviour. Spiritualists will never be united except in a general way. In one sense they are the most perfectly united and harmonious people the world has ever seen, and there is nothing to indicate that they will ever be less united than now. The evolution taking place among them is that which is bringing a large class into harmonious relations for a wider spiritual knowledge and closer and sounder soul relation with the spiritual realms into which we may enter while yet walking the pathways of this life and engaging in its trying duties. Some are satisfied with pursuing the study of phenomena and with what remuneration it is possible to obtain out of the practice of mediumship in its various phases. They all have their uses and are subject to grave abuses. This society is not organized to wage any contest with any other, to decry the merits of mediums or advertise their gifts or virtues. It is to do a work, and if possible meet a great want on the part of a large number of persons who wish to come together for spiritual food for which their souls are hungering, and here shall they be satisfied.

MRS. MAUD LORD DRAKE.

TO THE EDITOR: For several weeks past Mrs. Drake has been in Chicago, and the vicinity, but it was not until the first Sunday of this month that she entered again into public labors. During February she will speak and give tests, Sunday afternoons at 2 o'clock, and evenings at 7:30 o'clock, at halls 2 or 4 of the Madison Street Opera House, between State and Dearborn sts. The meetings have been well attended, and the audiences have manifested their hearty appreciation of Mrs. Drake's discourses. As a test medium, in clairvoyance, clairaudience or psychometric readings, Mrs. Drake is unexcelled, and it is through these powers that the great success which ever attends her is wrought. By way of illustration I will cite a few out of over forty readings given last Sunday afternoon; the first was a gentleman's ring. She said he had investigated Spiritualism many years ago, given it up, and had recently taken it up again, had ten relatives in his immediate family in spirit life, one having been gone only two years; he, himself, was a man of the world, and had been an official of some kind. When quite young he came near marrying a cousin, now in spirit life, but when he finally married he was much older. One of his spirit friends passed on from drowning, two from consumption, one from typhoid pneumonia, and one from an accident. He knew a man who passed over from small pox, whose remains were interred at night. He was also present when the remains of a drowned person were brought ashore, also many years ago he visited a cemetery and copied into his note book an epitaph. The gentleman

confirmed the truth of the reading, stating many of the events had "not been in my mind for all of twenty years."

Another reading, without anything being given to Mrs. Drake, was that of a lady. "You have the sweetest kind of an influence about you, and there are two spirits who come to you, one that passed on very young, one says 'sister,' the other 'aunt.' You have a ring in your pocket book with a dark setting, the friend to whom it belongs had a sister that passed to spirit life long ago. Recently you were about to be married, but it was fortunate for you that it did not occur."

A gentleman handed a watch chain, when Mrs. Drake said there had been three previous owners, and asked where the charm was. The man replied there was none, when Mrs. Drake said, "There is something wrong here. I cannot read from this. What have you in your hand?" The man admitted it was the charm. Mrs. Drake said, "You cannot deceive me," and gave him a fine reading.

Another handed a watch, when she said two of his family had passed on since he first bought the watch, gave the names of six or eight spirit friends, and told him his father and mother were acquainted across the ocean, but were married in this country; all being true. The evening meeting was equally interesting.

Many skeptics received sufficient evidence of the grand truths of Spiritualism to at least awaken an earnest desire for further light.

T. E. BOND.

PROFESSOR HODGSON IN NEW YORK.

TO THE EDITOR: Prof. Richard Hodgson read another paper before the New York members of the American Branch of the English Society of Psychical Research on Thursday evening, January 29th, Dr. M. F. Holbrook presiding. The meeting was well attended and much interest shown, and it was held in one of the halls of Columbia College, Professor Hyslop, lecturer on psychology in that institution, having secured it. Two papers were read; one by S. Burdworth, of England, giving some account of experiments he had made in automatic writing with a young girl; the other, a long one, by Professor Hodgson himself, giving an account of his own experiments with Mrs. Piper. These experiments were certainly very remarkable, and show conclusively that Mrs. Piper has some means of gaining information of a most mysterious nature. What this means is, is the question to settle. It is no wonder that in the early days of Spiritualism the power was attributed to spirits. Professor Hodgson does not say they are not spirits, but he thinks we ought to try every possible means of explaining them by other means before accepting this explanation.

Some of our Spiritualists complain of the Psychical Society because it is loth to give spirits the credit which they think is their due. They would at once accept the spiritualistic explanations. They tell us that all this care and thoughtfulness in investigation are brutal, but it is truth we are after and if mediumship cannot stand the test of careful examination it will never produce conviction in the minds of our most thoughtful people. Of all spiritualistic newspapers *THE JOURNAL* has shown a willingness to help the Society of Psychical Research in every way, for which Spiritualists should be profoundly thankful. Only by this course will the truth be established.

JAMES CHANDLER.

PROGRESS IN SPIRITUAL THOUGHT.

TO THE EDITOR: Was there ever a time when a mother could cast her child into a fiery furnace and hear its scream of agony without a tear? Was there ever a time when men and women could cast themselves into the groove and be crushed by a car called juggernaut? Was there ever a time when human sacrifices were necessary to appease the supposed anger of the God of the universe? Ah yes, the blood-stained alters were too numerous to mention. From what, and through what has humanity come? What a mixture of creeds and opinions have been associated with religion? Why are we not to-day in the practice of these wild forms of worship? What do we understand to be the will of the Infinite Spirit of the universe? The teachings and teachers of religion have been multitudinous in form and character, crusades involving human suffering for a vain and idle purpose, stake-burning and imprisonment as expressions of religious fervor. The spiritually Nazarene was not in the sepulchre but it must be rescued from the hands of the infidel. Armies of children, poor

suffering little ones were driven to their death by the letter that killeth. Where Christ is there can be no contention. Pity and a desire to rescue from suffering every living thing is an expression of the Christ within. The lingering elements of brutality are yet in the creeds that tell about the wrath of God, who by His will and revenge holds a human soul in eternal torment. We are all brought into being by laws ruling in nature, subject from birth to a multitude and variety of teachings and influences, and punished for our good and correction for every violation of nature's laws. We are "fearfully and wonderfully made" but no two exactly alike in all respects. We are gifted with spiritual elements which partake of their divine service. These elements are immortal and for eternal growth. In this our age we have outgrown many superstitions and modes of religious action. We recognize goodness and love to our fellow creatures as the highest form of religion. We believe in God, the infinite spirit, in love and power as manifest in what we have learned of our own spiritual attributes and the boundless systems of creation. We believe the change called death is passing into a higher sphere of life where conditions will compel progress. We believe we can communicate with those passed on if we make proper conditions, and that we can make ourselves susceptible to their influence. This progress in spiritual thought has done away with religious persecution. It liberates thought.

It aims to fit us all for life,
Not for the sleep that knows no waking:
It aims to quiet sectarian strife,
Not for a devil's angry shaking.

Each onward step the race is making
Opens a hitherto closed door,
And angel forms in glad partaking
Offer food not known before.

Feed now the flock, green pastures waiting
Far beyond sectarian folds,
The life divine will seek its mating
As the scroll of time unrolls.

Higher, higher up the mountains
Now we have a grander view,
Open wide the silvery fountains
All may drink, 'tis not the few.

PETER THOMPSON.

CEREDO, W. VA., February 3, 1891.

"THE KEY NOTE."

Dr. J. H. Dewey, the author and lecturer, in a business letter writes, and we venture to publish, as follows:

.... Your editorial on "More Spiritualization, Less Materialization" strikes the key note of all right thought and progress in the movement of modern Spiritualism. Had there been the same devotion and effort given to the spiritualization of the sitters in spiritualistic circles—seeking the aid of spirits to this end only—that has been given to perfecting conditions for the materialization of the visiting spirits, all temptation and incentive to deception and fraud would have been avoided, the nobler class of spirits would have been attracted and secured, a much more congenial labor and ministry given them to perform, and the results to the sitters, the movement and the world, would have been infinitely above what they thus far have been. It is not too late, however, to profit by the experience and its suggestion for the future. The true spiritualization of man will open the psychometric vision with spiritual seership and inner hearing, by which soul-satisfying communion with the departed will become as normal and easy as that upon the sensuous or external plane. This has been urged from the first by the wiser spirits, but the insatiate clamor for physical phenomena and the readiness for responding to this demand by a class of spirits not yet emancipated from the bondage of the sense-life, have drowned the higher voice. It is to call men back to the cultivation of their own interior life and its marvelous powers of spiritual vision and supremacy, that I have written my books. In this book they will enlist the divinest sympathy and ministry of the life beyond, and become in turn helpers of spirits both out and in the body to the realization of the true and masterful life of sons and daughters of God.

THE JOURNAL CONVERTED HIM.

An able literary gentleman of Charleston S.C., under date of January 31st, writes: Let me thank you very sincerely for *THE JOURNAL*, whose weekly visit I have learned to value, and I hope to appreciate. Some of your doctrines—most of them, indeed,—were entirely new to me, but *THE JOURNAL*,

has made me a convert to Spiritualism, and what is best of all, it has brought me unspeakable comfort. Only a few months ago I lost a brother—my best friend, my confidant, a man whom I loved as I loved my life. Until *THE JOURNAL* came to me I held him lost; now he is but invisible, yet with me often. I feel him near me constantly, and am happy in the knowledge that when I begin my life,—not my death—he will greet me, and for us there will be no more parting. Can I say more than this for *THE JOURNAL*?

The Moon, Madison, Wis., has this good word so say for *THE JOURNAL*:

This remarkable paper is devoted to Spiritualism and presents its side in a clear and able manner. John C. Bundy, the editor, an energetic and ardent worker for the cause of clean Spiritualism, assisted by a large and well-trained corps of contributors in America, England, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, and Australia, makes the paper indispensable for those who wish to keep up with this age of progress and research. The publisher's statement says, among other things, "THE JOURNAL is unsectarian, non-partizan, thoroughly independent, never neutral, wholly free from cliques and clans." To those of our readers who like good sound reading of a "free religious" nature we would recommend "THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL."

It is due Mrs. Maud Lord Drake to say that the net receipts of the meetings she is holding in this city are given to Mr. Collins Eaton, who is said to be in reduced circumstances and needing assistance. It is reported to *THE JOURNAL*, that to assist this old-time acquaintance was the main incentive Mrs. Drake had in coming before the public at this time, preferring to earn the money for this charity rather than to have her husband give it to her, as he was ready to do. For many years in his younger days Mr. Eaton devoted himself unceasingly to the interests of Spiritualism in this city, and now, in his old age and poverty, should not be forgotten or left to suffer.

S. F. Deane M. D. writes: I don't know that any commendatory words of mine would more thoroughly express my appreciation of *THE JOURNAL*, and approval of its general course, than does the fact that I have been its recipient for some fourteen years, and a constant and generally careful reader of its contents. It seems to me that your course in allowing *THE JOURNAL* to speak for itself as to the manner of its management, is far better than it would have been had one-fourth of its reading matter been made up of self-laudatory notices, though no doubt relished by many, but can be only a subject of regret to the more thoughtful portions of its patrons.

Mrs. Milton Rathbun's excellent address before the Ethical Society of Spiritualists, of New York, was received so late that we can give only a few sentences from it. She said: In the great army of Spiritualism we know the new born society will take its stand fearlessly, with its doors wide open to the right, but closed to all questionable methods, willing to be vilified, yea, persecuted if need be, for the sake of presenting its standard of purity and integrity. We predict for it a career of usefulness beyond the power of mortal computation. With the right hand of fellowship we bid it "God speed."

Mrs. Robert Semple, of Marcellon, Wis., writes: "Spiritualism, with spirit communion as a part of it, is to me the joy and consolation of my old age, more precious than all the wealth this world can give. To me Spiritualism is a combination of all the higher principles of life; it is a book, so to speak, divinely grand and soul inspiring, of which spirit phenomena are but the a. b. c." Mrs. Semple has had wide spiritual experiences, and possessing the power

of healing, has helped others physically while convincing them through her mediumship of the truth which is so precious to herself.

L. L. Darrow, Coldwater, Mich., writes: I have been trying to learn how to think, and what to think, and how to think it. I have learned to think much of some Spiritualists, and much less of spiritists, but of Spiritualism more than all else. It is the key to all knowledge, it is the solvent of mysteries, it is the harmonizer of all discord; it is the light that will banish all darkness, and usher in the light of immortal day.

Belle V. Cushman, of New York, writing about the first meeting of the New Ethical Society of Spiritualists says: The *Tribune* gave an account of the proceedings in keeping with the usual dignified and gentlemanly tone of that paper. The *Herald* reporter sat on or very near a stove in the rear of the hall, and not knowing enough to get off it, wrote on that subject only and tried to be funny, but wasn't."

J. Clegg Wright is lecturing at Grand Rapids, Mich., during February. His success at East Saginaw was such that strenuous efforts were made to secure his release from the Grand Rapids engagement, that he might prolong his stay, but the people of the latter city did not feel they could forego their rights.

Dyspepsia

Makes many lives miserable, and often leads to self destruction. Distress after eating, sick head ache, heartburn, sour stomach, mental depression, etc., are caused by this very common and increasing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy digestion, relieves sick headache, clears the mind, and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia. Read the following:

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced. It relieved me of that faint, tired, all-gone feeling. I have felt so much better since I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I am happy to recommend it." G. A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass. N. B. Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

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IS DARWIN RIGHT?

—OR—

The Origin of Man.

BY WILLIAM DENTON,

Author of "Our Planet," "Soul of Things," Etc.

This is a cloth bound volume of two hundred pages, 12mo., handsomely illustrated. It shows that man is not of miraculous, but of natural origin; yet that Darwin's theory is radically defective, because it leaves out the spiritual causes which have been the most potent concerned in his production. It is scientific, plain, eloquent and convincing, and probably sheds more light upon man's origin than all the volumes the press has given to the public for years. Price, \$1.00; postage, 5 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

The Three Sevens.

This is a book by Dr. W. P. and Mrs. Phelon treating of the "Silence of the Invisible." "This story is," in the language of the authors, "a parable, teaching as twenty-one years bring us to the adult physical life; so also may 'the sevens' of years bring adult spiritual growth. The attempt is to portray the trials, temptations, sufferings, growth and attainments of the spirit during earth-life." The marvels in the story are alleged to be not greater than those well attested by psychical researchers. Cloth, 271 pp. Price \$1.25. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

Society for Psychical Research. American Branch.

The Society for Psychical research is engaged in the investigation of the phenomena of Thought-transference, Clairvoyance, Apparitions and Haunted Houses, Spiritualistic Phenomena, etc., and evidence in connection with these different groups of phenomena is published from time to time in the *S. P. R. Journal and Proceedings*, to which associate members (dues \$3.00 per annum) are entitled.

Persons who have had psychical experience kind are earnestly requested to communicate them directly to the Secretary of the American Branch, or to the editor of *THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL*, with as much corroborative testimony as possible; and a special appeal is made to those who have had experiences justifying the spiritualistic belief.

Applicants for Membership in the Society should address the Secretary. The Branch is much in need of funds for the further prosecution of its work, and pecuniary assistance will be gratefully welcomed. Information concerning the Society can be obtained from

RICHARD HODGSON, LL.D.
Secretary for America,
5 Boylston Place, Boston, Mass.

Electric Belt Free!

To introduce it, the undersigned will give away to those who are sick or ailing or suffering from weakness or disease, and who would be likely to make good agents, if cured, one of our German Electro-Galvanic Belts; regular price \$5 (U. S. Patent 357,647), invented by Prof. P. H. Van Derweyde, Pres. of N. Y. Electrical Society and late Professor of Chemistry of N. Y. Medical College. \$500 Reward for any Belt we manufacture that does not generate a genuine Electric current. They are daily making most marvelous cures in cases of Rheumatism, Liver, Stomach and Kidney Diseases, Lung Troubles, Nervous Debility, and many other ailments in which medicine fails. Address at once,

German Electric Belt Agency, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

War and Weather. By Edward Powers, C. E., Delavan, Wis., 1890, pp. 202. Price, \$1.00.

Mr. Power who is a civil engineer, after carefully examining the weather reports of the field secretaries and the log books of the United States navy during the war of the rebellion, proved that a heavy shower of rain invariably followed a severe engagement in which the cannonading had been heavy. With this premise he has pursued the study of the subject until he is confident that by systematic cannonading of the atmosphere rain can be caused to fall. Many observers have reached the same conclusion in fields widely different. Through the efforts of Senator Farwell Congress has appropriated \$2,000 for test experiments to be made probably in Kansas and Colorado under the direction of the Secretary of Agriculture. The project of attacking the dry atmosphere with artillery is to be tried soon. "If lightning and thunder and rain have been brought on by the agency of man, when bloodshed and slaughter have only been intended," queries Mr. Power, "why cannot the same results be achieved without these latter concomitants?" This is a very pertinent question, and the result of the projected experiments will be awaited with general interest. Mr. Power's book is full of facts and very interesting.

Lessons Learned from Other Lives. By B. O. Flower. Second edition. Boston: Arena Publishing Co., 1891. pp. 255.

This author, in the preface to his work pertinently observes: "It seems to be that there is nothing in literature more valuable for young people to read than the lives of those who, in traveling the journey of life, have left their impress for good or bad on society. Every life carries its lessons—it matters not whether they are warnings or inspirations they are alike valuable to the young who have the journey before them." Mr. Flower, in this volume has given very readable sketches of a number of prominent characters—the philosophers, Seneca and Epictetus, the warrior maid, Joan of Arc, the actors, Booth and Jefferson; the poets, Bryant, Whittier, Poe, Payne and the Cary sisters; the scientist, Alfred Russell Wallace and the many-sided genius, Victor Hugo. All these characters are portrayed with discrimination and in a graceful manner, and the lessons drawn from the lives depicted are wholesome and well suited especially to interest and instruct young readers.

The Origin of the Aryans. An Account of the Prehistoric Ethnology and Civilization of Europe. By Isaac Taylor, M. A., Litt. D., Hon. LL. D. New York: Humboldt Pub. Co., 2 vols., pp. 198. Price, 30 cents each.

Mr. Taylor's work is a summary of the researches and labors of many scholars to learn where the Aryan race originated, and it is a good digest of the large amount of literature that has appeared on the subject. The theory of migration from Asia has been displaced in many minds during the last ten years by the theory that the Aryan race had its origin in northern Europe. This is the first English work that has been published embodying the results recently arrived at by philologists and archaeologists. The volume affords a fresh and highly interesting account of the present state of speculation on a very interesting subject.

Gleanings of a Tyro Bard. By A. M. Fleming. John A. Berry, publisher, 1890, pp. 208.

In this volume are verses on a variety of subjects and many thoughts, but the poetry is such that one is led to regret that the author did not write in plain prose.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Evolution of Sex. Prof. Patrick Geddes and J. Arthur Thompson. Numbers 132, 133 Humboldt Library of Science. New York: Humboldt Pub. Co. Price, each, 30 cents; Wilbur's Wealth, or, The Coming Democracy. J. J. Morse; What's the Trouble? F. E. Tower, A. M. Boston: Authors' Mutual Pub. Co. Price, 25 cents; Hegel's Logic. Wm. T. Harris, LL. D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Price, \$1.50; The Sixth Sense, or Electricity. A story for the masses. Mary E. Buell. Boston: Colby & Rich; The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson. New York: The Century

Co. Price \$4.00; The Future of Science. Ernest Renan. Boston: Roberts Bros., Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$2.50.

The following from United States Book Co., New York: Merry, Merry Boys. B. L. Farjeon; The Light that Failed. Rudyard Kipling. Price, 25 cents each; Urith S. Baring-Gould; Scum. Valedes. Price, 50 cents each; A Delsartean Scrap-Book, compiled by Frederic Sanborn. Price, 25 cents.

MAGAZINES FOR FEBRUARY, NOT BEFORE MENTIONED.

The Kindergarten. (Chicago.) The tenth chapter of Froebel's system is given this month, with many other articles for mothers and teachers.

Current Literature. (New York.) The records and reviews for this month are called from the best magazines and papers in America and Europe.

The Lyceum Banner. (Liverpool, Eng.) The January Number of this Monthly for conductors, leaders and members of the Lyceum is at hand. A good table of contents is presented.

The Century. (New York.) A full and interesting chapter of extracts from Talleyrand Memoirs, with a portrait of Talleyrand in his youth appears in this issue. A striking paper is that entitled The Georgia Cracker in the Cotton Mills. The California series reaches the discovery of gold. Dr. Edward Eggleston begins a story which deals with Christian Science, Faith Cure and the Social Struggle in New York City. Other serials, short papers and notes complete a delightful number.

The Forum. (New York.) The Vanishing Surplus, by Senator John G. Carlisle shows up many startling facts. Prof. B. L. Gildersleeve, of the Johns Hopkins University, gives the ninth of a series of papers on Formative Influences. President C. K. Adams, in the Next Step in Education opens up a plan to make Universities of our large Colleges and better Colleges of our smaller ones.

The Home Maker. (New York.) In Typical Homes of America, Cragie House is described and many pleasant incidents of its inmates are given. The Cave-Dwellers; The Italian George Sand; A Recreative Art Class; The Modern Drama; Home Art, with articles and notes upon the Home complete a number replete with good and useful reading.

The Arena. (Boston.) Camille Flammarion, the Eminent European astronomer, writes at length on New Discoveries on Mars. Alfred Russell Wallace, D.C.L., LL.D., contributes a paper on The Nature and Cause of Apparitions. The Farmer, the Investor, and the Railway, is a survey of a great problem. Prof. Jos. Rodes Buchanan writes on the nature of consumption of the lungs and the alleged discovery of Professor Koch, and Frances E. Russell discusses on Woman's Dress Reform.

The American Law Register for January contains "The Eleventh Amendment and the Nonsuability of the State," by A. H. Wintersteen; "A Strange Decision by the United States Supreme Court," by a jurist, and other able articles, original or selected. This periodical is conducted ably and is very useful to all who desire to keep themselves informed in regard to current legal matters. The D. B. Canfield Co., Philadelphia.

The February number of the *Unitarian Review* has for its opening article "Papal Tradition," by Ernest de Bunsen; "Sects in Russia," by Cornelia W. Cyr and Frederick Denison Maurice; "His Influence on Theology," by Clement Pike, are among the other papers.

The International Journal of Ethics for January contains a number of strong articles, among which are "The Rights of Minorities," by D. G. Ritchie, of Oxford; "A New Study of Psychology," by Prof. Royce of Harvard University; "The Inner Life in Relation to Morality," by J. H. Muirhead, M. A.; "Moral Theory and Practice," by Prof. John Dewey; "Morals in History," by Prof. Fr. Jodi; "The Ethics of Doubt," by W. L. Sheldon; "The Ethics of Socialism," by Prof. Franklin H. Giddings, and "Ethical and Kindred Societies in Great Britain," by Mrs. M. McCallum. 1603 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

"It is like being rescued from a burning building!" says a man who was cured of a severe case of salt rheum by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Give this peculiar medicine a trial. Sold by all druggists.



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A DEAD SHOT

right at the seat of difficulty, is accomplished by the sure and steady aim of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Don't fool around with a pop-gun, nor a "flint-lock," when this reliable "Winchester" is within reach!

Dr. Sage's treatment of Catarrh in the Head is far superior to the ordinary, and when directions are reasonably well followed, results in a permanent cure. Don't longer be indifferent to the verified claims of this unfailing Remedy.

The worst forms of Catarrh disappear with the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties effect a perfect and permanent cure, no matter

how bad the case, or of how long standing. It's a remedy that succeeds where everything else has failed. Thousands of such cases can be pointed out. That's the reason its makers back their faith in it with money. They offer \$500 reward for a case of Catarrh which they cannot cure.

It's a medicine that allows them to take such a risk.

Doesn't common sense lead you to take such a medicine?

"An advertising fake" you say. Funny, isn't it, how some people prefer sickness to health when the remedy is positive and the guarantee absolute.

Wise men don't put money back of "fakes."

And "faking" doesn't pay.



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After dinner, if you have discomfort and suffering, take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, or Anti-Bilious Granules. They're made

to assist Nature in her own way—quietly, but thoroughly. What the old-fashioned pill did forcibly, these do mildly and gently. They do more, too. Their effects are lasting; they regulate the system, as well as cleanse and renovate it. One little Pellet's a gentle laxative; three to four act as a cathartic. They're the smallest, cheapest, the easiest to take. Unequaled as a Liver Pill. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured.

They're the cheapest pill you can buy, because they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

You only pay for the good you get. Can you ask more?

Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW!

For if you do not it may become consumptive. For Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility and Wasting Diseases, there is nothing like

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

Scott's Emulsion

There are poor imitations. Get the genuine.

DYSPEPSIA. Advice sent free to any address. Food to eat. Food to avoid. John H. McAlvin, Lowell, Mass. 14 years City Treas.

Books

New Books every week. Catalogue, 96 pages, free; not sold by Dealers; prices too low; buy of the Publisher, JOHN B. ALDEN, 393 Pearl St., New York.

THE PIONEERS

OF THE

SPIRITUAL REFORMATION.

LIFE AND WORKS OF DR. JUSTINUS KEMNER AND WILLIAM HOWITT.

The two Pioneers of new Science, whose lives and labors in the direction of Psychology form the subject-matter of this volume, will be found to bear a strong similarity to each other in other directions than the one which now links their names, lives and labors.

Cloth bound, 325 pp. Price, \$2.00; postage, 15 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by J. B. ALDEN, Chicago.

IF WE COULD PART THE VEIL.

By LAURA EMILIE MARTIN.

If we could part the veil that hides
The mysteries of the strange beyond,
Could trace the beckoning hand that guides
Our wayward steps with meanings fond,
If we could sail immortal streams,
And breathe heaven's pure untainted air,
Our tired brows bathed in golden beams
From that celestial city fair.

O, welcome death, no spectre grim
Would seem the guest in robes of night,
Our earthly senses would grow dim,
And we would joy to swoon to light;
With farewells said, new greetings born,
Stern grief and bliss to gently blend,
O, sweet thy light eternal dawn
Whose joyous rest will never end.

DETROIT, MICH.

A RUNAWAY BOY.

Wunst I sassed my pa, an' he
Woun't stand that, and punished me;
Nen when he was gone that day,
I slipped out an' runned away.

I tooked all my copper cents,
An' clumbed over our back fence
In the jimson-weeds 'at growed
Ever'where all down the road.

Nen I got out there, an' nen
I runned some, un' runned again
When I met a man 'at led
A big cow 'at shook her head.

went down a long, long lane
Where was little pigs a-play'n';
An' a grea'-big pig went "Booh!"
An' jumped up an' skeered me, too.

Nen I scampered past; an' they
Was somebody hollered: "Hey!"
An' I ist looked ever'where,
An' they was nobody there!

I want to, but I'm 'fraid to try
To go back nen. . . . An' by an' by
Somepin' hurts my throat inside,
An' I want my ma—an' cried.

Nen a grea'-big girl come through
Where's a gate, an' telled me who
Am I? an' ef I tell where
My home's at she'll take me there.

But I couldn't ist but tell
What's my name! an' she says well;
An' she tooked me up, an' says
She know where I live, she guess.

•Nen she telled me hug wite close
Round her neck! An' off she goes
Skippin' up the street! An' nen
Purty soon I'm home again!

An' my ma, when she kissed me,
Kissed the big girl too, an' she
Kissed me—ef I p'omise shore
I won't run away no more.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, IN CENTURY.

THE VALENTINE.

The Princess on St. Valentine's
A rose found at her door,
To which were pinned some loving lines
Which fond affection bore.

She thought the Prince for whom she cared
Had sent the token sweet;
She never dreamed the jester dared
To be so indiscreet.

So all that day upon her breast
The yellow rosebud lay,
And he, unknown, who loved her best
Was happy all that day.

—FLAVEL SCOTT MINES, IN FEBRUARY HARPER'S.

Freddy (carefully rubbing the pretty bloom from
his bunch of grapes)—"Say, Mr. Youngbee, do
these grapes powder?"

Mr. Youngbee (fiancee of Freddy's auntie)—
"Why, no, my boy; what made you think of that?"
Freddy—"Cause this rubs off just as the pink
does from auntie's cheeks."

"Kind sir," said the seedy individual, "can you
lend ten cents to a man who has lost all his
money?"

"Tell me about it," said the interested citizen,
passing over a quarter.

"There was a hole in my pocket," answered the
individual, turning to go, "and the nickel I had
dropped through it."

Distressed young mother, traveling with weeping
infant—"Dear, dear; I don't know what to do with
this baby."

Kind and thoughtful bachelor in next seat—
"Madame, shall I open the window for you?"

How much does the fame of human actions de-
pend upon the station of those who perform them!
The very same conduct shall be either greatly
magnified or entirely overlooked, as it happens to
proceed from a person of conspicuous or obscure
rank.—Pliny the Younger.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

Remarkable Statement of Personal Danger
and Providential Escape.

To the Editor Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat:—

SIR: On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, and weighed over 200 pounds and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people who will read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull pains in various parts of the body and do not understand why. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought nothing of it; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a heavy, and at times neuralgic, pain in one side of my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid little attention to it. Then my stomach would get out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet, even as a physician, I did not think that these things meant anything serious. I fancied I was suffering from malaria and doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared on the surface, and a sediment settled. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them and my suspicion was wholly disarmed by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the famed mineral springs in America and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; another, dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of many of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I had at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a burden to myself and friends. I could retain no food on my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell to the floor and clutched the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death-premonitory hiccoughs constantly. My water was filled with tube-casts and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the kidneys in its last stages!

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, at that time rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures of cases like my own which had come under his observation. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I derided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being in the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice, I began its use on the first day of June, 1881, and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign for one in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was finally able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better, as also did my wife and friends. My hiccoughs ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I had believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover, I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity, and this letter is in fulfillment of that vow. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained 26 pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly re-investigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astounding. I therefore state, deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe more than one-half the deaths which occur in America are caused by Bright's disease of the kidneys. This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's disease has no distinctive feature of its own (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity), but has the symptoms of nearly every other common complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate as occurring from "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other common complaints, when in reality it is from Bright's disease of the kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence if at all by the com-

monest symptoms and fastens itself in the constitution before the victim is aware of it. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors have died, and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, from convulsions, apoplexy, or heart disease. As one who has suffered, and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore everyone who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptoms of kidney difficulty. No one can afford to hazard such chances.

I make the foregoing statements based upon facts which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was is an ample inducement for me to take the step I have, and if I can successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure all professional and personal consequences.

J. B. HENION, M. D.
ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 30.

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Those who overtax the voice in singing or public speaking will find "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" exceedingly useful, enabling them to endure more than ordinary exertion with comparative ease, while they render articulation clear. For Throat Diseases and Coughs they are a simple yet effective remedy. Containing nothing injurious, they may be used as often as required, and will not disorder the stomach like cough syrups and balsams. For forty years they have been recommended by physicians, and widely used, being known all over the world as one of the few staple cough remedies. Sold only in boxes.

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We may delve to the depths beneath us,
And rise to the heights above,
And the length and breadth and thickness
Is all touched by God's wonderful love.
How vain is endeavor becoming
Where the name of Jehovah is lost,
What good thing is gained,
Or what glory attained,
Where the line of his wisdom is crossed.

There is over each mortal a knowledge,
And over each true life a trust,
And nothing of man or of soul ever can
Be melted, or wasted, or lost;
The creative power will continue,
To-morrow is born of to-day,
And every life, with its joy or its strife,
Is moulding a soul for some future goal,
And the little things that we do and say,
And the faith that we have, and the trusts that
we keep,
Will lead to our lives, and souls, and heart,
A matchless grace that can never depart.

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BY L. L.

"Why so quiet, dear papa mine?"

You seem so sad?

Are you not glad

That I to-day am ten and nine?"

"O yes, dear child, so glad! You know

Full well as I

Joy makes one cry."

(Why to her all my heartache show?)

Her daughter ten and nine! ah! me

Though time seems slow

Years come and go!

And nineteen, too, that day was she!

Yes, just nineteen the very day

That made her mine,

That made her thine,

Dear heart! Ours still though passed away.

Yea, ours and here, if we could see!

Love hath brought her

To her daughter—

Her nineteen-year-old girl—and me.

"So sad, so quiet," did she say?

Well, thoughts, though sweet,

It were not meet

To clothe in garb too light and gay.

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men and women who have eyes and use them, who
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Is an inflammation of the bronchial tubes—
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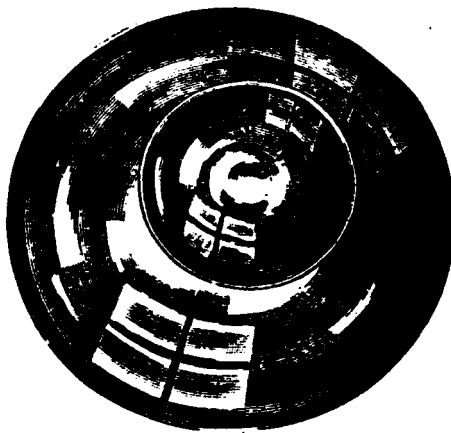
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Meadville, Pa., May 29 - 1890.

Mrs Mary Graham.

Dear friend. yours recd. I have written a long article contradicting the Brandy Libel for the Banner of Light. also will for the I will give Brandy all he needs.

I believe you are right - that it was Lizzie not you - yet - you were better in reason here you not do not make any further statement to any one until I send you one to sign

I hope to see you and Lizzie at - truly Ours

A. B. Richmond

yours friend

A B Richmond

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Wind puffs up empty bladders; opinion, fools.—Socrates.

In weak complaints you vainly waste your breath.—Dryden.

Who ever knew truth put to the worst in a free and open encounter.—Milton.

And the devil did grin, for his darling sin in pride that apes humility.—Coleridge.

The indulgence of revenge tends to make men more savage and cruel.—Kames.

Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him.—Bible.

The moral law is one that appeals equally to both men and women.—Stead.

The fool of vanity; for her alone He lives, loves, writes—and dies, but to be known.—Canning.

Cato's voice was ne'er employed To clean the guilty and to varnish crime.—Addison.

Vanity is the food of fools, No man sympathizes with the sorrows of vanity.—Johnson.

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.—Shakespeare.

With all his tumid boasts, he's like the sword-fish who only wears his weapon in his mouth.—Madden.

Envy is a vice which keeps no holiday, but is always on the wheel, and working its own disquiet.

He who commits injustice is ever made more wretched than he who suffers it.—Hebrew Proverb.

Men are never so ridiculous from the qualities which really belong to them, as from those which they pretend to have.—Rochefoucault.

And thus I cloth my naked villainy With old odd ends stol'n out of holy writ And seem a saint, when most I play a devil.—Shakespeare.

But prejudice, like the spider, makes everywhere its home. It has neither taste nor choice of place and all that it requires is room.—Paine.

Like one Who having, unto truth, by telling it Made such a sinner of his memory To credit his own lie.—Shakespeare.

But all was false and hollow; though his tongue; Dropped manna and could make his worse appear The better reason, to perplex and dash Matured counsels.—Milton.

At the bottom of a good deal of the bravery that appears in the world there lurks a miserable cowardice. Men will face powder and steel because they cannot face public opinion.—Chapin.

Biggs—And how does Senator Dunfer stand with your people? Griggs—He is dead—a politician corpse.

Biggs—Did his enemies stab him? Griggs—No, he wrote a confidential letter to a trusted friend.

Sarah Bernhardt owns fifty trunks. Sarah should obtain Jay Gould's permission and start a trunk line of her own.—Washington Post.

"Pottair? Pottair? Haven't heard of her." This is the cruel way in which Mme. Sarah permits herself to speak of a rival Cleopatra.—Boston Post.

Queen Victoria is fond of giving presents of elephants. She has just given one to the Sultan of Morocco; and when Albert Edward was born she presented one to the English people.

The Douai version of the Bible, which is accepted by the Roman Catholic Church, makes the familiar passage on wine from Proverbs xxiii: 31, 32, read: "It goeth in pleasantly, but in the end it will bite like a snake and spread abroad poison like a basilisk."—Voice.

"My client, your honor," said the lawyer, "cannot be guilty of bigamy. We admit the marriage with the first alleged wife. The second marriage was in itself null and void because of the previous one—in fact, was no marriage. Hence, as you will see at once, there were not two marriages, and therefore no bigamy."—Orange Life.

In a small degree, and conversant in little things, vanity is of little moment. When full-grown, it is the worst of vices, and the occasional mimic of them all. It makes the whole man false. It leaves nothing sincere or trustworthy about him. His best qualities are poisoned and perverted by it, and operate exactly as the worst.—Burke.

PARTURITION WITHOUT PAIN.

Edited by M. L. Holbrook, M. D., Editor, Author and Publisher, with an Appendix on the Care of Children, by Dr. C. S. Lozier, late Dean of the New York Medical College, for Women, &c.

The difficulty has been not to find what to say, but to decide what to omit. It is believed that a healthful regimen has been described; a constructive, preparatory and preventive training, rather than a course of remedies, medications and drugs.

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PUBLISHED AT 92 LA SALLE ST., CHICAGO
BY JOHN C. BUNDY

Entered at the Chicago Post-office as Second-class Mail Matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One Copy, 1 Year,\$2.50
One Copy, 6 Months, 1.25
Single Copies, 5 Cents. Specimen Copy Free.

DISCONTINUANCES.—Subscribers wishing THE JOURNAL stopped at the expiration of their subscription should give notice to that effect, otherwise the publisher will consider it their wish to have it continued.

REMITTANCES.—Should be made by Post-office Money Order, Express Company Money Order, Registered Letter, or draft on either Chicago or New York.

Do Not Send Checks on Local Banks

All letters and communications should be addressed, and all remittances made payable to JOHN C. BUNDY, Chicago, Ill.

Advertising Rates, 20 cents per Agate line.
Reading Notices, 40 cents per line.

Lord & Thomas, Advertising Agents, 45 Randolph Street, Chicago. All communications relative to advertising should be addressed to them.

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THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.

Of this remarkable man and medium a majority of Spiritualists know little more than his name, and to thousands even the name means nothing; yet is he in many respects the most striking figure in the history of modern Spiritualism. As a poet his genius has been acknowledged by literateurs, though they ignore the mediumship which made him the mouthpiece of great intellects from the Spirit-world. Among his great efforts is "A Lyric of the Golden Age," a book of 381 pages. "The whole time occupied by the spirits," says Prof. S. B. Brittan, in his introduction to the volume, "in communicating the entire poem was about ninety-four hours." The first half of this poem, according to Prof. Brittan, was dictated at the Irving House, in New York City, in December and January, 1854-5, and the remainder in September, 1855, in New York. "During the greater portion of the time employed in giving the poem outward sensation was either wholly suspended or greatly diminished," writes Prof. Brittan, "the medium seemed to be quite oblivious of external circumstances and objects, and at times respiration was apparently interrupted." "It must be apparent," continues Prof. B., "to those who deny, as well as those who accept, the peculiar claims of the author's poems, that Mr. Harris is endowed with extraordinary gifts, such as have distin-

guished few men, whose names and thoughts are chronicled in the literary history of the world....In the composition of the 'Lyric of the Golden Age,' it is claimed that the particular spirits referred to in the poem dictated such parts as are ascribed to them. Byron, Keats, Shelley, Coleridge and Pollok contributed the several portions which bear their respective names....The principal spirits speak with world-awakening voices. Pollok rises far above the standard of his earthly efforts; the words of Shelley, of Byron and Rousseau sound like shrill clarion-tones that summon nations to battle against kings, and priests, and tyrannies."

Prof. Brittan was an eye-witness at the production of the poem and an assistant in the conduct of the séances. Did space permit, it would be well to republish entire his highly interesting introduction, and we may do so hereafter. The following extracts from the poem are given. Pollok is supposed to be controlling Mr. Harris when he speaks of "disorderly and orderly Spiritualism" as follows:

DISORDERLY SPIRITUALISM.

The meanest superstitions, that degrade Mankind, originate where narrow minds Make merit of their own self-murdered loves. Assassinated intellects, and days Of wire-drawn whining cant, and groaning nights In fetid cells consumed with dreams of pain; Who think to open the interior sense, And hold communion with the Deity, By immolating all that makes man man, And making earth a demon-haunted hell.

ORDERLY SPIRITUALISM.

Through harmony in body, heart and brain, Through harmony of wisdom, love and use, Man blooms in every faculty of soul, And every organ of the cultured mind, And consciousness itself becomes inspired, And man reflects the streaming thoughts that shine Through spirit atmospheres upon the world. He takes impressions from the entities Of the divine existence; in his sleep He passes through the golden gate that opens Into the splendors of the Spirit-world He wakes beyond the body and its sphere, He is at liberty from outward things.

This state of inner waking is beyond The state men first take on beyond the grave, Because the nervous essence that first clothes The spirit, leaving the dissolving form, When mind becomes clairvoyant yet remains Connected with the outer particles; And when this state grows perfect, man ascends The spiral pathway of the upper life, His errors being dormant, and he learns Eternal and unutterable things, That never are and never can be known Till all the outward faculties of man In perfect harmony prevent no ray, But shine translucent from the light above.

Men cannot tell the secrets of the life Beyond the portals of the natural sphere; At best they dimly shadow out the truth,— Too glorious 'tis for mortal minds to bear. When mortal puts on immortality, Corruption in corruption, when the grave Has lost its sting and death its victory, When, free from all the passions of the earth, The soul becomes a conscious element In the One Harmony that moves through all, Man is translated to a realm of thought Incomprehensible to minds in time. A language infinite in thought, where tones Are as the accents of Almighty God, Assumes the place of the external tongue. He speaks as he is wrought upon by powers Innumerable and beyond himself, And can at will in perfect freedom change His state each hour, as crystals change their hue, Turned at a varied angle to the sun. Humanity in heaven has varied forms; Each Race of Angels differs in the sphere Of its delight. Celestial faculties, Varied as hues and harmonies of morn And noon and sunset, alternating, give Each various race some glory which is new And special, and its own appropriate name. This specialty may be received By radiant spirits of each kindred sphere. On earth men send their writings to their friends; In heaven they give divinely glorious states, Transmuting by the mighty alchemy Of thought the ethereal air around their friends, And filling up the void with images Of loveliest truths in loveliest forms combined, Whose beauty wind like groves of Paradise Round the tranced angel whom they visit. Angelic lovers give their blended love; Sages their intellectual realms of truth; Poets inspire the spirit till it grows Itself a melody, and floats afar Through unimagined realms and seas of bliss, And universal heavens of happy life. Men give cold thoughts and words on earth below, But living worlds and spheres of bliss above.

Shakespeare gave Hamlet, Romeo, Juliet, Art-forms that, clothed with beauty, walk the world, And multiply themselves in every brain; Cordelia, Desdemona, Crownless Lear, Timon and Shylock, Falstaff and his crew, Titania, Puck and Oberon, and all The fays of that Midsummer Night's Dream, Ariel, Miranda, gifted Prospero, Each form the type of some essential state Of mind or heart, some gift or sphere of power; Some use or prescience of the intellect; His thoughts have grown art-poems to the world, Sweet, deathless entities, for he became Creative. All the Angel-peopled sun In one transcendent art-realm, where unfold Myriads on myriads of evolving forms, Which the artistic faculties of mind Create, projecting outward from themselves; And Angels dramatize their radiant thoughts, Marshallled in stately theatres that ope Their vast prospectus for the inner sight.

The *New Nation* is the name of a weekly paper just started in Boston, of which Edward Bellamy is editor. Its prospectus says: The *New Nation* will criticize the existing industrial system as radically wrong in morals and preposterous economically, and will advocate the substitution therefor, as rapidly as practicable, of the plan of national industrial co-operation, aiming to bring about the economic equality of citizens, which is known as nationalism.

An old subscriber, Mrs. L. B. Hubbell is still actively engaged in business, trying to keep the world well and happy by the aid and of her medicines in the sale of a folding Umbrella. Send for circulars. Address her at 272 Franklin street Norwich, Conn.

Upward Steps of Seventy Years, by Giles B. Stebbins. This valuable and interesting work has just been received; it has been delayed in the press—but we are now prepared to fill orders. No library is complete without it. Mr. Stebbins is one of the pioneers in the spiritual movement and this book will be read with great interest. Price \$1.25.

Don't trust or try every one's remedy; use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and be cured at once.

The question of the hour.—Can any better remedy exist than Salvation Oil? No, sir.

People who use arsenical preparations for their complexion, do so at the risk of their lives. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is guaranteed free from any injurious drug, and is, therefore, the safest as well as the most powerful blood medicine in the world. It makes the skin clear?

Man is often deceived in the age of a woman by her gray hair. Ladies, you can appear young and prevent this grayness by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

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A Perfect Success.

The Rev. A. Antoine of Refugio, Tex., writes: As far as I am able to judge, I think Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is a perfect success, for any one who suffered from a most painful nervousness as I did. I feel now like myself again after taking the Tonic.

Cured Entirely.

CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 1888.

I, the undersigned, hereby state that my son had epileptic fits over two years but was cured by Pastor Koenig's remedy—entirely. I make this statement out of gratitude.

522 Race Street. JOHN NUENLIST.
The undersigned knowing the above named J. Nuenlist's family, is fully convinced of the truth of above statement.

F. M. SCHAEFER,

Pastor of St. Francis Church.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

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THE RELIGIOUS & PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, FEB. 21, 1891.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 39.

For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Bismarck, who is now frequently called the anti-chancellor, has condemned the proposed restitution of confiscated revenues to the Catholic bishops as humiliating to Germany.

The comments of the press on James Redpath since his death show the high esteem in which the famous journalist, lecturer and reformer was generally held. His mind was versatile and he possessed sterling qualities of character.

It is an interesting fact that the same school committee of the city of Providence, R. I., that recently by a unanimous vote abolished the use of the Bible in the city schools, also practically abolished corporal punishment, thus showing that reforms go together.

In his recent address before the American Institute of Sacred Literature, Prof. Harper, prospective president of the Chicago University, said that the "Book of Jonah" is not allegory, fiction or myth, and although not history, is historical. It was written, he thinks, three hundred years after the events related had taken place. To say that the book is not history, yet is historical, does not help us to understand the whale story or the account of the gourd.

The first triennial meeting of the Womans' Council of the United States will be held in Washington, February 22nd to 25th inclusive. The organization is an outcome of the International Council of Women held in Washington in 1888. The forthcoming meeting promises to be a brilliant affair, judging from the comprehensive programme announced, which includes addresses by many of the most eminent representatives of the woman's movement in the country.

There is a class of immigrants, belonging to the great races from which sprang the stock which settled the United States, that bring a physique equal to any in the world and an intelligence capable of the highest development. Immigrants of this class very readily intermingle with the older stock, and their descendants make intelligent law-abiding citizens. But there is another class coming in larger numbers every year made up of the dregs of Europe with no capacity to appreciate American institutions. Such comers regard this country as a sort of lazaretto. Is there not need of enforcing the policy of protection against making the United States a general dumping ground for the world.

It is stated, on what seems to be good authority, that the new Italian Government will carry out the scheme of Crispi to take possession of the Vatican, when the present pope dies, and to declare its vast art treasures national property. Papal diplomacy is now employing all its resources to prevent a step which would rob the papal office of all outward splendor and divest the pope of much of the influence he now exercises beyond the pale of the Catholic church. It is declared that the occupation of the Vatican and the

nationalization of its treasures would be extremely popular with the mass of the Italian people, but it might hasten a counter-movement on the part of loyal Catholics for which support is being secured secretly throughout Catholic Europe, perhaps even beyond the sea.

The great captains of the War of the Rebellion, those who commanded the armies of the Union, are all gone. Sherman, whose achievements were the most brilliant of any in that terrible contest, having now, followed by the tears and acclaim of a grateful people, joined McClellan, Burnside, Mead, Thomas, Grant and Sheridan in the silent land. The names of these great military chieftains stand out blazoned upon the history of the great Republic, there to remain as long as the country's struggle for union and freedom shall endure. And Admiral Porter too, second only to Farragut as a naval commander, aggressive, daring and full of resources in positions of peril, of whom it is said that he never punished a man for excess of ardor even when it resulted in disaster,—he too has passed on to the beyond, respected and honored by his countrymen, his fame secure for all coming time.

The papers last week contained accounts of the strange experience of a boy at Columbus, Ind., only thirteen years old, who fell into a deep sleep lasting thirty days and when he awoke told his parents that he had been in heaven. The boy described in detail a trip his father had taken to Illinois, declaring that he had seen his "papa" all the time. He said that he had come back to remain until he was thirty years old. Tuesday of last week the boy, who is well liked, was invited to a neighbor's to dine. Shortly before the hour for dinner he again fell into a deep sleep, saying to his parents that he would be much stronger when he awakened. He has been asleep since that time. His heart moves regularly, but not strongly, and he appears to suffer no pain. His skin is moist and warm. He does not move, but his mother sees to it that his position is changed every hour or two. Five prominent physicians in southern Indiana have tried all known means to so shock his nervous system as to cause the boy to break off from the deep sleep that is upon him, but each has failed. The case excites great interest among the people of the place and vicinity.

Last week a priest administered the rite of extreme unction to Gen. Sherman, who was not and never had been a Catholic, while he was in a state of unconsciousness. In a letter to the *New York Times*, correcting a misstatement, Senator John Sherman wrote: "It is well known that his family have been reared by their mother, a devoted Catholic, in her faith, and now cling to it. It is equally well known that Gen. Sherman and myself, as well as all my mother's family, are by inheritance, education and conviction Christians, but not Catholics, and this has been openly avowed on all proper occasions by Gen. Sherman, but he is too good a Christian and too humane a man to deny to his children the consolations of their religion. He was insensible at the time and apparently at the verge of death, but if he had been well and in the full exercise of his faculties he would not have denied to

them the consolation of the prayers and religious exercises for their father of any class or denomination of Christian priests or preachers." Gen. Sherman's Christianity was of that broad, rationalized kind that, caring little for dogmas or rites, makes concessions in unessential matters to the superstitions of men. He has been regarded by those who knew him intimately as a freethinker in religion.

A dispatch from Hempstead, Long Island, says that there has been much excitement at the revival meetings now in progress at the African Methodist Episcopal church at that place. Intense feeling was excited by the pastor, Rev. A. Jackson, who recited the experience of Miss Mary Smith, one of the converts. He said that while Miss Smith reclined in a chair at her home, on Friday December 30th, she fell into a trance and remained in an unconscious condition until the following Tuesday at noon, when she revived and said she had during her period of unconsciousness been on a visit to the worlds beyond. She declares she saw vividly the heavens opened to receive her, that as she opened the pearly gates she saw the golden streets, and all her former deceased friends and companions greeted her. She said they were clad in robes of white, with crowns of gold on their heads and welcomed her in song, singing the songs they had used in the revivals. They showed her the glories of the eternal kingdom, and bade her remain with them, which she agreed to do, but soon afterwards she awoke from her trance. Many of the people look upon this experience as a promise of special blessing upon the church and have increased their zeal accordingly.

A Michigan paper says: "The old war against medical quacks is to be renewed, and this time it will be fought to a finish. The physicians of the allopathic, homeopathic, and eclectic schools are united upon one point—and that is that the faith cure, the Spiritualists, the herb doctor, and, in fact, all of that numerous class of practitioners who look upon a medical diploma as an unnecessary luxury must go. It is proposed to accomplish this by establishing a State Medical Commission, to which every doctor in the state must apply for registration, and every new one be subjected to a rigid examination before he will be allowed to hang out his shingle. On the question of the size and make-up of this commission the allopaths and homeopaths differ radically." Evidently what is called the regular profession is jealous of the success of practitioners who neither see virtue in a diploma nor regard the old methods of treatment as the *ne plus ultra* of medical science. It wants protection for itself rather than for the people. Hence the efforts to secure legislation forbidding the practice of the art of healing by those who have not passed a "rigid examination" before some orthodox medical commission. If the value of the regular profession should be judged by the number of deaths that occur under its prescribed treatment of the sick, as it would have people judge as to the value of the method of "the faith cure, the Spiritualist, the herb doctor" etc., it would not be considered worthy of toleration, much less of protection from competition with those who cure disease without the use of mineral and vegetable poisons.

HEADED FOR THE CORE.

On the motion of that fine representative of English Spiritualism, W. Stainton-Moses, M. A., the Society for Psychical Research was founded. Whether the able editor of *Light* originally favored the all-embracing scope of the organization we do not know, but we do know that the general public is not so much interested in the numerous important problems involved in psychics as in the one all-absorbing question, — Is there a future life? Spiritualists have settled this question for themselves in the affirmative by personal experience. As Mr. Stainton-Moses truthfully says in an editorial in *Light* of January 31st: "All the facts that the Society for Psychical Research has accumulated were perfectly well known to Spiritualists long years before the society was founded." It might be added that vastly more than the society has established was known long before by Spiritualists. But the society has given a public standing to some of these facts and secured their general recognition. The public has been, as was natural, most impatient with the slow progress of the S. P. R.; but natural as is this impatience it is no valid reason why the society should change its policy unless from a purely business standpoint. Mr. Stainton-Moses has felt it necessary to protest against the methods of the society and, we believe, to withdraw from it; though he is ever ready to give credit for what it has accomplished. For popular sympathy and cooperation it were better had the S. P. R. confined itself to a narrower scope. What the stricken mother who has laid the cold form of her darling in the ground wants to know is, Does my sweet child still live and shall I meet that darling again? Can the idol of my heart prove to me by any method that the spirit still lives as an individual entity? What every rational man or woman wants to be sure of is that there is a future life. On the affirmative of this question religions are based, and hence the special interest it has or should have for ministers of all sects and moral teachers. As men go, ethics based on other than psychical claims has little weight. Hence ethics is to be vivified and made the more impressive by establishing through scientific methods the continuity of life.

It would seem, therefore, from a purely practical standpoint—that of general utility—that in the long run the S. P. R. would have made progress much faster along all the lines it essays to cover, had it at first concentrated its efforts on a single point; afterwards finding out how far the findings, in their minor details, must be modified by the evidences going to prove that much which passes for spirit communion and phenomena generally can be fully accounted for without reaching beyond the mortal sphere. And this course could have been pursued, it would seem, without going to the other extreme, so lamentably common, of attributing everything to spirits. But we take it that the eminent men and women who constitute the working membership of the S. P. R. do not concern themselves with questions of worldly policy or immediate utility, and of itself this animus is most commendable. We have no adverse criticism to offer as to the merits of the methods of the S. P. R., and we shall ever cordially cooperate with its aims. We have, however, all along endeavored to stimulate organized effort to pursue these investigations after the fashion now proposed in Boston, believing that thereby it could be done in an impersonal, scientific, unselfish, candid manner, with results of an orderly, consistent and convincing nature.

It is with great pleasure therefore that we note the formation of this Boston society, which includes members beyond the limits of that city, for the purpose of getting straight to the core of the matter and leaving collateral questions behind for the present. On another page will be found some account of the plans and views of those originating this new activity. So far as can be judged from the outside the projectors, while adhering to scientific methods, propose to so conduct the organization as to enlist large numbers who have thus far been quite indifferent and in some cases antagonistic to the S. P. R. If the new society is not warped from its published platform nor used by crafty men to advance their own pet ideas and

schemes, great good will certainly come of it. We have little faith in the capacity of the average minister for anything requiring accurate observation and a mind free from *a priori* opinions likely to bias judgment; but we personally know that Minot J. Savage and Heber Newton are mentally and by training equipped to do creditable work in the psychical field, and it is to be presumed they will not encourage the active cooperation of those not qualified, or who may be for other reasons objectionable.

In the nature of things the great majority of people must form their opinions on the testimony of others in this matter of continuity of life. It is not possible that the 60,000,000 and more of people in this country can personally investigate spirit phenomena; and with many who do, the study cannot be more than cursory and superficial. Therefore is the work of an organic body of interested and reputable people most essential to the general acceptance of the doctrine of Spiritualism. THE JOURNAL more than all its contemporaries combined has impressed the public that (1) there is a great truth in the basic foundation of Spiritualism, and (2) that this truth is so obscured by fraud, illusion, and mal-observation that nothing short of the orderly methodical, persistent work of an organized and well equipped society can ever hope to present this truth in a way to command general credence. Therefore, while fully indorsing the object of the parent psychical society, THE JOURNAL welcomes this new auxiliary and will back it up so long as it does good work, square work, work fitted for the spiritual temple which is to rise on the foundations now being laid.

CONCERNING EVOLUTION.

Mr. T. M. Draper, Humboldt, Ia., writes:

I have just finished reading "Nature's Divine Revelations," by A. J. Davis, and desire to ask you a few questions. 1st. Was it not published some twenty years before Darwin's "Origin of Species"? 2nd. What important difference is there between the two works as regards the way man was produced? May not Darwin have read Davis's work? 3rd. Is not Davis entitled to the credit which has been given to Darwin by the scientific world?

Since questions similar to the above are frequently asked by those who have read "Nature's Divine Revelations," but are not acquainted with the history of Evolution and know little or nothing of the literature that has appeared on the subject, it is believed that a statement of facts in regard to the theory and the work of those who have contributed to its wide acceptance among thoughtful people, will be of interest not only to the friend whose questions are printed above, but to other readers as well.

"Nature's Divine Revelations" was published in 1847. Darwin's "Origin of Species" appeared in 1859. The former work treats of spiritual existence, of the origin of life and the eternal progression of all things, including not only man on this globe, but the inhabitants of other planets. It is general in its statements as to how species were evolved. The ideas advanced on this subject lack specificness, and sweeping statements are made without bringing forward any facts to support them. The writing is more imaginative and rhetorical than scientific. Wonderful as the work is, considering all the facts of its production, its interest to the scientific man of to-day must be chiefly of a personal and psychological character, growing out of the vast difference between the thought and language of the book, and the mental capacity and acquirements of the young "Poughkeepsie seer" with whose name it is identified.

In his "Origin of Species" Darwin said nothing about the origin of man, and although for years he had recognized the fact that his theory involved the extension of the doctrine of filiation to man, he published nothing on the subject until 1871, when his "Descent of Man" was given to the world. The "Origin of Species" is devoted to the work of showing that natural selection has been the main factor in the production of species. The author's method is that of induction, and his treatment of the theme is specific, while his wealth of scientific knowledge is marvelous. The principle of natural selection is not enunciated in

"Nature's Divine Revelations," which furthermore in contrast with Darwin's work, shows but very meagre acquaintance with science. Darwin could have learned nothing from Davis as to the origin of species, though on some other subjects he might have learned much.

The first basis of Darwin's work was laid when, in 1832, in South America, he drew up geographical and palaeontological observations on the animals and species of this continent. The observations he made and the knowledge he gained in his voyage round the world, which lasted five years, and his close and careful study of nature in his quiet country home, where, gardening and rearing cattle, he watched the transformations of the forms of plants and animals, and examined the laws of variation, inheritance and adaptation, led him to the view that artificial and natural selection rested on the same process, that what in the one case is brought about by the will of man, for his own advantage, is in the other produced through long periods by a struggle for existence to the advantage of the transformed organisms. But although Darwin many years earlier had conceived the idea of natural selection, it appeared to him so full of gaps, and the chain of inferences was so incomplete, that he was more intent on accumulating new evidence than on communicating his thoughts to the world, and but for outside constraint the publication of the "Origin of Species" might have been delayed many years longer.

While an emphatic no must be given to the question, "Is not Davis entitled to the credit which has been given to Darwin by the scientific world?" the idea that the current doctrine of evolution originated with Darwin, or with any other one person, that it sprang ready-made from the head of a thinker, like Minerva armed from the head of Jupiter, is entirely erroneous.

Not to speak of A. R. Wallace, who, independently of Darwin, reached conclusions the same substantially as those advanced in the "Origin of Species," before that work was published, Prof. Owen, the eminent palaeontologist, indicated his belief in the origin of species by natural evolutionary processes, in 1858. Six years earlier, Herbert Spencer argued from the changes which many species undergo, and from the principle of general gradation, that species have been modified by circumstances. In 1855, he argued not only for the evolution of bodily organs and parts, but for the evolution of the mental faculties. In 1844 appeared the celebrated "Vestiges of Creation," which, in a "powerful and brilliant style," as Darwin justly observes, taught the transmutation of species by natural causes. Referring to this work, Darwin says, "In my opinion it has done excellent service in this country, in calling attention to the subject, in removing prejudices, and in preparing the mind for the reception of analogous views."

In 1822, Hon. W. Herbert, afterwards Dean of Manchester, declared that species are "only a higher and more permanent class of varieties." In 1826, Prof. Grant, whose name is known among close students of evolution, declared, in the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, in favor of the theory that species are descended from other species, and that they have become improved by modification. In 1818, Dr. C. W. Wells published an essay, in which he distinctly recognized the principle of natural selection, and applied it to the races of man and to certain characters.

In 1809, the year of Darwin's birth, Lamarck showed that the similarity of organic forms was to be explained by their common derivation, and their diversity by their adaptation to diverse conditions of existence. Goethe, in Germany, Erasmus Darwin, the grandfather of Charles Darwin, in England, and Geoffroy St. Hilaire, in France, in 1794 and 1795, came to the same conclusion as to the origin of species by natural modifications. Even earlier, in his "Metamorphoses of Plants," Goethe refers the endless diversity of vegetable forms to one common original type.

In 1796, in his "Formation and Transformation of Organic Natures," Goethe said: "So much then have we attained as to be able to assert, without any misgiving, that all the more perfect organic natures,

under which we imply fishes, amphibious animals, birds and mammals, with man at their head, have all been formed after one original image, which, in its mighty persistent parts, only deviates more or less here and there, and yet daily, by propagation, transforms and perfects itself." Goethe expressly pointed out several places in the human skull as remnants of the animal skull "which are formed in stronger proportions in such a low organization, but have not quite disappeared in man in spite of his elevation." Man, like other animals, having cutting teeth, must, Goethe believed, possess the intermaxillary bone like that which shows itself in other mammals, and after careful anatomical investigations he established his point, in opposition to the highest anatomical authorities. Kant, the great Königsberg philosopher, enunciated the descent of all organic beings, from man down to polyp, from a common source which "alone was in harmony with the principle of the mechanism of nature, without which a science of nature was altogether impossible." Lamarck had all the fundamental conceptions of the current doctrine of evolution, and he adduced strong evidences in its support. He assigned to man a place at the head of the vertebrates, and explained the causes of his transformation out of ape-like mammals.

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ARE WE PROVING THE QUESTION OF A LIFE HEREAFTER?

BY R. W. SHUFELDT.

It is six years and more ago now, since the day that no less a distinguished scientist than Professor Elliott Coues of the Smithsonian Institution, published, in a New York paper of wide circulation and repute,* his investigations offered in evidence that such things as ghosts, or "veridical phantoms" as Dr. Coues pleases to call them, not only exist, but are objects susceptible of scientific examination. Indeed, in the communication to which we refer, the Doctor, without qualification, boldly asserts that "thousands of the things called 'ghosts' have been and are being investigated annually, monthly, weekly, daily, and perhaps hourly, by thousands of persons of every grade of intelligence, from those who are most vulgar, ignorant, and credulous up to the most learned, intellectual, and skeptical of scientists." Through the physical senses of sight, hearing and smell, he also personally detected their presence himself; he has also touched them, and, personally, has "repeatedly and successfully employed (a microscope) in examination of detached portions of them, as hair, nails, or pieces of any substance which may envelop them more or less completely." These personal investigations of the Doctor's extended over a period of several years, and were not only conducted in this country but were also carried on in Europe. These truly astounding statements were first offered to *Science* for publication, but its then editor declined them upon the ground that they were "made up entirely of assertions to which no evidence is attached, and which are at the same time contrary, as far as is generally known, to the accepted laws of matter."

At the time of the appearance of all this our American Society for Psychical Research existed as an independent body, and among its members were enrolled some of the strongest men in science that we had. As is well known, the society had for its object the investigation of the phenomena of what was spoken of as telepathy, phantasms of the living or of the dead, clairvoyance, trance, and allied subjects.

The more extensive English society, organized for similar purposes, was also in existence and in full operation—the two societies being in harmony and in constant correspondence. Although Dr. Coues was a member of the English society he did not then, nor has he since, so far as the present writer is aware, come before them with the view of verifying the most important of those experiments, investigations and experiences with "veridical phantoms" in which he had been so signally successful. It would seem that an honestly and scientifically conducted microscopical examination of either the hair or the detached portions of the finger-nails of such a thing as a "ghost" of a person departed this life, would go a long way towards proving the existence of a future state after death, a question which surely largely concerns the aims of the society.

As the years went by a vast amount of varied evidence came before these two bodies of psychic researchers for their consideration, sifting and digestion. This evidence pertained to all the various subjects that fell within their field of investigation, and was more abundantly presented to the British society than it was to ours here in America. Indeed, from this and other drawbacks quite recently it came to be decided that for the ultimate success of their operations the two organizations had better be merged,—a consolidation which since has been most happily arranged. To-day, as now constituted, The Society for Psychical Research is one of the most distinguished bodies of workers in existence among English-speaking people. It comprises a list of members and asso-

ciates of the original British society, together with a list of members and associates of the American branch. Our present president is Mr. Henry Sidgwick of Cambridge, and there are twelve vice-presidents, which positions are now held by The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M. P., F. R. S., Prof. W. F. Barrett, of the Royal College of Science, Dublin, The Marquis of Bute, K. T., The Right Rev. the Bishop of Carlisle, John R. Holland, Esq., Richard H. Hutton, Esq., Prof. William James of Harvard College, Mr. S. P. Langley of the Smithsonian Institution, The Hon. Roden Noel, Lord Rayleigh, F. R. S., The Right Rev. the Bishop of Ripon, and Hensleigh Wedgwood, Esq. Men of great prominence also make up the council, and there is also the treasurer; the honorary secretaries; the secretary for France; the secretary for the United States; assistant secretary; honorary members and corresponding members. Among the American members we find some of our most distinguished and subtle thinkers, our authors and scientists,—while the long list of English members contains both men and women of world-wide reputations in a great variety of fields that engage the activity of the human intellect. As to the publications of the society, they are of two kinds, first the periodical *Proceedings* containing a valuable series of memoirs and investigations, and secondly *The Journal* intended for circulation among members and associates only.

But few learned societies in the history of the world have bent to their labors as has the one now under consideration. To its purposes it has freely given of its time, labor and means, and I allude more especially to those twenty or more earnest members who have devoted and are now devoting their lives' best years to the elucidation of the phenomena to which the society applies itself. Many others have shared the task as best their abilities and leisure would permit, and the aggregate of their contributions has been wonderfully helpful.

Thus far has there been any outcome as the result of this constant application? Most assuredly we may answer this in the affirmative, for those interested in such matters, (and who are not?), have long known it has been the opinion of the majority of the society, that, both in amount and in quality, the evidence at hand adequately proves the existence of telepathy amongst the living. Light has also been let in, in ever increasing rays, upon a number of other states, conditions or phenomena more or less akin to what we understand by telepathy, and, we look for good results in the future.

It is, however, about the study of "phantoms" that the greatest interest centres, and very naturally so, for it is now, as it has been in all ages since the existence of humanity, the problem-in-chief demanding solution. And, of it, Mr. Myers has ably said, "The question whether aught in man survives the death of the body is of course, and undeniably, the most important which researches such as ours can ever hope to solve. It is more than this; it is the most important problem in the whole range of the universe which can ever become susceptible of any kind of scientific proof. Cosmical questions there may be which in themselves are of deeper import. The nature of the first cause; the blind or the providential ordering of the sum of things; these are problems vaster than any which affect only the destinies of men. But to whatever certainty we may attain on those mightiest questions, we can devise no way whatever of bringing them to scientific test. They deal with infinity; and our modes of investigation have grasp only on finite things."

"But the question of man's survival of death stands in a position uniquely intermediate between matters capable and matters incapable of proof. It is in itself a definite problem, admitting of conceivable proof, which, even if not technically rigorous, might amply satisfy the scientific mind. And at the same time the conception which it involves is in itself a kind of avenue and inlet into infinity. Could a proof of our survival be obtained, it would carry us deeper into

the true nature of the universe than we should be carried by an even perfect knowledge of the material scheme of things. It would carry us deeper both by achievement and by promise. The discovery that there was a life in man independent of blood and brain would be a cardinal, a dominating fact in all science and in all philosophy. And the prospect thus opened to human knowledge—in this or in other worlds—would be limitless indeed."

Professor Coues some four years ago threw a somewhat different light upon the matter when he felt constrained to say that "I have made a scientific study of the soul, and have absolutely proven its existence. I am not at liberty to tell you anything about theosophy, but we know absolutely the truths that Christians take on faith. The Catholic priest tells you you have a soul. We can prove it. No, I am not at liberty to tell how, but the proof is purely scientific. You ask me why the secrecy? There are many reasons for it; but this alone is enough: If everybody knew what Mr. Joshu and I do the social organism of the world would be thrown into chaos. The knowledge could be used for harm as well as for good, and in the hands of bad men it would be a terrible weapon. I find it difficult to talk to you on the subject, because I have to be careful not to tell you what I have no right to. On this account I seem to be talking in riddles and surrounding myself with a great deal of mystery. It is not my desire, though, to appear mysterious. I wish I could speak more freely with you."*

From these weighty words it would appear that it is possible that the theosophists have arrived at the demonstration of the existence of the soul by different methods than by those now being pursued by the Society for Psychical Research, and it is very much to be regretted that this demonstration, so scientific in its nature, is so utterly unavailable. Who can but envy the doctor in these premises, for to him the proof comes through three sources, his conclusive personal experiments as published in the *Nation* and given above; the theosophical demonstration; and, finally, he is a member of the Society for Psychical Research: Some day when the real truth comes to be known, it may be the visual and tactile tests that formed part of his personal investigations of "veridical phantasms", and the same means, if it be that the theosophists employ them; and these two combined with the methods of proof employed by the Society for Psychical Research, also largely visual and tactile in nature,—it may be, I say, that the mind of this eminent authority in psychics has been convinced of the existence of the soul by these means of demonstration, coming to it from different quarters.

*COUES, E. Washington *Weekly Star*, 20th of January, 1886.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AT THE DOORS OF A CHURCH.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE COOK.

"Blessed are the merciful," said Christ in his Sermon on the Mount, "for they shall obtain mercy." But this was eighteen hundred years ago.

Yesterday, in Chicago, a man in ragged clothes staggered along the street, clutching at this support and then at that, falling, regaining his feet painfully and stumbling on, on—he knew not where. "Drunk," said the passers-by, one to another, drawing to one side as they went their way. School was out and the school children hooted and jeered at the unfortunate wretch as he clung, weak and fainting, to a corner lamp post. Then they tormented him by twitching his clothing and hitting him with snow balls while the weak arm which he raised before his face was powerless to defend it.

Yes, it was over eighteen hundred years ago that the Master gave us the beatitudes.

A policeman, appearing suddenly on the scene, put the school children to flight. Thinking the man a drunkard, he was about to drag him to the station when the wretch loosened his hold on the lamp post and fell fainting into his arms. Then the policeman realized the fact that he was not intoxicated but was

*Myers, F. W. H. *A Defense of Phantasms of the Dead*. Proc. Soc. Psych. Research. London, January 31, 1890. pp. 314-357.

*The *Nation*. New York, December 25, 1884. p. 543.

would be unjust that a husband should exact a fidelity he does not himself keep."

Monogamy prevailed in Rome from the earliest times, and historians are agreed that Roman influence was one of the chief causes that made this type of marriage dominant in Europe. Divorces, which in the earlier age were rare, none having occurred, it is said, for five hundred and twenty years, were in the empire undoubtedly frequent; but the right to separate belonged to the wife as well as to the husband. The word "concubine" among the Romans represented one of the forms of marriage. This union, which the clergy have frequently stated was little if any better than prostitution, was strictly legal and honorable. It was contracted between men of patrician rank and freed women who were not permitted to intermarry according to the other forms,—the *confarreatio* and the *coemptio*. But cohabitation under this form made it impossible for the man to contract a union with another woman without being legally guilty of adultery. Under this form of marriage woman's position in the Pagan empire was one of social dignity and legal independence. Woman could hold property in her own right. Inheriting a portion of her father's wealth, she retained it independently of her husband, and at one time a large amount of the wealth of Rome was in the possession of women. Despite the evils that grew out of this form of marriage, it recognized rights of women for which men like Higginson and women like Mrs. Stanton have pleaded in this latter part of the nineteenth century. "No society," says Maine, in "Ancient Law," "which preserves any tincture of Christian institutions, is likely to restore to married women the personal liberty conferred on them by the middle Roman law."

Tacitus has given an account of social life among the ancient Germans, in which he represents that the German women were remarkable for their chastity, that adultery was very rare, and that women were treated with great respect. "The old Teutonic tribes," says Mrs. Child, "had always been remarkable for the high consideration in which they held their women, and the respect with which they treated them. Teutonic tribes married but one wife, and fully acknowledged the equality of men and women, both in matters religious and matters political."

"Only," says F. W. Newman, "in countries where Germanic sentiment has taken root, do we see marks of any elevation of the female sex superior to that of Pagan antiquity. And, as the elevation of the German woman in her deepest Paganism was already striking to Tacitus and his contemporaries, it is highly unreasonable to claim it as an achievement of Christianity."

It is not denied that Christianity gave to certain moral truths and requirements an emphasis which was greatly needed when it appeared; nor is it denied that, as defined and interpreted in later times, Christianity has in some respects been favorable to woman. But this fact does not change the real character of the teachings of the New Testament regarding woman, nor justify the claims commonly made by theological writers that the present elevation of woman is due to these teachings.

THE NEW PSYCHICAL SOCIETY.

The following account of a fresh attempt to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism by an organized body of researchers is taken from the Boston *Globe* of Feb. 10, and stripped of the padding which seems so essential in filling the columns of big dailies:

A Psychical Investigation Association, to be composed chiefly of ministers of all denominations, scientific experts, professional men and disciples of different schools of philosophy in and around Boston and elsewhere, is about to cooperate for the scientific investigation of modern Spiritualism.

The movement is begun by Rev. T. Ernest Allen of Providence, and an address signed by Rev. Minot J. Savage, Rev. Edward A. Horton, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Editor B. O. Fowler of Boston, Rev. R. Heber Newton of New York and Mary A. Livermore of Melrose is issued, looking to the formation of an association to clear up the great mystery of the age.

The signers say they wish to enlist as members—first, ministers of all denominations, because of the

intimate connection of any truths discovered with theology and the general welfare of humanity, and because, occupying the generally acknowledged position of conservators of morals, they are committed not to approve anything immoral should such be shown to constitute an integral part of Spiritualism.

"Second," they say, "professional men, doctors, lawyers, civil engineers, mechanics, chemists, physicists and others and trained specialists in philosophy, logic, psychology, biology and other departments, because we want the valuable assistance which they can render in criticism, on account of the different points of view from which they will be led to look at the subject as the natural consequence of a widely divergent special training.

"We wish the phenomena under consideration to run such murderous gauntlet that only those vitalized by truth can emerge at the end of the line.

"Third, we want members who are disciples of dominant schools of philosophy and others who are advocates of spiritualistic and of every other hypothesis that is held at the present time to be an explanation of the phenomena.

"Throughout all the work of the society, experimental and historical, we wish these advocates to point out wherein the data presented confirms their views and oppose those of their antagonists.

"With such a membership the society, while doing a positive work, can be eclectic, representative of the greater world outside.

"To carry this out successfully calls for men who place the truth always uppermost, who love fair play.

"Then the very logic of events, as the work proceeds, will, in the end, tend to convert all members to the hypothesis most in harmony with the facts. At the same time, also, the considerations which destroy the defective hypothesis within the society will be sufficient, as a rule, to destroy them in the public mind.

"We shall exclude no one from membership on account of belief or non-belief in any theological or philosophical dogma or system, nor on account of holding any or no hypothesis as to the explanation of psychic phenomena.

"Let us repeat, we shall welcome as members: First, those who feel satisfied, to a greater or less extent, that there are facts loosely classified as belonging to the domain of modern Spiritualism, whether best explained by the spiritualistic hypothesis or not, which ought to be studied; second, those who, whether from hearsay or upon account of the large number of avowed Spiritualists, feel that there may be facts beneath all worthy of investigation; third, those who recognize that Spiritualism has adherents all over the United States, whether deploring the fact or not, but believe that the one word 'delusion' explains it all.

"We feel that if the only outcome of the work were to demonstrate that the phenomena are all delusions, pure and simple, and to state them, species by species, in terms of morbid physiology and psychology, that our work would have been very valuable to humanity. Every Christian minister, no matter to what denomination he belongs, should be interested in this movement by virtue of his office, if for no other reason.

"If there be truth in Spiritualism, the church falls woefully short of having a full equipment for its work, without all of such truth. If it be all delusion the minister should know the fact and its explanation, he may protect the people from its baneful influence.

"Joining the association commits no one to any statement of fact or theory; it is tantamount to saying that he thinks there is something that needs to be investigated, that is all.

"The thought is to build up this association upon a fresh foundation, with no connection whatever with any spiritualistic society, to enable ministers and others to discover for themselves what is true and what is false in Spiritualism. We are exceedingly anxious from the start to have all details managed in such a way that no person shall ever be placed in a false position. To this end, during the progress of the investigations, majority and minority reports will be signed by members as individuals, so that no member will ever justly be accountable for the observation or inference of another.

"We earnestly request suggestions and criticisms from every person who receives it; we would like to know whether you feel to cooperate with us in clearing up the great mystery of the age or not. Speak candidly and freely. After we have sifted the answers received, steps will be taken to organize the association, and all interested will receive further information."

The "attitude of the signers" is thus declared: "It is not intended to ignore or depreciate the work of the Society for Psychical Research. We only propose to concentrate our efforts on the narrower field of Spiritualism, pure and simple. That modern Spiritualism has votaries in all parts of our country, and that it has the power to influence the thought and action of those who believe its teachings and indisputable facts.

"Is the movement founded on fact or delusion? Does the world know?"

"And if it does not know, is it not time for a few truth-loving persons approaching the subject in a serious frame of mind to investigate it, guided by purely scientific method? Is it not in the best interest of humanity that this matter should be settled, if possible, once for all?"

"If it be delusion, the contagion has spread quite far enough, and done damage enough already. If there be truth in it, the world will be benefitted by the knowledge. With this feeling the signers have decided to issue this appeal, asking you to join with them in carrying on the work of the Psychic Investigation Association."

The purpose of the association is "to institute a critical investigation of modern Spiritualism, applying vigorously the scientific method, with a view of determining the facts and laws and the most probable hypothesis which will explain the facts and laws.

"Bringing together the conditions under which psychic science must exist, as far as they can be known *a priori* and provisionally, upon the one side, and logic, the scientific method and psychology upon the other, we shall seek to formulate the method of psychic science. This at first may be comparatively defective, but as we apply it to the subject matter of the science and observe from different points of view, we shall receive more light and improve our method.

"It is believed that many species of phenomena, such as slate-writing and table tipping, are to such a large extent so strictly physical in character, reducible to motions in time and space, as to bring them clearly within the most conservative lines of scientific observation.

"The attempt will be made to begin with the simpler phenomena, where test conditions can be most satisfactorily imposed, reserving the more complex species for later treatment. We hope that the value of our work can be increased by following in the footsteps of Prof. Robert Hare and others by using apparatus. It seems probable that in some cases the 'personal equation' of the medium can be entirely eliminated, reducing him, perhaps, as truly to the rank of a piece of apparatus as are the chemical balance and galvanometer in the hands of the experimenter in physical science.

"We believe that no work of the society will be more important than the invention and construction of apparatus which shall exclude legerdemain—always to be guarded against—and afford opportunities for observations which shall discriminate between rival hypotheses. All experiments proposed will be carefully planned and submitted to the society with all of the conditions to be imposed, that all may have a chance to criticize them. By these and other means it is hoped to make the results obtained of great value—to make every step count.

"Whenever it is believed that they will be sufficiently helpful through suggestion or otherwise, monographs will be prepared, covering a species of phenomenon, and these will be carefully discussed as to method pursued by the investigators, the competency and trustworthiness of the witnesses, etc.

"The great emphasis is to be laid upon actual experiments with mediums; every other line of work will be subordinated to this."

Their address, signers say, is issued in the interest of truth and humanity.

A QUESTION OF LOYALTY.

By REV. J. H. PALMER.

[The following excellent discourse was delivered at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, January 11th. Mr. Palmer is pastor of the Universalist Church in that city.—Ed.]

If Gen. Booth's wonderful book, "Darkest England," shall fail utterly in accomplishing the purpose of its author, it is certainly destined to secure an immense good in attracting the attention of the earnest souled of our time to the hard-hearted barbarities of our so-called "Christian civilization," in awakening the sympathies and energies of the humane and brotherly, and in the development, ultimately, of some practical schemes of prevention and amelioration. That our modern administration of religion does not prevent our civilization from degeneration, from increasing callousness and barbarous indifference in the very places where its ministrations are the most ostentatious, is testified to alike by men who are as far removed from each other in thought and purpose as are Mr. Booth and Mr. Huxley. Pampered wealth and pinched poverty touch elbows on every street; the one ignores, the other hates his neighbor, and both are ready to trample underfoot, for the slightest personal advantage, any inherent right that may stand in the way of individual comfort, luxury, aggrandizement, or success.

It is a strange comment upon the character of our civilization, that as wealth accumulates, poverty increases. There is not upon the globe another area equal to the size of England where there is so much wealth and luxury; there is not another area so crowded with abject misery. The city and county of New York does

not exceed in number of square miles the county of Linn; that territory contains more wealth than the state of Iowa, and more squalor, crime and misrule, than all the settled country between the Mississippi river and the Rocky mountains. On one square mile of territory in that mighty metropolis of opulence and poverty the census of 1890 locates 270,000 people. That is 40,000 in excess of the combined population of Des Moines, Sioux City, Council Bluffs, Dubuque, Davenport, Burlington and Cedar Rapids! That one square mile has a population in excess of either one of the cities of Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, St. Paul or Kansas City. It is practically without schools, churches, reading rooms, bath rooms or any of the opportunities of physical, intellectual, Christian or humanizing grace. Its denizens live piled on top of each other in buildings from four to seven stories high, from three to ten persons herded in a single room, where anything like decency is an impossibility and where modesty is not even a vision. The very atmosphere poisons hope, debilitates courage, crushes ambition and ministers only to the increase of crime and despair. Do you wonder that one of the leading preachers of the land, commenting on this appalling condition of human beings in a free and Christian nation, should say "When we see that the proceeds of one Patti concert would make a hundred of these wretched families happy for an entire winter, when we see young men and women streaming out of 10,000 saloons and places of vice, bleary-eyed and disgusting, with minds and bodies polluted; and when we see other young men and women wasting tens of thousands of dollars a year on their lightest and silliest whims; is it not time that conscience should compel us to ask, 'Men and brethren what shall we do?' 'What can we do?' In humanity's name, is there not something we can do?"

To say that we are helpless in the presence of all this woe seems like an admission of a lack of fraternal interest and a doubt of the strength of the moral power of justice. I think that we are all agreed that the flood as at present tending is ruinward and must be checked if civilization would survive. We are interested in these evils even though they manifest themselves at their worst, hundreds of miles from our doors. Our political relations, our social and business interests, our moral advancement at any point in this great land are so intimately interwoven with the same things in every part thereof, that we are compelled to acknowledge the important fact that we must suffer or rejoice, stand or fall, be saved or damned together. The air is full of suggested remedies. In the depths where reside the most unfortunate, the howl of the anarchist and the howl of the revivalist, the one offering salvation through robbery, the other salvation through death, join to render more desperate the surrounding conditions, but neither one furnishes any actual assistance. In richly furnished homes, or in luxurious halls, elegant members of the "best society" discuss schemes of nationalism with the most enthusiastic affirmations of polite phrasology, but without the slightest thought of surrendering any one of the gilded privileges which are now theirs, for the amelioration of the wants of the needy and the promotion of the common good. The masses will gather in churches and auditoriums to hear eloquent men urge the crying necessity of some great reform, and there they will listen, and sing, and pass resolutions, and appoint committees, and pray, and at the very next election vote directly for a perpetuation of the evils whose existence they affect to deplore. Great revivals of religion will be devised and carried out under the professional administration of men who advertise their business as does a patent medicine man or a street fakir, and men will be "saved," but in such a way as to leave them cogs in the same corrupt mill of partisan politics, sharp usurers on the curbstone; keen lawyers selling their brains to any cause that is able to pay the price; alert tradesmen whose goods are liable to fall below their advertised character as when their owner was a son of Belial. A great work will be done to the glory of God and his Son Jesus Christ, but it will not put an armful of wood nor a bucket of coal in the stove of the freezing, a loaf of bread on the table of the starving, a garment on the back of the naked, nor close the wide open door of any den of vice in any city in which these services are held. Out of the hundreds of millions that men have gathered into their control, a small per cent. will be paid out in the shape of taxes for the support of charitable institutions, and a much smaller per cent. will be bestowed in the shape of a hasty concession to a begging, importunate charity, (in nine cases out of ten doing more injury than benefit,) but with no thought in either case of any personal relationship to the unfortunate or the needy. Indeed, so basely runs the line of our charitable intent in these matters, that in the latter case the money is paid out "to save time" oftener than for any other reason; and not two months ago the superintendent of the largest insane hospital in Iowa told me that the only sure way to get money from the legislature for any extension or improvement was to put your reasons on a pecuniary basis, and demonstrate that the expenditure would pay in dollars and cents. All these, and an uncounted myriad of other schemes may be essayed and may accomplish much good eventually, and yet the area of poverty with all its attendant vices will increase, until out of the armies of hunger and despair shall be recruited the red-handed servitors of revolution and anarchy, and the world shall find freedom to go forward only as some new and bloody rebellion will be used as an instrument for crushing out some of these later forms of slavery, imposed upon the defenceless by the power of ambition and greed. We cannot avoid deep concern over the prospect presented by the future. The selfish and the cynical may take the good which evil hands and evil deeds provide, crying the while "after us the deluge," but any sort of manliness that recognizes our debt to all the past, must, also consider our obligation to the coming years and their burden of problems to be solved, measurable, by the keys furnished from the manner of present daily life. We must look the hard and cruel facts of our own creating squarely in the face, and say, "these are the work of our hands." The land abounds in magnificent charities, free libraries, colleges, universities, homes and hospitals, and the amount of good accomplished through them is immeasurable. The church in its various divisions is an arm of strength, and an organized expression of holy motive, that has not its equal, and without it, chaos in all civil relations, would have come again, centuries ago. And I want to say now, the one thing for which this sermon was written, that in the herculean task of bringing life up to a higher level, and of bringing the spirit of justice, fraternity and loyalty in the higher law into the actual administration of daily duty, we must depend upon religion of some sort, for the energizing soul, let this truth find lasting lodgment in your minds; that while all religions, Christianity with the rest, have connected with their best efforts at realization, many things which savor of superstition, cruelty, and the trade-cunning of priestly craft, there never yet was a people on the earth as good as was the ideal of life in the religion it professed to believe. Now, I hold it to be a maxim in political economy that the man who is not willing to be taxed for public improvements is an incipient traitor to the law of brotherhood. Upon a purely selfish basis \$1 in taxes for a public improvement means \$100 in material prosperity. I never knew a city to complain that its police were too efficient, its schools, its fire department and its streets too thorough, too prompt and too clean, or that the moral tone resulting from the high standards erected by the best possible system of municipal government was too elevated for the practical good of the governed. And I venture to say that no investment pays so generous a dividend as an investment in those things which promote morality, and in this work religion is a strong, persistent force. Vice is the most expensive thing on earth, and poverty is the parent of vice. It costs the people of the United States less than 30 cents apiece to care for over 1,000,000 children in the Sunday schools of the church, while it cost us \$5 apiece to care for our 1,000,000 drunkards. I am willing to leave the question of the value of the church as the foundation and buttress of all reform, and the consequent duty of all men to give it a liberal support, to the very people who reject all its theological affirmations. Suppose there was not a church in Cedar Rapids, not a Sunday school. That Sunday—which receives all its sanction from the church, should be given up to the grind and friction of traffic, with shops, stores, factories and banks, going on in their ceaseless round, broken only here and there by a civil holiday with its flags, bands, gunpowder and parade, who would want to live here, and who will deny the certain depression of our moral vitality which, if not all that is desirable, is so good that it could easily be made much worse? What man, of all the men in the world who say mean, bitter and untrue things about the churches, would want to move here under these circumstances, to raise a family of boys? Now, I think that we must use the instrumentalities already in our possession for the answering of the great questions that touch the core of human hope and fear—questions in regard to the saving of men—and that the church, if the nation is to be saved, must so re-shape its ministries as to become an efficient instrument thereto. It has done this in the past, it can do it again.

Once, its thought was wholly upon the future; now, with broader thought comes wider view, and almost every branch of the church labors to be a helpful power in the present. But its labor is yet too much a mere matter of amelioration, and not a radical dealing with the causes of physical and moral depravity. It has charitable boards, hospitals and homes; it should direct its attention more to the conditions which render these organizations so largely necessary. While it honors such men as Rockefeller, the hirer of professional assassins, McCormick and Lewis Miller, the organizers of trusts by which they may the more easily rob the poverty-stricken and helpless; when it will preach against liquor-selling, and liquor-drinking and yet

give a high seat to men who are large stockholders and high officials in railroad companies that deluge a city like ours in intoxicants for the money they get out of it, they are giving the devil the long end of the lever, and so toil on with the noblest of intentions, but at a terrible disadvantage. The church needs moral courage. It must say, and say it everywhere, that robbery is robbery, whether committed by a man with twenty millions or by his brother not worth twenty cents. If liquor-selling is a sin, it is just as wicked to sell it by the carload for profit, as it is by the tumblerful. The man who rents his theater for a dirty play on the sordid pretense that "it is business," the religious newspaper that sells space to the advertiser of speculative and medical frauds on the same specious excuse, should certainly be as much the subject of the church's discipline and condemnation as the poor player on the stage or the secret villain who simply uses the opportunity thrust upon him by the advertising agent.

It was formerly, and is yet largely, the prevalent belief that the principal, almost the only use for a church, was to administer and direct the offices of worship. Its work was peculiarly sacred; the duties which filled the laboring days of the week, the demands upon man as a social being, as a member of the industrial army, and one of the commonwealth, were secular, even profane. But no body of the church now follows closely to that thought.

In a measure the church ministers to our social needs, teaches lessons of thrift and patriotism, for the sake of the present good that comes from activity of hand and mind, and from unselfish, loyal service. It has not yet, however, affirmed, as it will when it is aligned with its opportunity, that all duty is sacred, and that every form and semblance of worship that does not ennoble and glorify duty, that does not stimulate the energies of the worshippers to accept the responsibilities of the hour, to stand for the thing which the heart affirms is right, is a sham, as dry as a painted river, as cold as a marble statue of love. Religious formality, a thing which is that and nothing more, is itself an actual vice. And yet how much there is of it. We sometimes criticize that narrow idea of religion which leads to the performance of religious duties for the purpose of saving one's soul, but that is incomparably a higher thing than to use religion as an appendage to social existence, and to engage in its holy office here or there for the effect it may have in enlarging our circle of acquaintances, or opening the door to some peculiar and particular "set". If there is a heart weakness in Protestantism to-day it is right here. No man—perhaps I had better say no woman—is to-day asked by her neighbors to join any particular church as a matter of principle (unless perhaps it be a "heterodox" church) but the request is placed squarely upon the ground of pecuniary or society advantages. Sympathy with the work which a particular church is attempting; the central thoughts it advocates relating to God, to human life and destiny, are not thought of, or at least not mentioned. And so it comes to be that loyalty to principle is discounted at the very footstool of God, and yet these very people who are thus traitors to their own consciences, wonder at the depravity that exists in the world, and agonize with God in prayer that His truth may run and be glorified in the places now darkened by deception and sin. We experience our full share of this sort of worshipful insincerity right here in Cedar Rapids. During my pastorate a number of families have moved here whose predilections have led them to our doors. Not one of these has escaped the attention of the other churches, and upon expressing a preference for our communion, not a few have been greeted with such remarks as "Oh, I don't think you'll want to go to that little church," or, "I think you'd better look around before you take a pew there," or else, as a final argument, "I think you'll find many more of our wealthiest people in some other church." Not a word about the relations of the holy service of any church to the particular needs of the inner life; not a word about the duties that any church will demand of its pew-holders toward the great questions of the outer life, but just a matter of pleasant associations and surroundings like renting a seat at the theater or buying a section in a Pullman sleeper. It is much the same in the inner circles of the church. Since I began this sermon I have received a letter from a gentleman of much prominence in one of the largest denominations, and an occupant of a pulpit in a large western city, relative to the questions which are agitating his mind. He says that he is no longer in sympathy with the methods or beliefs of his church, and he is seeking a place where he can say his latest thought in the freest air. Is his church willing that he should go and carry with him his talent, his eloquence and the power of his name? Not by any means. His bishop visits him, and after a long conference tells him to remain in the work and they will find him a pulpit near Boston where he will enjoy a measure of freedom, which his bound and burdened spirit now craves. What does this mean? Simply that "to this complexion has it come at last," that to

retain a scholarly and popular preacher, the church, while denouncing publicly the views this minister holds, will move him from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast, and bestir itself to find him a pulpit in which his avowed rationalism will not be obnoxious—and they will hold him to their hearts as a brother beloved and he will be invited to "union revival meetings," so long as he doesn't connect himself with the Unitarians or Universalists.

Now is it not true that any idea of worship that does not hold the worshiper to a higher sense of the value of a principle than is apparent in the instance just cited, has in it somewhere a fatally weak spot, and that, until the weakness is removed, the church cannot be loyal to the voice of God calling to it out of the needs of to-day? May we not ask if there be not on this earth, a holier worship than was ever intoned before cathedral altar, or assented by the voices of trained singers and the deft touches of educated fingers on the petitions and testimonial of prayer and inquiry meetings? A full quarter of a million of dollars is built into churches in our little city, and it is a pertinent question, what is the moral and spiritual increment in return for all this outlay compared with what it might be made. The churches pay for themselves; there is no question about that, but do they pay as large a profit in moral wealth, in fraternal interest, in saving power as they can be made to pay? We have something like two dozen of them, and they are open about six hours on Sunday and about six hours during the week. Over against them are more than one hundred saloons—to say nothing of more questionable places of resort, open eighteen hours in every twenty-four and seven days in every week. We have one Y. M. C. A. building—a monument to the sentiment of fraternal fellowship and a mighty ministry of good—but you can look from its roof upon forty open doors of death with which it has to compete for interest and attention, and the question comes unbidden, "Is it enough?" And along with this comes the other question, why may not the poor, as of old, have the gospel preached to them by some one besides the lads and lasses of the Salvation Army?

My brothers and sisters, we call this the "Church of Our Savior;" why can we not make it the "Church of the Saving?" We have one church in Chicago which is open seven days in a week, not for song and prayer always, but always in the spirit of loving helpfulness and sympathetic interest. That is a Unitarian church; we have another in Detroit, which is Universalist. My heart as your minister is longing to do something that shall make every unfortunate man and woman in this city feel that hope, comfort, courage and the warm hearts and hands of brothers and sisters can be found always within the shelter of these humble walls.

Our charitable committee is doing noble service in ministering to needy bodies, but let us do something to minister to the hungry mind. We ought to commence with a reading-room open three nights each week and all day on Sunday. That is certainly feasible as a beginning. From that let us grow into other and larger work. We shall thus, in the best possible way, give our answer to the question of increasing the usefulness of the church, by a manifestation of its ability to better answer some of the now but partially heeded calls for saving help. We can find God nowhere save in the often hard path marked by lines of a high obligation. Life, all life worth living, is a struggle, and yet if we lose not heart nor loyal confidence in the power of practical righteousness the end is victory. Let us sing in our very hearts that grand old Methodist hymn,

"Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease
While others fight to win the prize
And sail through bloody seas?"

And then let us supplement our song with the prayer of Andrew Bykman:

"Let the lowliest task be mine.
Grateful, so the work be Thine,
If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee."

A CHILD MIND READER.

Prof. Alex. Herrmann gave a reception, on the 8th inst., to representatives of the press, in his theatre, New York, and introduced to them Eva McCoy, a twelve-year-old girl, who had recently come to New York from Detroit, Mich. The girl was blindfolded during all the feats that she performed and followed the usual method of placing the left hand of the "subject" to her forehead, while she held his right hand in hers. The following account is taken from a special dispatch to the St. Louis Republic, published in the issue of that paper of date February 9th:

On a table before her were placed a number of letters which were generally mixed up by the spectators after the girl's eyes had been bandaged. A gentleman volunteered as the subject and thought of a name. This gentleman was a Frenchman, a member of Sara Bernhardt's company, and could not speak English. Eva speaks only English. He thought of the name Lucille and the girl spelled it out easily. Then another gentleman said that there was something scratched on the inner surface of his watch and demanded that the child spell out that, as he was certain nobody except himself knew what it was. It was the name E. C. Center, and Eva had no difficulty in spelling it. She then told another gentleman the combination of his safe, which was in an office down-town. Other numbers were read from other subjects and then another member of Bernhardt's company led the girl blindfolded to the piano and thought of the first few notes of the "Marsellaise." Eva picked out the notes on the keyboard. In the test of mental photography she was not as successful. A subject was directed to think of some individual in the audience. Eva indicated the person. Then she tried another "subject" and failed again, being unable this time to locate anybody. With the third subject, a well-known newspaper man, she succeeded in finding the person thought of, but did not accurately describe him.

In all three tests the child was in actual contact with the "subject," and her success might have been explained on the theory of muscle reading. Her last feat, however, exploded this theory. Unknown to her a gentleman stuck a small pin through the bottom of a chair and expressed a desire for her to find an object he had hidden. He joined hands with a second man; this second man joined hands with a third, and the third man placed his hand on Eva's forehead. Neither of the two intermediate men knew what the hidden object was, or when it had been concealed. And yet the child, blindfolded, and without ever coming in contact with the first man, found the pin. This is what is known as the tripple test and is one of the most difficult that mind readers are ever called upon to perform. It cannot be explained on the theory of muscle reading, for the minds of the two intermediate men were blank as to the object or the place of its concealment.

Eva says that she cannot explain the power that enables her to read what is in another's mind and declares that she suffers no exhaustion or fatigue from the tests. Prof. Herrmann thinks that he has discovered a wonder in the child and will give a public exhibition of her peculiar gifts at his theatre next Wednesday evening, incidental to his own performance.

PHANTOM SHIPS.

To the Dutchman we have to look for the original of phantom-ship tales, which form about the most familiar of sea legends, says the New York Times. The famous phantom ship that remains off the cape as the harbinger of wreck and woe is a Dutchman, whose skipper dresses in yellow, wears a night-cap, smokes a short pipe and is always kind enough to heave in sight when a vessel is going to founder or run ashore. The idea is, of course, that the old fellow has been trying for several centuries to double the cape and can not manage it with his old tub. He is so jealous of others who succeed that he delights in doing all he can to frighten away competitors.

There is, however, another specter that haunts these waters. Years and years ago a ship was homeward bound from the Indies with a cargo of specie and spices, but in consequence of some wickedness on board she added a disagreeable and unwelcome individual to the muster list in the shape of Yellow Jack, and at no port of call was she allowed even to enter quarantine. So she cruised about until the crew all murdered each other, and now she is doomed to cruise about forever, manned by the ghosts of the defunct mariners. Sometimes it is said that the ship was a slave ship that was attacked by the plague, but the facts as gathered point to her as being an East Indian man deeply laden with bullion and well worth a hunt by salvage hunters.

Then there is the story of Baron Falkenberg, and how he came to haunt the German Ocean. One day he was invited to the wedding feast of a long-lost brother, who returned home suddenly with a pocketful of coin in order to marry a gentle village maiden upon whom Falkenberg himself had his eye. It was annoying, but still, as the baron found his brother was the favored one, and as he himself was short of cash, he thought it better to be amiable to his brother, so he went to the feast, prepared to perform the "bless-you-my-children" act in true orthodox style. The champagne was capital and the menu one that the soul of the baron loved. Therefore, by the time the bride withdrew to don her traveling dress and the guests were gathered in the hall, the baron was "mellow" enough for anything. Unfortunately, however, his brother touched him up in the wrong place, and he turned his good nature into a perfect frenzy, which resulted in his seizing a champagne bottle and hitting his brother on the head. The brother fell like a log

just as his bride ran screaming into the room. The baron tried to induce her to accept his love and fly with him, but she declared she would sooner die. Taking her at her word, the baron plunged a knife into her heart.

As the guests, attracted by the noise, began to arrive to inquire into its cause, the baron thought he had better go out for a short walk, and he went—in a fit of absent-mindedness taking his brother's purse and a pocketbook with him. He sauntered down to the shore as the quietest place for considering what was next to be done, and there he found a boat with her nose on the beach and a man sitting in her, who got up as the baron approached and respectfully extended a hand to help him aboard. "The captain expects you, baron," said the boatman; "our ship lies out yonder." The baron entered the boat and was rowed out to the ship, from which he has not landed for 600 years. How is this known? Why, on wild winter nights the phantom ship is constantly seen in the German Ocean, heading for the north, but without helm or helmsman. She is painted gray, has colored sails and flies a yellow flag, so that she cannot be mistaken for any modern craft. Upon her deck the passing mariner can plainly see the baron sitting alone, playing dice for his soul, while about the mast-head a blue flame can be seen flickering.

THE EPWORTH GHOST.

Few ghost stories have been told by so many sensible and credible eye, or rather ear witnesses. The two brothers, Samuel and John, who were away from home, had the whole story written down for them by all who were concerned in it. So we have Mr. Wesley's and Mrs. Wesley's account; sister Molly's, sister Sukey's, sister Nancy's, sister Emily's—all but sister Hetty's; also Mr. Hoole's, who was specially brought over from Haxey as an unprejudiced witness; and Robin Brown the man-servant's account to Jack; and finally John Wesley published a full account for the edification of his followers in the *Arminian Magazine*. They all tell the tale in the most vivid and racy style, and the different accounts take up no less than thirty-six octavo pages in the appendix to the first volume of Mr. Southey's "Life of John Wesley."

Instead of repeating, not the thirce, but the ten times told tale, it will be better for me to confine myself to points in which my local knowledge of the house and of the mind of the Isledonians, and, perhaps I may venture to add, my acquaintance with the period of history in which it all happened, may suggest. The noises were heard in all parts of the house; but, by putting two and two together, I think we may gather that the attic which is still called Jeffery's chamber (the sprite was christened Jeffery by Emilia, after an old man of that name who had died on the spot) was the headquarters. Now this room extends over the whole length of the present Wesley house, having been built, it is conjectured, to receive the tithes, which were then paid in kind. It is so constructed that any noise made on the floor (which is of gypsum, a product of the isle, of which many floors were then made) reverberates in a remarkable way throughout the whole house. The room immediately below was the nursery, the scene of the ghost's earliest and most remarkable exploits. Jeffery's chamber has a dormer window, which is easily accessible from the outside, and through which machinery could be easily let down. Some of the noises heard were as of a jack being wound up and as of a mill turning. Now, was it likely that people from the outside would wish to play tricks upon the Wesley family? Very likely indeed. Politics ran then, as they run now, very high at Epworth. At the time of Jeffery's appearance the country was intensely excited about the rival claimants to the throne. The ghost was clearly a political ghost. He was loudest and most offensive at family prayers when the names of King George and the Prince of Wales were mentioned. On the other hand, Mrs. Wesley, who was a staunch Jacobite, requested Jeffery to make no disturbance during the hour of her own private devotions—that is, between 5 and 6 a.m.—and Jeffery did not.

It has been seen that ten years before Mr. Wesley gave violent offense to the Epworth people by voting for the Tories. But it may be thought that the ghost ought to have been pleased at this, for he was a Tory ghost; he objected to the prayers for King George, who was the nominee of the Whigs. True, but those who are acquainted with the history of the times will know that the Hanoverian Tory (and that was what Mr. Wesley was) was particularly offensive to the Whigs. Such a position seemed to indicate a desire to eat one's cake and to have one's cake. If he was really a Tory he ought not to have prayed for King George, but for the king over the water. So it is quite conceivable that the same feeling which led to the beating of drums and firing of guns in 1705 might lead to the disturbances of 1715. I admit that all the phenomena cannot be explained by the supposition that tricks were played by the neighbors.—*Rev. J. H. Overton.*



MARGARET.

She stands alone upon the shore
And smiles "Good-by."
Framed by the maples arching o'er,
And leaf and stream and sunset sky,
The boat still clings to the darkening strand,
The shadows grow on either hand
And glide away—the stroke is slow.
The very oars seem loath to go;
The pale moon reaches forth to get
The river's jeweled amulet,
While on the air of even-tide—
Hushed all the sounds of night beside—
Comes sweet "Good-by."

Ah, me! It is no trivial thing
To say "Good-by";
And the desire of each may bring,
In years to come, no fond reply.
Yet, I rejoice that I have met
Thy hand, thy voice, oh, Margaret!
Dim grows the fast receding shore,
Though lingers still the laggard oar.
"Good-by!" The day in transport dies,
While echo faint and far replies:
Soft, sweet "Good-by."

—BY ERNEST N. BAGG.

MANAGEMENT OF COUNTY INSTITUTIONS.

Political partizan influence in the management of public institutions, state or local, is to be deprecated and discouraged for sooner or later it impairs their usefulness and makes them a burden to the people with no corresponding results, rather than well-conducted establishments for the alleviation and relief of human suffering and the protection of the peace, health and well being of the communities that are taxed for their support. The views of Mrs. J. M. Flower, president of the Chicago Women's Club in regard to the control of county institutions and of a bill soon to be submitted to the Illinois legislature, providing for their management by trustees appointed by appellate judges, are so sensible that they are here presented to the readers of THE JOURNAL as they were expressed to a representative of the *Chicago Evening Post*.

"For ten years the Chicago Women's Club has been interested in the county institutions," said Mrs. James M. Flower in speaking of the bill to be presented to the legislature very soon. "We have worked," continued Mrs. Flower, "earnestly, persistently and most disinterestedly to better the condition of the unfortunate inmates of these institutions. In doing this work, naturally we became thoroughly conversant with their conduct. Having become convinced, from long experience, that the one thing needful was to make the office of superintendent in each of the institutions dependent for its permanency, not upon political favoritism, but upon demonstrated fitness to discharge the important duties of the position, we decided to take the initiative, as a club, to secure legislation to this end. The bill was drawn up last October and the Personal Rights League, Taxpayer's Association, Humane Society, all the medical societies and the Women's Club are interested in the undertaking. The Union League Club, the Marquette Club and other leading organizations are also interested.

"It is very easy to see why the mismanagement and abuses that now exist in our county institutions and have repeatedly been aired in the public prints will remain the same while the institutions are controlled as they are at present. Of course no county board can bind its successor; therefore no man can be assured of the office of superintendent more than one year. It is not reasonable to suppose that a physician who is thoroughly capable and fitted by special study for this position could be induced, under these conditions, to take it. It is a fact that under existing conditions a man, to hold his position, must spend a large proportion of his time with the commissioners. While he is haunting the rooms of the county board he must necessarily neglect his duties.

"No," said Mrs. Flower in answer to a question; "when the same party remains in power it is no better. New men are elected and if the superintendent is able to secure influence enough to keep his position he is almost invariably obliged to dismiss his subordinates in order to give positions to persons who are friends of those who have served him.

"There is, however, one thing which in

justice I wish to say and emphasize, and that is that most of the superintendents have, in my opinion, tried to do their best. There has been little intentional neglect, but there has been much ignorance. A man may be a very good man but know nothing of sickness, and having no experience in hospitals he is not fit to superintend one. By the time he has learned by his mistakes—mistakes that are not infrequently fatal to his patients—he is dismissed and another inexperienced man is appointed.

"Another thing. Untrained investigation also, with scarcely an exception, falls short of its aim. Here is a case in point. A short time since a committee went to investigate one of our county institutions. The committee was met, as is usual, by the superintendent, who took the members through the institution, giving them, apparently, an opportunity to see everything. When they had made the rounds they expressed themselves as satisfied. There was, however, one lady who had been interested in institutions for years and had made a special study of them. When her opinion was asked she replied: 'If I may have permission to go about the institution and ask questions in my own way, of whom I choose, I will then be able to give an intelligent answer.' The permission was granted and she first asked to see the linen closet. She counted the towels. There were twelve and there were fifty patients in the ward. She was told that there was a supply in the bath-room. Here she found six. This made eighteen towels for the fifty patients. She was then reminded that there was a large number in the wash. Thereupon she asked for the wash list and found that there were twenty-five towels in the wash making a total of forty-three. As half the towels were of necessity in the wash each week there were left twenty-one towels for fifty patients—less than one towel for two patients for a whole week. When it is considered that cleanliness, which is certainly of first importance in a hospital, was impossible under these circumstances it can easily be understood how important a matter a small deficiency of this kind is, and how easily it is overlooked. Persons going into an institution see much to commend on the surface, as, for instance, beautiful Turkish baths, etc., and it does not occur to them to ascertain whether they are used by the patients or the officials.

"As to the condition of our county institutions, there is not a year that there are not scandals and investigations. It was only a year ago that Dora Willard's friends claimed that the county insane asylum was not a fit place for an insane person. The investigation was conducted before Judge Prendergast, and the abuses disclosed were numerous. Among other things the statement was made that a large proportion of the doctor's time was occupied in treating abrasions inflicted by patients upon each other, which would not heal because of unhygienic conditions. Think of it! What must be the effect of such a state of things on patients as hypersensitive as are the insane? Another abuse, which it does not need an investigation to demonstrate, is the saloons. There are three of them located within a few rods of the insane asylum and the infirmary. These saloons thrive largely upon the patronage of those employed in these two institutions. This alone is sufficient to account for almost any amount of demoralization. However, the constant changing of attendants is of itself demoralizing and, according to the testimony of the physicians, makes force necessary where if the attendants were skilled nothing of the kind would be needed.

"Another thing: the buildings are by no means what they should be. Frank B. Sanborn, of Concord, Mass., who has made an exhaustive study of institutions and especially of those for the insane and is an authority on the subject, after examining our county insane asylum and infirmary declared decidedly against them and said that it would be a blessing if they should burn. Mr. Sanborn also said that 50 per cent. more of curable patients sent to the county insane asylum could be healed than are cured if they had more skillful treatment and better care during the first six months they are there. The first six months is the critical period with the insane and a cure can usually be effected, if at all, during that time.

"It is not in the interests of the rich that we are making this effort to have the county institutions managed as are the state institutions, but of the working classes, and because this is so we should have, and I think we will have, the assistance of the labor organizations. Of course the rich can pay for having their insane friends cared for in the best possible manner. Every insane person should be so cared for

and it would not cost the county any more to have the insane asylum and the other institutions conducted as they should be than as they are, and as I have said before it is the laboring classes who are especially interested and they should give us their assistance. The plan proposed and which is embodied in the bill to be submitted to this session of the legislature provides for a board of five trustees, to be appointed by the judges of the Appellate Court. The board is to have the management of the Cook County Hospital, the infirmary and the insane asylum. The members are to serve without salary, and to have full control, except in the matter of finances, which are to be under the control of the county board. This board is to serve for a term of five years. However, in order that one member may retire each year giving place to one newly appointed, the first appointments will be made for one, two, three, four and five years respectively. After that each appointment will be for five years. This is no experiment, as the institutions of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Massachusetts have been similarly controlled for some time and also the state institutions of Illinois."

Mrs. Flower expresses a hope that the present county board will put aside personal considerations and prove its loyalty to the best interest of the county by giving its support to this proposed change in the conduct of the county institutions.

ADDRESS BY MRS. MILTON RATHBUN.

[The following ringing address was delivered by Mrs. Rathbun at the opening meeting of the New Society of Ethical Spiritualists in New York City on Sunday February 1st. We regret that it was crowded out of the account published last week, but it is as timely now as then for the general spiritualistic public. Mrs. Rathbun touches the vital points, those which Spiritualists cannot too seriously consider. Her address also very happily voices the platform or creed on which the new society seeks to build. May the work so auspiciously begun go on to glorious achievements.—ED. JOURNAL.]

It is indeed a pleasure to welcome this new society, whose chosen standard-bearer is noted for her indefatigable and successful efforts to promote the cause of Spiritualism pure and undefiled—whose aim and teachings are among the highest and the best—whose presence ever brings sunshine to the weary, and comfort to the sorrowing—whose ministrations are under the wise guidance of the progressed of spirit realms—and whose motives are noble and disinterested. Long live Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham! [Applause] While our cause may, to the eye of a superficial observer seem to languish—while old Spiritualists are in the background, seemingly content to selfishly feast alone upon the good things which no power can wrest—from them—while old societies die, and new ones do not always spring up to take their place. Strange as it may seem, we are not cast down nor dishearted, for we know the work goes on with increasing momentum in deep under currents which do not trouble the surface of our superficial lives. We are certain that Spiritualism stands more firm, more secure to-day, than ever before, that her adherents in the present greatly outnumber those of the past, that in all lands the sorrowing find comfort, the weak are strengthened, the blind are led, the sick and weary are healed and ministered unto, as Spiritualism alone can meet these conditions of suffering humanity. There is, therefore, no ground and no occasion for a look upon "the dark side" which really does not exist. Progress leaves its mark every where. While a few of our daily papers yet descend to falsify and traduce, for the sake of catering to the demand for sensational reading, the more reliable and respectable of our dailies, comprising the majority, have at last reached the point marking the spot where toleration, and justice, often, if not always hold sway. The time when we as Spiritualists shall have a fair hearing before the public is approaching, although not so near as we could wish; we must continue to exercise patience, bearing in mind that modern Spiritualism is but young, and crude, and chaotic; comforting ourselves with the acknowledged fact that no other philosophy, science, or religion, has advanced so rapidly as this "new dispensation."

Let us take heart then, and begin right

here in this new society a more earnest warfare for the truths it represents. Let us so regulate our daily lives, that all about us may be elevated by our influence; that all may see the light which shall illumine our pathway, do we but live up to our principles, and the wise guidance of our spirit friends who are ever ready and anxious to help us toward the mark and prize of our high calling. To be successful in our efforts to elevate humanity by disseminating the philosophy of Spiritualism, we must be earnest, honest, loyal, and courageous. Above all must we show by our daily living that we practice what we preach, that we live in the spiritual as well as in the temporal, that we abide by the spirit of the law, that we regard this life but a probationary span, preceding our entrance to the joys or sorrows of the higher life whose gateway is called death; that we not only have faith and hope, but knowledge of that life to come; that for us death hath lost its sting, and the grave its victory. Spiritualism brings to us not only the blessed assurances of the just reward of joy and peace, if our lives on earth have been regulated and governed by right motives, but the equally sure punishment for violation of law, and wilful disobedience. As we gather and build here so shall we reap and inherit "over there." It behooves us then to overcome selfishness, and all habits tending to enchain or drag our spirits downward. We cannot handle scot, and remain spotless, any more than we can wallow in filth and remain cleanly and attractive. Like attracts like. If our lives are aspirational, if we wish for good in our solitudes, and in our association with our fellow mortals, we shall attract spirits, in the form and disembodied who are good, and striving to be better, purer, and higher spiritually. If we stifle or silence the promptings of our better natures, by sensuous indulgences, we shall call to us a horde of beings from a low plane of existence, who will eagerly seek to drag us down to their level. We see, then, that aside from the happiness and peace of mind to be gained by righteous living, our safety lies in that pathway alone. May we be wise in choosing day by day, hour by hour, moment by moment, the path for our feet. We cannot avoid discipline in its various guises, but we can accept our trials, sorrows, and losses bravely, seeking to profit by them. For every blow which prostrates us, we can rise in greater strength; for every loss temporal, we can add to our spiritual gains; for every sorrow we can count upon added joy and the greater share of the sunshine of contentment, in this short life of earthly scenes, or in the eternities of the great hereafter. Shall we, then, suffer ourselves to be weak, despondent, tearful, timid, and vacillating? No! We will kiss the chastening hand and grow strong, cheerful, and brave, knowing that we shall win our crown of rejoicing, and become valiant soldiers, triumphantly victorious. We have no roses without thorns, no sunshine without its alternate shadows; darkness follows light, sorrow presses upon our joy, grief succeeds our rejoicing. Our fairest fruits are hollow and rotten at the core; in fact all seems to be ordered to carry out the great purifying and refining process which shall one day, purge our souls of dross and enable us to stand forth redeemed. Surely we can welcome, then, the bitter with the sweet, and bare our heads to the tempest, as well as to the sunshine and balmy atmosphere. We can never be strong while pampered and coddled, shielded from every rude blast, protected from all kinds of adversity. Like the house plant, we shall sicken for conditions promotive of health and vigor. The more we yield to temptations of a sinful nature, or to allurements opposed to spiritual growth or unfoldment, the more readily we will become a prey to all the enemies of spirituality, the more easily will we set aside, or turn a deaf ear to the importunings of our better selves, and the persuasions of our spirit helpers who would lead us into wider fields of progressive work for ourselves and for others less fortunate than ourselves. Our duty is plain: we can evade or omit its performance, but the consequences of such a fool-hardy course we cannot avert.

Spiritualism embraces all truth, therefore, when one espouses her cause, and strives to become a true Spiritualist, one has everything to gain, nothing to lose. No church can offer a truth which Spiritualism has not, nor a comfort, a blessing, or a consolation which she cannot confer. Then how blest are we, when enrolled under the banner of Spiritualism!

May we all stand firm, loyal to truth, courageous as to our convictions, clothed with humanity, yet self reliant and ever ready to respond to all demands upon our

knowledge of the truths discovered in the vast domain of spiritual facts, principles, and philosophy. May we be wise in seeking and accepting counsel and guidance from the progressed in spirit sphere; may we accept truth from all sources. As we grow in wisdom, we shall grow in humanity; as we unfold in purity our souls will glow with beauty; as we grow in love, we shall draw in close communion with the lovely; as we grow in strength, we shall become a refuge and strong hold for the weak and wavering; as we grow in light, or are spiritually illumined, we shall become beacon lights unto those in our wake groping in the dark; as we increase in knowledge, we shall become guides for the ignorant. In no avenue of progress, can we advance without positive gain, not only to ourselves but unto those with whom we mingle. Shall we then sit idly waiting for our mission? Shall we be content to drift on the sea of life? Nay, nay! Rather let us take the oars and work with a will! No matter how tempestuous the waves, nor how high the billows may roll, we shall surely reach the port or haven where the waters are calm and we can rest safely, happy in the consciousness of work well done—in the recompense which is the sure and just reward vouchsafed to the faithful.

In the great army of Spiritualism, we know this new born society will take its stand fearless, with its doors wide open to the right, but closed to all questionable methods; willing to be vilified or slandered, yea persecuted if need be for the sake of preserving its standard of purity and integrity. I predict for it a career of usefulness beyond the power of mortal computation. With the right hand of fellowship I bid it: "God speed!"

When we who are present to-day shall have been translated to our "home beyond the river," may its tide of usefulness still flow on. May the membership of the New Society of Ethical Spirit increase not only in numbers, but in strength until there shall be no society greater in power, size, or good accomplished. May we, as individual Spiritualists plant our feet so firmly upon the rock of eternal truth that naught in heaven or on earth, can remove us therefrom; and when the death-angel comes to bear us to spirit-land, may we welcome him as the messenger of good will, and a friend indeed.

PARIS AND STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Some weeks ago were given in THE JOURNAL extracts from a private letter addressed to a lady in this city by Miss Isabel L. Johnson, while she was in Europe, giving some account of her travels and experiences there. The following from another letter by the same writer, will it is believed be read with interest by many readers of THE JOURNAL.

We were off for Paris on the 2nd of September and reached that city about 6 p. m. Our hotel was near the Grand Opera and nearer the church of the Trinity. Our first day was devoted to getting a general idea of the city. Like London it impressed me by its fine and numerous monuments, and its beautiful bridges, and vastness; but unlike London it was bright, and the people moved about with quick motions making a decided contrast to the slow-moving and slow-thinking English. In the ten days we remained in Paris I saw not a few of its many interesting sights. Many a time I walked in the Tuilleries Gardens. The Louvre was a favorite place of mine and I was glad to see the cyclorama of distinguished persons of this century. The Arc de Triomphe was passed under; the Seine was enjoyed from the banks as well as on one of its river boats. The Jardin des Plantes received three visits from me and I entered the doors of its geological and zoological museums. We had a day at Versailles, and an afternoon at St. Cloud. We shopped at the Magasins of the Louvre and Bon Marché. Our first Sunday afternoon was devoted to a visit to St. Denis where we had the felicity of seeing a fête. To me this was a new feature to see the open shops and the joyous Sunday which appeared such a marked contrast to the dismal London Sunday. I liked the Paris Sunday and took pleasure from the joy of the people. We visited L'Institut de Pasteur where we had explained to us the process of inoculation, its effects, etc., but did not have the happiness to catch a glimpse of the famous physician, but I bought some photograph likenesses of him for friends at home, which show a strong, grave and thoughtful face. The Eiffel Tower attracted me to its top, a view so magnificent that when later I looked from the tower of Notre Dame the view seemed

rather tame and insignificant, but in the church tower I saw the bells taken by the French from Sebastopol, so I was well paid for my climb. Twice I went to the morgue—the first time there were no bodies there, but a day or two afterward I looked in when a man and woman were stretched out in the dead house. H—thought it would have a bad effect upon me, but I assured her I should be glad to feel that those who wished to commit suicide had succeeded in the attempt, and while I was not given to looking at dead bodies I did wish to go to the morgue when there was a body there. It chanced that the dead man had been robbed and murdered. The woman looked very peaceful and as if she had accomplished a desire in her death. Such a contrast to the morgue visit was that I paid to the Jardin d'Acclimation, where I saw three merry wedding parties, each party accompanied by a priest. The brides in their bridal array, and the grooms, looked radiant, while some of the guests sang and skipped like merry school children. The ride on the queer little cars was a refreshing novelty to me and I enjoyed the garden sights hugely.

The Luxembourg gallery was a visit of delight, and the time spent in passing into the Conciergerie and within its walls took me back to the times which were so fearful to the Royalists of France when weak Louis the XVI and his beautiful queen paid the penalty of the sins of their predecessors. Of course the Pantheon, Napoleon's tomb, the museum de Cluny, and the Madeleine, were visited. Mrs. G. and I went together to the Gobelins manufactory and saw the beautiful tapestries woven. We also saw the carpets in process of making, and many a lovely tapestry did we see in its completeness. On October 13th, shortly after the train bore my late companions toward Germany I was carried a way toward the French coast I stopped at Amiens to see the cathedral and went on to Calais. A delightful passage of seventy-nine minutes I had to Dover, and thence to London again. A few days later, I reached Stratford-on-Avon a little after three o'clock in the afternoon, and after dinner and arranging for a room at the "Red Horse hotel" in the parlor of which Washington Irving wrote his "Sketch Book." I visited the house in which Shakespeare was born. From Shakespeare's street I went to the church in which he was buried; but services were about to begin, and I remained only a short time. The fruit stores were attractive at Stratford and I made some purchases in one kept by a woman. The Judith Shakespeare book store drew me into its fascinations and I bought a few pictures and William Winter's "Shakespeare's England", therein, Judith Shakespeare, the poet's youngest daughter married a vintner and lived in the house—a part of which is now Fox's book store—about thirty-six years. The next morning I went for a little stroll before breakfast, and after the morning's meal I looked at the outside of New Place, and of the Grammar school which Shakespeare attended. New Place was Shakespeare's home when he became financially prosperous. The foundation of the house is all that now remains of the original structure, but a house stands on the old grounds. I did not have time to visit the collection of Shakespeare's relics and engravings, but I peered through the iron work openings and had a fair view of the garden. Shakespeare's grand-daughter occupied New Place in 1643 and "Fox's Guide" reads "Queen Henrietta Maria held her court there for a short time."

On I went to the church but again services were about to begin, so I crossed the fields to Shottery and made an early call at Anne Hathaway's cottage. Mrs. Baker, a descendant of Anne Hathaway occupied the little thatched roof abode that had been made a story higher since Anne Hathaway received her lover Will in the best room. The settle on which they were supposed to have sat, was still in the general living room, and I peered up the chimney to see the patch of sky above. Above stairs was the carved bedstead in which Shakespeare and his bride slept, and upon it was a case of Hathaway linen that was an heir-loom before Anne was born. It was brought out for births and deaths, Mrs. Baker told me. Such a kind old lady as she was, and my enthusiasm evidently pleased her. She showed me the Bible which her father subscribed for when a young man and in which the births and marriages were entered afterward. "That will be valuable, some day." She remarked in her gentle way as I looked it over. She took a bit of stock from the dresser and gave it to me with a spray of the yellow blossoming jessamine which was climbing over the outside of the cottage wall, then she plucked Michelmas daisies, and "rose-

mary-for remembrance" rue, thyme, lavender, and other bits which took me to the mad scene of Ophelia in Hamlet. I was shown the well and tasted the delicious water. Returning, I went again to the church, and found at last that I could see Shakespeare's grave. It was not a tomb, and Anne Hathaway's grave is next to his. Their daughter Susannah, her husband, Thomas Nash, and Judith, are buried there. That part of the church is being restored, and garish windows mar the effect and jar discordantly upon one's thoughts of long ago. The Shakespeare Memorial Building was a place of interest. I entered the theatre which is within. It seats about eight hundred persons, and I should think one might hear and see from any part of the house. The library and picture gallery one would like to linger in. The view from the tower is grand and I had a hurried, but a clear view from its top.

As I made my way to the station I saw the preparation for the "Mops" festival, and not only noted the booths being arrayed and made ready for customers, but saw the hog being roasted before a brick oven which had been built in the main street. A small boy was slowly turning a crank, and the hog revolved on the spit; while a tall man in a paper cap was basting the animal from drippings taken from a huge iron pan underneath it. The spoon corresponded in size with the hog, pan, and man. It seems that "Mops" is a very old custom kept up only in that part of England, it used to be the celebration of the day when serving girls took new places, and made engagements for the coming year. The servants were then called "Mops." I fancy "Mopsey" comes from that word. So ended my visit to Stratford-on-Avon.



A DOG GHOST.

TO THE EDITOR: I want to tell you something which happened not many months since and learn whether you have ever heard anything like it. You may use it if you like, but without my name, since I have already crazy fancies enough to answer for to an unbelieving world without being chronicled as a seer or hearer of dog ghosts.

A few years ago one of my sons bought a five-week-old puppy of the Irish water spaniel variety. He was brought up as a family pet and became a great favorite. He was very shrewd, intelligent, and had more real character than any other dog I ever saw. When about two years old he broke through the ice in the park and was drowned. The family mourned him sincerely, and I personally felt a deep sense of bereavement. My nights are often wakeful, and I fell into the habit of thinking of Romeo during my frequent vigils and painfully wondering if all that shrew intelligence and warm affection, that curiously original and individualized character, had gone out for ever.

I must go back and tell you something of the dog's habits. There was a heap of wood shavings of the kind called "excelsior" in the back yard, and he greatly delighted in rushing into it and coming in after such an indulgence with his short brown curls full of the clinging stuff. He scattered it everywhere to the great annoyance of the housemaid and myself. We scolded and threatened, till finally he took the precaution, after coming up the basement stairs and through the door at the head of them, of shaking himself. This he did with great vehemence, so that the padlock of his collar and his license tag, which we were in the habit of calling his bangles, would rattle merrily. Then with a comically virtuous air of having done his full duty, he would walk into the library.

It was some weeks after his death, and I was falling into a chronic and rather troublesome habit of thinking of him at night, when the following incident occurred: I had been out to a small and very delightful tea, and after that had made a call or two, and came home while it was yet quite light in an unusually happy and cheerful frame of mind. The dog was farthest of all things from my thoughts. The housemaid let me in. I went straight to the library to look for letters, the postman having just made his round. I was standing in the library and the maid stood facing me in the hall delivering the message of a lady who had called in my ab-

sence, when suddenly there came a sound apparently from just inside the staircase door before mentioned, at which the maid and I gave a simultaneous scream and start, both as with one impulse, looking toward the door, and I at least fully expecting to see poor Romeo. "Mary," I exclaimed, "what was that?" "The dog," she cried. "He was shaking himself," I said. "Yes," said the maid, "didn't you hear his bangles?" I had distinctly heard them, and the thought came through my mind like a flash: "He got out from under that ice after all and has come home." It was all so real that I could hardly believe my eyes when I looked and saw nothing.

After my surprise was over I tried all sorts of experiments in the effort to produce a similar sound by natural processes, but in vain. At dinner I related the occurrence to the family and called the maid to witness. "Yes, it was all so," she said, adding, "If Mrs. — hadn't been here I'd a been afraid." It was days before I could throw off the impression of it, but the happy result was that I could never think of him anxiously again in the night-watches. To me, since then, Romeo is in some comfortable dog heaven, where I may sometime meet him and pat his handsome head and hear his happy whine as I used to. Did anybody else ever meet with a dog ghost?

"IT IS WELL."

TO THE EDITOR: Fifteen years ago, on a beautiful autumn afternoon, I stood heart-broken over the open grave of my beautiful angel daughter. And, although a Spiritualist, I felt with Lowell, that "Not all the preaching since Adam has made death other than death." Then a friend chanted a sweet melody that echoed over the hills the comforting words of the song "It is well. It is well." Recently of an evening an inspiration came upon me, and I heard again from the absent voice the same assurance chanted in the same melodious strain. At this time I knew that the singer was in poor health, but supposed he might live several years. The next morning I learned that the day before he had passed to the beyond. And it consoled me to believe that as he caught a vision of heaven he sent back to me the message, "It is well. It is well." L. K. J.

EXTENSION OF SUFFRAGE IN ILLINOIS.

TO THE EDITOR: In your account of the suffrage meeting last week I am reported as saying in reference to the extension of suffrage in Illinois, that "it would require a constitutional amendment." I did not intend to be so understood but in speaking of general and municipal suffrage I may have failed to make clear the distinction between them.

I did not express an opinion whether municipal suffrage must be by constitutional amendment or could be given by legislative enactment merely. I said it was a question and one that would require considerable time to properly investigate and that it was one upon which the off-hand opinion of a lawyer was of no value.

I do not like to be put down as saying anything that implies that municipal suffrage can only be obtained by constitutional amendment for it is an important matter and the little study I have given it leads me in the opposite direction.

It is my understanding that in most of the states the legislature has entire control over the elective franchise in incorporated cities and villages, but until a few weeks ago, I supposed as do most attorneys without giving the matter particular attention that the constitution of 1870 (which makes almost every thing unconstitutional,) had in effect changed that control in Illinois.

Part of a day spent upon the subject then, inclines me to think the 1870 constitution has not altered the law in that regard, but I have not come to a definite conclusion and can not without much more labor on it than I have now time to give.

The points involved are not those that come within the general experience of lawyers and the practice that has obtained ever since municipal suffrage began to be talked of in Illinois, of "holding up," as it were, attorneys wherever found and commanding them to stand and deliver an opinion, has been energy wasted.

The off-hand reply of the majority of lawyers would be "probably a constitutional amendment is necessary." If the questioners knew enough about the matter themselves to ask a few more relevant questions, they would undoubtedly get the

further reply—"Well, really, I don't know anything about it."

The effort for school suffrage in the legislature of 1881 by the Illinois Social Science Association (not the Social Science Club) was important from the fact that it was reported favorably upon and set for hearing in the House of Representatives.

Of course other efforts for extension of suffrage to women have been made there; but, as far as I know, that is the only effort that has resulted in any favorable action by the legislature since 1875, and so I mentioned it.

ELLEN A. MARTIN.
CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 13th.

A PICTURE AND A CORNER FOR LITTLE FOLKS WANTED.

We know full-well, that we are receiving much more than our money's worth from THE JOURNAL; but as it is customary for publishers to "give a chromo" or something "very valuable" to their subscribers, I suggest that THE JOURNAL's subscribers receive a picture of its head manager or managers, which shall be appropriate as a frontispiece for the new volume of the paper in its nice binding.

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is all we could wish it to be for the present time, with one exception: I think the little folks should have a corner in it.

Is it not of the most importance, that the young, plastic, growing minds be fed with the vital truths of life which THE JOURNAL teaches adapted to their comprehension? Should they be thus overlooked and ignored by the truest exponent of truth? See! during the time that THE JOURNAL has been so persistently laboring to infuse light into the brains of the thick-skulled old pates, how many bright spirits have been born into flesh, and grown up case-hardened, that should be now with you, helping to unfold the mysteries of life. Our best hopes lie with the young; for it is so "hard to teach old dogs new tricks." With averted noses they snuff the air for buried bones of other days.

Now I move that a department in THE JOURNAL be opened for the instruction and pleasure of the children; that they too may eagerly look forward to the weekly feast of brain-food ready for them at the opening of THE JOURNAL.

ELLEN F. JOHNSTON,
HORNELLVILLE, N. Y.

A VETERAN JOURNALIST GONE.

Mr. E. J. Huling of Saratoga, N. Y., and a long-time correspondent of THE JOURNAL has passed onward to the higher life. We cannot do better than to quote with approval the following editorial notice from the Troy Daily Press of February 10th:

Saratoga lost a good citizen when Edmund James Huling passed on. He was an honest, hard-working, lifelong journalist, and although he died poor in purse he was rich in those deathless qualities that give lustre to the soul. Unfortunate as he was toward the last in newspaper enterprise, he was never so poor as to wrong another that he might profit thereby; never so engrossed in his own losses and disappointments that he was not ready to perform a friendly office for any who needed his ministrations. He was a man who suffered sorely but uncomplainingly from the treachery and ingratitude of men whom he had befriended. The soul of honor himself, he was loath to look for guile in others. His pathway through life was long and rugged; but he was a patient toiler who did not halt to repine. He never faltered in loyalty to his convictions, for which he was ever ready to make any sacrifice. Mr. Huling was not notably popular, because he was ever a man of principle and never a creature that catered to public prejudices. Gifted in mind and free of utterance, he lived a consistent, manly life, and had nothing to conceal from the world. Those who knew him best will say that a purer, truer man is seldom found in any calling or community.

A. W. writes from Indianapolis that Mrs. Ada Sheehan is drawing large audiences in Indianapolis this month, that her lectures are replete with common sense, and that psychometrical readings given before her audiences are acknowledged to be correct by those for whom they are intended. The letter says: "Mrs. Sheehan has lived in Cincinnati thirteen years and has been about four years before the public there. The audiences are larger than usual when

she is announced to speak, and she is respected and beloved by all honest people who know her in her home. She told me that she was much pleased with THE JOURNAL and would do what she could to extend its circulation. I take four Spiritualist papers. THE JOURNAL I prize more than all the others combined. 'Long may it wave.'"

THAT "MR. BROWN."

The gentleman referred to as Mr. Brown in the Richmond-Bangs affair in last week's JOURNAL is the Hon. F. H. Bemis, of Meadville, Pa. We are now in receipt of his voluntary permission to disclose his identity and we do it with pleasure; as, wherever he is known, his veracity, integrity and spirit of fair dealing will not be questioned.

J. O. Bagwell, Helena, Ark., writes: On page 2 of THE JOURNAL of February 7, under head of "A Dream and Prediction fulfilled," the location is given as Helena, Ark. Knowing your love for the truth we feel it our duty to inform you that we have never heard of Mrs. Rebecca Byrnes of Helena, Ark., and think if there is any truth in the story it should be located at Helena, Montana.

The Open Door, by John Hamlin Dewey, M. D., is now ready for the reading public. Those who have read "The Way, The Truth and The Life," and "The Pathway of the Spirit" will of course want this, the latest work from Dr. Dewey's pen. We are prepared to fill any and all orders. Price 30 cents.

Miss Jennie B. Hagan is a great favorite at Meadville, Pa., where she is filling a lecture engagement the Sundays of this month. A correspondent writes under date of 10th. "Miss Hagan's audiences constantly increase. Last Sunday evening many had to leave for want of standing room."

What is Scrofula

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which develops ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors." It is a more formidable enemy than consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

How can it be cured? By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. For all affections of the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled, and some of the cures it has effected are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula in any of its various forms, be sure to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial.

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STRONG WORDS

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P.O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

CATARRH CURED.

If you suffer from Catarrh, in any of its forms, it is your duty to yourself and family to obtain the means of a certain cure before it is too late. This you can easily do by sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, New York, who will send you FREE, by return mail, a copy of the original receipt for preparing the best and surest remedy ever discovered for the cure of Catarrh in all its various stages. Over one million cases of this dreadful, disgusting, and often-times fatal disease have been cured permanently during the past five years by the use of this medicine. Write to-day for this FREE recipe. Its timely use may save you from the death tolls of Consumption. DO NOT DELAY longer, if you desire a speedy and permanent cure. Address, Prof. J. A. LAWRENCE, 88 Warren, Street, New York.

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This is a cloth bound volume of two hundred pages, mo., handsomely illustrated. It shows that man is not of miraculous, but of natural origin; yet that Darwin's theory is radically defective, because it leaves out the spiritual causes which have been the most potent concerned in his production. It is scientific, plain, eloquent and convincing, and probably sheds more light upon man's origin than all the volumes the press has given to the public for years. Price, \$1.00; postage, 5 cents.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. J. BUNDY, Chicago.

The Three Sevens.

This is a book by Dr. W. P. and Mrs. Phelon treating of the "Silence of the Invisible." "This story is," in the language of the authors, "a parable, teaching as twenty-one years bring us to the adult physical life; so also may 'the sevens' of years bring adult spiritual growth. The attempt is to portray the trials, temptations, sufferings, growth and attainments of the spirit during earth-life." The marvels in the story are alleged to be not greater than those well attested by psychical researchers.

Cloth, 271 pp. Price \$1.25.
For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

Society for Psychical Research.

American Branch.

The Society for Psychical research is engaged in the investigation of the phenomena of Thought-transference, Clairvoyance, Apparitions and Haunted Houses, Spiritualistic Phenomena, etc., and evidence in connection with these different groups of phenomena is published from time to time in the S. P. R. Journal and Proceedings, to which associate members (dues \$3.00 per annum) are entitled.

Persons who have had psychical experiences of any kind are earnestly requested to communicate them directly to the Secretary of the American Branch, or to the editor of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, with as much corroborative testimony as possible; and a special appeal is made to those who have had experiences justifying the spiritualistic belief.

Applicants for Membership in the Society should address the Secretary. The Branch is much in need of funds for the further prosecution of its work, and pecuniary assistance will be gratefully welcomed. Information concerning the Society can be obtained from

RICHARD HODGSON, LL.D.
Secretary for America,
5 Boylston Place, Boston, Mass.

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Price of New Tomato No. "400," 25 cts. per packet, free by mail. With every order for a packet or more, we will also send free our magnificent New Catalogue of "EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN" for 1891, (the value alone of which is 25 cts.), on condition that you will state where you saw this advertisement.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

Church and State, and Other Essays. By Count Tolstoi. Boston: Benj. R. Tucker. 1891. pp. 169.

In this work are discussed church and state, money, proper relations and functions of man and woman, and the duties and rights of the mother. There is also a second supplement to the "Kreutzer Sonata." Tolstoi combats every oppression and has no hesitation to expose conventional lies or to attack wrongs because they are entrenched behind custom and age. He does not believe that either an established church or that coercive government is compatible with the teachings of Christ. He uses the history of the Fiji Islands during a period of ten years to illustrate how knowledge of money and its use made slaves of the inhabitants. A specimen of the author's reasoning is the following: "Every kind of oppression of man by man rests on the possibility which a man has of taking another man's life, and, by keeping a threatening attitude, compelling his obedience. One may assert, without fear of being in error, that wherever there is subjection of man—that is, the doing by one against his will, in accordance with another's wishes, certain personally undesired acts—the cause of it is force having for its basis the threat of taking life. Where a man surrenders the whole of his labor to another, goes without sufficient nourishment, consigns his little children to hard labor and devotes his whole life to repugnant and (to him) useless labor—as is done before our own eyes, in our own world (called civilized by us because we live in it)—it may with certainty be said that he does all this because for non-fulfillment he is threatened with the loss of life. Therefore in our cultured world, where the majority of men, under terrible privations, perform hateful and (to them) useless labor, the majority of men are in a state of slavery, founded on the threat of loss of life." There are some fallacies in Tolstoi's writings, but they express many important truths and always in a courageous spirit.

The Open Door. By John Hamlin Dewey, M. D. New York: United States Book Co. 1891. pp. 156. Paper, 30 cents.

Dr. Dewey adds another able work to his series of theosophical writings. We commend it to the attention of Spiritualists and to those who are seeking to know more of man and his destiny beyond the mere sensuous thinking of the times. Dr. Dewey is one of the few men who adds to his scholarly attainments the knowledge which comes only by true living and a cultivation of the powers of the soul. The Christian idea under his treatment is not a mere formal, soulless, conventional cult, but a life replete with the experiences and intuitions of the inner man. The Christ is to Dr. Dewey a spirit ever working to unfold the nature of man into the true image of God. No one can read his works without benefit; and to the few who are aspiring to a higher life they are invaluable. From simple beginnings he leads to those vistas and visions of truth which satisfy our longings and clarify the preceptions, so that, as we ascend step by step, we become seers in the true sense of that much abused word. The world needs more of such books.

Scum. By Valdes, with an introduction by Edmund Gosse. New York: United States Book Co. pp. 346. Paper, price, 50 cents.

The author of "Scum"—entitled "La Espuma" in the original—is a well-known Spanish novelist who, in this work, gives a severely satirical picture of the frothy surface of fashionable life in Madrid. In other novels he has described country scenes and portrayed life in provincial cities, the honesty and simplicity of which are quite in contrast to the ugly cynicism of the wealthy and the parade and hollowness which are seen in "aristocratic and bureaucratic Madrid." The novel is one of real merit. The exquisite style, something of which can be divined in the English translation, is probably only to be fully appreciated by a Castilian.

Wilbraham's Wealth or the Coming Democracy. By J. J. Morse. Liverpool, England: The Progressive Literature Agency. 1890 pp. 113 paper. Price, one shilling.

This story was written when the author was traveling in this country in 1886, and it appeared as a serial in an American paper three years later. It is a contribution to the literature

relating to social and economic questions. The author believes that the next step forward is one by which communities will be invested with the ownership and control of productive agencies and with the distribution of the products of labor, integral cooperation taking the place of the present competitive system. Interesting characters are introduced and the work is readable, suggestive and instructive.

What is the Trouble? By F. E. Tower. A. M. Boston: Authors Mutual Publishing Co. 1891. pp. 116, paper, price, 25cts.

In this little volume are described some of the foul blots on our modern civilization, and many of the imperfections of our social and industrial system. It advocates nationalism as a panacea for the ills and wrongs that are pointed out. The author would have the people "gradually, not all at once, take possession of their heritage peaceably by constitutional laws and enactments since there is no other way to make a peaceable change in the matter of ownership." The work is well written.

MAGAZINES FOR FEBRUARY, NOT BEFORE MENTIONED.

Our Little Ones and the Nursery. (Boston.) The short stories and pretty illustrations will attract many readers.

Wide Awake. (Boston.) Lieut. Fremont's account of Life at Frontier Forts is just what the boys and some girls will enjoy reading. The short stories have ingenious plots. The railroading serial develops a startling situation and the doings of Margaret Sidney's Peppers are as usual entertaining.

The North American Review. (New York.) A most interesting group of reminiscences of Gettysburg thirty years after has been called forth by the recent visit of the Count of Paris to that historic ground, and the Count is one of the contributors. Speaker Reed offers under the title of A Deliberative Body a timely paper. Talleyrand Memoirs are discussed by Sir. Chas. W. Dilke. Why more girls do not marry is answered by Kate Gannett Wells. Much information regarding Jamaica is to be found in the article by its governor on the Jamaica Exhibition.

The Eclectic. (New York.) A mysterious people is discussed in the article on The Druses of the Holy Land, and Mr. De Ferro's description of the wonderful Water Cure at Wörishofen, Germany, will be found very interesting. Mr. Jennings, M. P., analyzes the great international commercial contest now raging in The Trade League Against England. A distinguished English authority, Dr. St. Clair Thomson, talks about The Dangers of Hypnotism very suggestively. Women will be attracted to Dr. Kenealy's article on The Talent of Motherhood, and all classes of readers will find pleasure in the article by John Dennis on The Journal of Sir Walter Scott.

Jew and Gentile is the name of a new and unique volume upon this week's religious book shelves. (Fleming H. Revell, New York and Chicago, paper 50 cents, cloth 75 cents.) It is the journal of the proceedings of that remarkable and, we might almost say, epoch-making conference between Israelites and Christians recently held in Chicago. It is worth noting in this connection that Rabbi Hirsch is delivering a lecture on this striking topic, "The Crucifixion from a Jewish Standpoint." Out of all this interchange of thought on so transcendent a theme there ought to come, ere long, important issues.

Scrofula is a more formidable enemy than either consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. It is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the blood purifier.

For a Spiritual Song.

A Christmas story.—A poor country congregation found itself badly in want of hymn-books. The clergyman applied to a London firm, and asked to be supplied at the lowest (Church) rates. The firm replied that on condition the hymn-books contained certain advertisements, the congregation should have them for nothing. Necessity knows no law, and the minister sorrowfully complied, thinking to himself that when the advertisements came they could be removed from the leaves. The hymn-books arrived, and—joy of joys—they contained no inter-leaved advertisements. At the thanksgiving service the good parson joyously gave out the Christmas hymn, and the congregation sang the first verse with fervor. When they reached the last line they found that this was what they had been singing:

"Hark! the herald angels sing,
Beecham's Pills are just the thing;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
Two for man and one for child."



COPYRIGHT, 1890.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

"Voyagers on life's sea,
To yourself be true,
And whate'er your lot may be,
Paddle your own canoe."

"To yourself be true," "and thou canst not then be false to any man." "Self-love is not so vile a sin as self-neglecting." Then "be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer." Get Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, for all affections of the lungs and throat. It is likewise a wonderful liver tonic, and invigorator.

All the year round, you may rely upon Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It's not like the sarsaparillas, that are said to be good for the blood in March, April and May. The "Discovery"

works equally well at all times, and in all cases of blood-taints, or humors, no matter what their name or nature. It cures all Skin, Scalp and Scrofulous affections, as Eczema, Tetter, Salt-rheum, Fever-sores, White Swellings, Hip-joint disease and kindred ailments.

It's the cheapest blood-purifier, sold through druggists, because you only pay for the good you get.

Your money is returned if it doesn't benefit or cure you.
Can you ask more?



It isn't the usual way

—it's just the reverse—to pay a patient when you can't cure him. Nevertheless, that's what's done by the makers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. They promise to pay you \$500 if they can't cure your catarrh, no matter how bad the case. It isn't mere talk—it's business. You can satisfy yourself of it, if you're interested. And you ought to be, if you have catarrh. It's faith in their medicine that's behind the offer. It has cured thousands of the worst cases, where everything else failed. You can be cured, too. If you can't, you get the money. They're willing to take the risk—you ought to be glad to take the medicine.

Hotel Wanted.

We have at Sunset, Texas, on the line of the Gulf branch of the Union Pacific railroad, half way between New Orleans and Denver, and only sixty miles northwest from Fort Worth, one of the prettiest, most romantic, and healthful places in the United States for a winter resort for Northern people, and on account of altitude and latitude, in the edge of the Texas Panhandle country, a place for the summer resort of the South.

We have the great Texas Wells, water which has no superior in the world, and but one that we know of stronger in its medical ingredients, calcium chloride.

We are arranging for an invalid hotel to accommodate forty people, but we need a Grand Hotel, costing not less than seventy thousand dollars when completed and furnished.

To good parties who will erect such a hotel we will give the site, worth \$10,000, and \$25,000 worth of property at schedule prices.

As we have in our immediate neighborhood a fine sandstone quarry, we will make further considerations if the building is made of stone. Address

J. F. LONG, Secretary, Sunset, Texas, or

GEN. R. A. CAMERON, Fort Worth, Texas.

THE SUNFLOWER.

By A. M. MUNGER.

Throughout our sunny Kansas land,
Autumn's sunflower's an army stand,
King of the prairie—thy coronate,
Emwreath with gold the Sunflower State.
With face to sun, and roots in sod—
A rival to fair golden rod—
Be thou our badge and standard true,
Our national flower whose golden hue
Shall twine among the colors old—
Red, white and blue, with gleam of gold.
Fling out thy mottoes to the breeze,
From all thy waving yellow seas,
Until from out thy billows roll
Justice and truth to every soul.

A VISION.*

By Mrs. L. C. SMITH.

I saw a silvery shallop, with muffled oar and
soreen,
Gliding o'er laughing waters, like the spirit of a
dream;
So silent was its motion, as it dashed the feathery
spray
That only ears that listened could hear the ripples
play.
This silvery little shallop, with its trusty gondo-
liers,
Came nearer, nearer, nearer with the music of the
spheres,
Across the river Time, for spirit freight I ween,
That seems forever flowing the eternities between.

I stood in silent wonder, and watched with bated
breath,
This beautiful transition we mortals have named
death,
Not through a darkened portal, but an ever-bright-
ening zone
Of scintillating glory from truth's eternal throne,
Guiding this silvery shallop, with its trusty gondo-
liers,
For lo! the bridegroom cometh, and angel vol-
unteers,
With fitting robes, and welcome, love's greeting
evermore,
To our belov'd ones coming, to life's immortal
shore.

This heaven-lighted vision, that o'er my spirit
played
Revealed the busy fingers that Nature's law
obeyed,
In loosing every fiber, as link by link untwined.
At touch of boundless freedom, to spirit thus en-
shrined.
All conscious life's immortal, the border-land is
here.
The change we so much dreaded, is but the tyrant
fear,
Hopes—loves—and life's fruition proving divinest
care,
Without the loss of atom; for God is everywhere.

* At the parting scene of our beloved friend,
Mrs. C. B. Smith, who passed to spirit life but
yesterday.
February 6, 1891.

IN THE MORGUE.

See, there they are; you've heard so much about
them!
Been made to shudder just when "Morgue" is
said;
Heard of the crowds that come to jeer and flout
them,
These poor, forgotten people who are dead,

Some had no friends, perhaps, and were not
wanted;
Some found life dreadful, and so chose instead
(Pushing the dark gate open, nothing daunted)
That empty quiet that awaits them dead!

But most of them, I think, were overtaken,
Snatched from behind, and sudden, blindfolded,
Plunged in the sleep from which they shall not
waken;
Done with their living, at a gesture—dead!

Their frozen muteness is no vague appealing;
The callous eyes, as eyes that shrink in dread,
The infrequent sympathy or tender feeling—
It hardly matters now that they are dead.

All is alike and everything is equal,
The friend they loved so, or the foe they fled;
Their tale is told, they cannot know the sequel,
These poor, forgotten people, who are dead.
M. M. D., Paris, 1890.

Every new truth which has ever been propounded
has, for a time, caused mischief; it has produced
discomfort, and often unhappiness, sometimes by
disturbing social or religious arrangements, and
sometimes merely by the disruption of old and
cherished association of thought. It is only after a
certain interval, and when the framework of affairs
has adjusted itself to the new truth, that its good
effects preponderate; and the preponderance con-
tinues to increase, until at length the truth causes
nothing but good. But, at the outset, there is
always harm. And, if the truth is very great as
well as very new, the harm is serious. Men are
made uneasy; they flinch; they cannot bear the
sudden light; a general restlessness supervenes;
the face of society is disturbed, or perhaps con-

vulsed; old interests and old beliefs are destroyed
before new ones have been created. These symp-
toms are the precursors of revolution; they have
preceded all the great changes through which the
world has passed.—Buckle, in "History of Civiliza-
tion."

EXCITEMENT IN ROCHESTER.

The Commotion Caused by the Statement of
a Physician.

An unusual article from the Rochester, N.Y., *Democrat and Chronicle*, was recently published in this
paper. That the article caused commotion in Roches-
ter, the following from the same paper shows:
Dr. J. B. Henlon, who is well-known not only in
Rochester but in nearly every part of America, sent
an extended article to this paper, a few days since
which was duly published, detailing his remarkable
experience and rescue from what seemed to be cer-
tain death. It would be impossible to enumerate the
personal enquiries which have been made at our office
as to the validity of the article, but they have been
so numerous that further investigation of the sub-
ject was deemed necessary.

With this end in view a representative of this paper
called on Dr. Henlon, at his residence, when the fol-
lowing interview occurred: "That article of yours,
Doctor, has created quite a whirlwind. Are the
statements about the terrible condition you were in,
and the way you were rescued such as you can
sustain?"

"Every one of them and many additional ones. I
was brought so low by neglecting the first and most
simple symptoms. I did not think I was sick. It is
true I had frequent headaches; felt tired most of the
time; could eat nothing one day and was ravenous
the next; felt dull pains and my stomach was out of
order, but I did not think it meant anything serious.

"The medical profession has been treating symp-
toms instead of diseases for years, and it is high
time it ceased. The symptoms I have just mentioned
or any unusual action or irritation of the water chan-
nels indicate the approach of kidney disease more
than a cough announces the coming of consumption.
We do not treat the cough, but try to help the lungs.
We should not waste our time trying to relieve the
headache, pains about the body or other symptoms,
but go directly to the kidneys, the source of most of
these ailments."

"This, then, is what you meant when you said that
more than one-half the deaths which occur arise
from Bright's disease, is it Doctor?"

"Precisely. Thousands of diseases are torturing
people to-day, which in reality are Bright's disease
in some of its many forms. It is a Hydra-headed
monster, and the slightest symptoms should strike
terror to every one who has them. I can look back
and recall hundreds of deaths which physicians de-
clared at the time were caused by paralysis, apoplexy,
heart disease, pneumonia, malarial fever and other
common complaints which I see now were caused by
Bright's disease."

"And did all these cases have simple symptoms at
first?"

"Every one of them, and might have been cured
as I was by the timely use of the same remedy. I
am getting my eyes thoroughly opened in this mat-
ter and think I am helping others to see the facts
and their possible danger also."

Mr. Warner, who was visited at his establishment
on N. St. Paul street, spoke very earnestly:

"It is true that Bright's disease had increased won-
derfully, and we find, by reliable statistics, that from
70 to 80 its growth was over 250 per cent. Look at
the prominent men it has carried off, and is taking
off every year, for while many are dying apparently
of paralysis and apoplexy, they are really victims of
kidney disorder, which causes heart disease, paral-
ysis, apoplexy, etc. Nearly every week the papers
record the death of some prominent man from this
scourge. Recently, however, the increase has been
checked and I attribute this to the general use of my
remedy."

"Do you think many people are afflicted with it to-
day who do not realize it, Mr. Warner?"

"A prominent professor in a New Orleans medical
college was lecturing before his class on the subject
of Bright's disease. He had various fluids under
microscopic analysis and was showing the students
what the indications of this terrible malady were.
'And now, gentlemen,' he said, 'as we have seen the
unhealthy indications, I will show you how it appears
in a state of perfect health,' and he submitted his
own fluid to the usual test. As he watched the re-
sults his countenance suddenly changed—his color
and command both left him and in a trembling voice
he said: 'Gentlemen, I have made a painful discov-
ery; I have Bright's disease of the kidneys; and in
less than a year he was dead. The slightest indica-
tions of any kidney difficulty should be enough to
strike terror to any one.'"

"You know of Dr. Henlon's case?"

"Yes, I have both read and heard of it."

"It is very wonderful is it not?"

"No more so than a great many others that have
come to my notice as having been cured by the same
means."

"You believe then that Bright's disease can be
cured."

"I know it can. I know it from my own and the
experience of thousands of prominent persons who
were given up to die by both their physicians and
friends."

"You speak of your own experience, what was it?"

"A fearful one. I had felt languid and unfit for
business for years. But I did not know what ailed
me. When, however, I found it was kidney difficulty
I thought there was little hope and so did the doc-
tors. I have since learned that one of the physicians
of this city pointed me out to a gentleman on the

street one day, saying: 'there goes a man who will
be dead within a year.' I believe his words would
have proved true if I had not fortunately used the
remedy now known as Warner's Safe Cure."

"Did you make a chemical analysis of the case of
Mr. H. H. Warner some three years ago, Doctor?"
was asked Dr. S. A. Lattimore, one of the analysts of
the State Board of Health.

"Yes, sir."

"What did this analysis show you?"

"A serious disease of the kidneys."

"Did you think Mr. Warner could recover?"

"No, sir, I did not think it possible."

"Do you know anything about the remedy which
cured him?"

"I have chemically analyzed it and find it pure and
harmless."

The standing of Dr. Henlon, Mr. Warner and Dr.
Lattimore in the community is beyond question, and
the statements they make cannot for a moment be
doubted. Dr. Henlon's experience shows that
Bright's disease of the kidneys is one of the most de-
ceptive and dangerous of all diseases, that it is ex-
ceedingly common, but that it can be cured if taken
in time.

PULLMAN PARLOR CARS, CHICAGO TO
ST. LOUIS.

To meet the requirements of the superior class of
passengers who travel between Chicago and St. Louis,
Hot Springs, Ark., and the winter resorts of Texas
and the South, the Chicago & Alton R. R. has put in
service on its day trains between Chicago and St.
Louis, a line of new and handsomely furnished Pull-
man Buffet Parlor Cars especially built for that
service. Through Pullman Coupon Berth Tickets
can now be purchased in its Chicago offices which
precludes the necessity of passengers procuring and
paying for sleeping car tickets at St. Louis. This
is a privilege that can be enjoyed only by taking the
Alton, a route having a continuous Pullman service
on both morning and night trains from Chicago.

Heaven and Hell, as described by Judge Edmonds
in his great work on Spiritualism. As Judge Ed-
monds' writings are mostly out of print, this pamphlet
may be welcome to many, as it describes two scenes
in heaven and two in hell, in his most graphic and
careful style. Price, 10 cents. For sale at this
office.

"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Child-
ren Teething," softens the gums, reduces inflamma-
tion, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a
bottle

John Wesley and Modern Spiritualism. An ap-
peal to the Ministers and Members of the Methodist
Church based upon reason. By Daniel Lott. We
are constantly called upon for something from the
pen of John Wesley, and this may be of interest to
many. He was a man of superior mind, in many
respects and far in advance of his time, as will be
found by examining his sayings and ideas. Price,
25 cents. For sale at this office.

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Thousand Points.

A popular demand has been a thousand mile book
at a \$20 rate, good over several roads, without refund
attachment or other vexatious regulations. The new
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& Dayton Railroad will place on sale on and after
January 20th meet this demand. They will be sold
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D., but also between all stations on 15 other lines.
They are an ever-ready ticket between Cincinnati,
Indianapolis, Chicago, St. Louis, Dayton, Toledo,
Buffalo, Salamanca, Ft. Wayne, Peoria, Ann Arbor,
Cadillac (Mich.), and a thousand other points.

Samuel Bowles' Pamphlets: Experiences of Sam-
uel Bowles in Spirit Life, or life as he now sees it
from a Spiritual Standpoint, price 25 cents; Contrast
in Spirit Life, and recent experiences, price 50 cents,
and Interviews with Spirits, price 50 cents in paper
cover. For sale at this office.

GOING TO CALIFORNIA.

A person can take a seat in a palace car at Dear-
born Station, Chicago, any afternoon and go over the
Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad to San
Francisco, Los Angeles or San Diego without chang-
ing cars.

The fast express on this line makes at least
twenty-four hours quicker time to Los Angeles than
any other line, and in fact the Santa Fe is the only
thoroughly comfortable route to take.

The office is at No. 212 Clark street.

The Faraday Pamphlets: The Relation of the
Spiritual to the Material Universe; The Law of Con-
trol, price 15 cents; The Origin of Life, or Where Man
Comes from, price 10 cents; The Development of
the Spirit after Transition, price 10 cents, and The
Process of Mental Action, price 15 cents. All for
sale at this office.

During the late visit of the Count of Paris and
Duke of Orleans to this country, Gen. Sherman and
the officers of the U. S. Army gave a dinner in honor
of the distinguished visitors at the new Plaza Hotel,
New York City.

Every one complimented the management of the
great Plaza for its magnificent and luxurious ap-
pointments, and above all, for the supreme excel-
lence of its cuisine and service.

When a person makes up his mind to enjoy all the
very best of everything that money can buy and
highest artistic can create, he goes to the Plaza
where all this is always at his command.

Mild, gentle, soothing and healing is Dr. Sage's
Catarrh Remedy. Cures the worst cases permanently.
No experimenting. It's "Old Reliable." Twenty-
five years of success.

To the question, Which is your favorite poem?
there may be a great variety of answers; but when
asked, Which is your favorite blood purifier? there
can be only one reply—Ayer's Sarsaparilla, because
it is the purest, safest, and most economical.

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"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are used with
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ING REFORMS.

—BY—

GILES B. STEBBINS,

Editor and Compiler of "Chapters from the Bible of
the Ages," and "Poems of the Life Beyond";
Author of "After Dogmatic Theology,
What?" etc., etc.

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WHAT WOMEN TALK ABOUT.

What do women talk about?
Weather, first, beyond a doubt;
Then their tongues begin to go
On the topics told below.

THE TOPICS.

Ministers and church affairs;
Household worries; children's cares;
Aches and pains, and pains and aches;
New receipts for making cakes.

Servant girls with horrid ways;
Latest fashions; temperance craze;
How to save the heathen band;
Jars of fruit for winter canned.

Bonnets, dresses, ribbons, gloves;
Shopping fun; young maidens' loves;
Gossip, scandal quite intense
And religious arguments.

Babies; what to eat and wear;
How to hide the silvered hair;
How to keep a youthful face
And preserve a form of grace.

These and similar things, no doubt,
Do the women talk about;
Though the men suppose, ahem,
That they only talk of them.

—H. C. DODGE.

AFTER THE SNOW AND THE SHROUD.

What if we all lay dead below:
Lay as the grass lies, cold and dead
In God's own holy shroud of snow,
With snow-white shrouds set foot and head
With all earth dead and shrouded white
As clouds that cross the moon at night?

What if that infidel some night
Could then rise up and see how dead,
How wholly dead and out of sight
All things with snows sown foot and head
And lost winds waiving up and down
The emptied fields and emptied town?

I think that grand old infidel
Would rub his hands with fendish glee,
And say: "I knew it, knew it well!
I knew that death was destiny;
I ate, I drank, I mocked at God:
Then as the grass was, and the sod."

Ah me, the grasses and the sod
They are my preachers. Hear them preach
When they forget the shroud, and God
Thrusts up these blades of grass to teach
The resurrection! Who shall say
What infidel can speak as they?

—JOAQUIN MILLER.

You've tried Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription
have you and you're disappointed. The results are
not immediate.

And did you expect the disease of years to disappear in a week? Put a pinch of time in every dose. You would not call the milk poor because the cream does not rise in an hour? If there's no water in it the cream is sure to rise. If there's a possible cure, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is sure to effect it, if given a fair trial. You get the one dollar it costs back again if it don't benefit or cure you. We wish we could give you the makers' confidence. They show it by giving the money back again, in all cases not benefited, and it'd surprise you to know how few dollars are needed to keep up the refund.

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The Burlington Route, C. B. & Q. R. R., from Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis, is now completed, and daily passenger trains are running through Lincoln, Neb., and Custer, S. D., to Deadwood. Also to Newcastle, Wyoming. Sleeping cars to Deadwood.

Beecham's Pills cure Sick-Headache.

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The "Twice-a-Week" Edition of THE ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC is at once the best and the cheapest news journal in the world. It is a big seven-column paper, containing six to eight pages each issue, or 12 to 16 every week, and is mailed every Tuesday and Friday. Its readers get the news of the day almost as promptly and fully as the readers of a Daily and half a week ahead of any Weekly in every State in the Union. Yet the price is ONLY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR. Special Missouri, Illinois and Texas Editions are printed, and the General Edition for other States contains nothing but details of important events of interest everywhere. THE REPUBLIC is the leading Democratic paper of the country, aggressive, but at the same time liberal, and the only thoroughly national journal in the whole country. Remember the price is ONLY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR. Sample copies, also an illustrated Premium Catalogue, sent free on application. Address THE REPUBLIC, St. Louis, Mo.

The Constitution of Man considered in relation to external objects, by George Combe. More than three hundred thousand copies of the Constitution of Man have been sold and the demand is still increasing. It has been translated into many languages, and extensively circulated. A celebrated phrenologist said of this work: The importance and magnitude of the principles herein contained are beyond those to be found in any other work. For sale at this office, price, \$1.50.

By All Odds

The most generally useful medicine is Ayer's Pills. As a remedy for the various diseases of the stomach, liver, and bowels, these Pills have no equal. Their sugar-coating causes them not only to be easy and pleasant to take, but preserves their medicinal integrity in all climates and for any reasonable length of time. The best family medicine, Ayer's Pills are, also, unsurpassed for the use of travelers, soldiers, sailors, campers, and pioneers. In some of the most critical cases, when all other remedies have failed,

Ayer's Pills

prove effective.

"In the summer of 1864 I was sent to the Annapolis hospital, suffering with chronic diarrhea. While there, I became so reduced in strength that I could not speak and was compelled to write everything I wanted to say. I was then having some 25 or 30 stools per day. The doctors ordered a medicine that I was satisfied would be of no benefit to me. I did not take it, but persuaded my nurse to get me some of Dr. Ayer's Pills. About two o'clock in the afternoon I took six of these pills, and by midnight began to feel better. In the morning the doctors came again, and after deciding that my symptoms were more favorable, gave me a different medicine, which I did not use, but took four more of the pills instead. The next day the doctors came to see me, and thought I was doing nicely, (and so did I). I then took one pill a day for a week. At the end of that time, I considered myself cured and that Ayer's Pills had saved my life. I was then weak, but had no return of the disease, and gained in strength as fast as could be expected."—F. C. Luce, Late Lieut. 56th Regt. Mass. Vol. Infantry.

"Ayer's Pills are

The Best

I have ever used for headaches, and they act like a charm in relieving any disagreeable sensation in the stomach after eating."—Mrs. M. J. Ferguson, Pullens, Va.

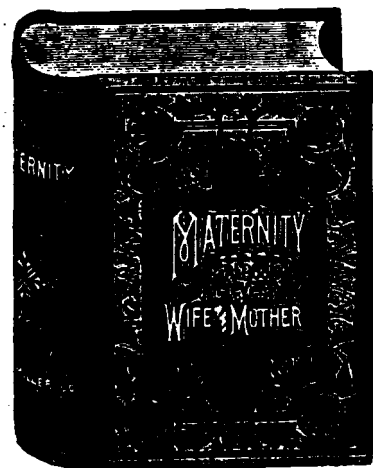
"I was a sufferer for years from dyspepsia and liver troubles, and found no permanent relief until I commenced taking Ayer's Pills. They have effected a complete cure."—George W. Mooney, Walla Walla, W. T.

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will make eating one of the most enjoyable things in life.

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A Bad Case of Dyspepsia needs constant treatment, that is to say, three times daily for several weeks. You will feel better after the first dose.

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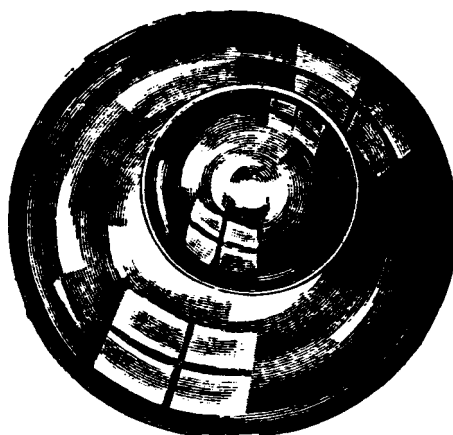
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The most unique and practical article of the kind made. Can be fastened anywhere. Made of steel, finely plated; will last a life time, can not get out of order, both useful & ornamental. No home complete without it. By mail 25c. Agents wanted. Address, PRAIRIE CITY NOV. CO., Chicago, Ill.

CRAZY WORK 60 ass'd beautiful Silk and Satin pes., enough to cover 500 sq. inches 20c; best 25c Lemarie's Silk Mill, Little Ferry, N. J.

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FOR A ONE-DOLLAR BILL sent us by mail we will deliver, free of all charges, to any person in the United States, all of the following articles, carefully packed:

One two-ounce bottle of Pure Vaseline.....10c
One two-ounce bottle of Vaseline Pomade.....15 "
One jar of Vaseline Cold Cream.....15 "
One Cake of Vaseline Camphor Ice.....10 "
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Or for postage stamps any single article at the price named. On no account be persuaded to accept from your druggist any Vaseline or preparation therefrom, unless labelled with our name, because you will certainly receive an imitation which has little or no value. **Chesebrough Mfg Co. 24 State St., N. Y.**

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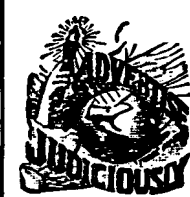
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Phil Armour, of Chicago, says "PIERRE will be the next large city in the Missouri Valley." Population to-day, 5,000, one year ago, 2,500.

A wonderfully fertile country tributary, abundant coal within 60 to 80 miles.

The capital of South Dakota, which in 1888 raised 40,000,000 bushels of wheat and 20,000,000 bushels of corn. A state, too, that in 1870 had 6,000 population and to-day has over One Thousand Sunday schools.

PIERRE is to be to South Dakota, what Omaha is to Nebraska, Denver to Colorado, Detroit to Michigan, etc., that is the commercial and wholesale center.

I guarantee any patron a profit of at least 8 per cent. per annum. I shall be pleased to correspond with parties thinking of making investments. **CHAS. L. HYDE, Pierre, S. Dak.**

REFERENCES—Rev. Dr. Wm. H. Blackburn, Pres., Presby. College, Pierre; Rev. Dr. Jas. C. Jackson, Danville, N. Y.; R. F. Pettigrew, U. S. Senator from South Dakota; B. J. Templeton, Pres. National Bank of Commerce.

SMOKING AND THINKING.

Sitting o-night in my chamber,
A bachelor frigid and lonely,
I kiss the end of my pipestem—
That and that only.

Reveries rise with the smoke-wreaths;
Memories tender surround me,
Girls that are married or buried
Gather around me.

Schoolgirls in pantalets romping;
Girls that have grown to be misses;
Girls that liked to be kissed and
Liked to give kisses.

Kisses—well, well, I remember them!
Those in the corner were fleetest;
Sweet were those "on the sly," those in the
Dark were the sweetest.

Anna was tender and gentle;
To woo was almost to win her;
Her lips were as good as ripe peaches
And milk for dinner.

Nell was a flirt and coquettish,
'Twas catch me and kiss if you can, sir!
Could I catch both—ah! wasn't I
A happy man, sir!

Anna has gone on a mission
Off to the South Sea sinners;
Nell is a widow, keeps boarders and
Cooks her own dinners.

Charlotte and Susan and Hattie,
Mary, Jane, Lucy and Maggie;
Four are married and happy: two,
Maiden and scraggy.

Carrie is dead! Bloom sweetly,
Ye mignonettes, over her rest!
Her I loved dearly and truly,
Last and best.

* * * * *
Thus I sit smoking and thinking,
A bachelor frigid and lonely;
I kiss the end of my pipestem—
That and that only.

LONESOME LEVI.

WHAT IS LOVE?

Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove;
Oh no; it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
taken.
—SHAKESPEARE.

He was only an ordinary white-coated bull-terrier, and he was strolling along peaceably behind his owner's buggy, when the owner dropped a lighted package of fire-crackers almost on his nose. The dog did not scare. He made a dash at the hissing bunch of red-hot noise, got a fair proportion in his mouth and shook it so vigorously that he scattered crackers all around. Some of them exploded in his mouth, while others singed his eyebrows and warmed his usually chilly nose, but he never let go his grip until the last shot was fired. Then he dropped the remains, and with an air of victory, not lessened by his scorched physiognomy, he trotted behind the same old buggy, ready, apparently, to tackle a cargo of the most vicious fireworks.

For pain in the neck and sore throat rub with Salvation Oil, it kills all pain. 25 cts.

• The quickest way to banish a cough is by using Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cts.

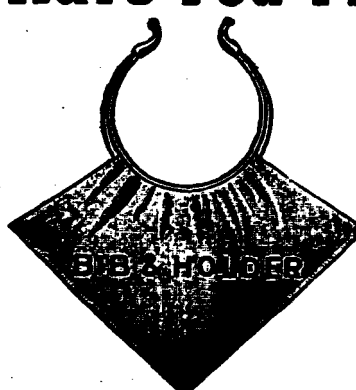
Premature gray whiskers should be colored to prevent the appearance of age, and Buckingham's Dye is by far the best preparation to do it.

Scrofula is a more formidable enemy than either consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. It is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the blood purifier.

BEATTY Pianos (New) \$130. Organs \$35.00.
DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

TACOMA \$100 to \$150 carefully invested here
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Baker's Patent
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Something every child should have to save its clothes from dirt and its mother a great deal of work and trouble. Any napkin can be used as a bib. The holder is finely nickel-plated and will last for years. Agts. wanted. Sample by mail only 25c. Address

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WM. HENRY MAULE,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



become listless, fretful, without energy, thin and weak. But you can fortify them and build them up, by the use of

SCOTT'S
EMULSION
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND
HYPOPHOSPHITES
Of Lime and Soda.

They will take it readily, for it is almost as palatable as milk. And it should be remembered that AS A PREVENTIVE OR CURE OF COUGHS OR COLDS, IN BOTH THE OLD AND YOUNG, IT IS UNEQUALLED. Avoid substitutions offered.

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It is the most instructive periodical in the world for women.

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10 back numbers containing illustrated articles on this subject can be ordered of us for \$2.25, postage paid. This volume gives one a complete physical culture education.

TERRITORY ASSIGNED TO AGENTS OF EXPERIENCE AND WHO COME WELL RECOMMENDED.

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2,000,000 acres splendid bottom, upland, timber, and stock lands. Also the finest fruit and mineral lands on the continent for sale on favorable terms.

PAID HERE! with all they getting get a home in the sunny South where billiards and ice-clad plains are unknown.

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110 Miles Shortest JACKSONVILLE, FLA. to NEW ORLEANS

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It contains a vast amount

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concerning the events of the year 1890.

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ON

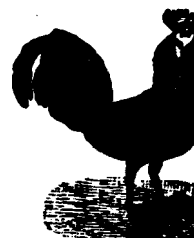
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BY MRS. AMARALA MARTIN.

The author says "As a firefly among the stars, as a ripple on the ocean, I send out this small beacon of hope through the valley of despair."

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For sale, wholesale and retail, by JOHN C. BUNDY, Chicago.



Just published, 32 Articles on Practical Poultry Raising, by FANNY FIELD, the greatest of all American writers on Poultry for Market and POULTRY for PROFIT. Tells how she cleared \$449 on 100 Light Brahmans in one year; about a mechanic's wife who clears \$200 annually on a village lot; refers to her 50 acre poultry farm on which she CLEARS \$1500 ANNUALLY. Tells about incubators, brooders, spring chickens, capons, and how to feed to get the most eggs. Price 25 cts. Stamps taken. Address DANIEL AMERSON, 45 Randolph St., Chicago.

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Tulare County. How an investment of \$50 per acre in three annual installments, spent in the cultivation of the Raisin, Peach, Fig, Apricot, may be made to pay \$100 or more per acre per annum. No more money required. Price of land taken from crops. Water for irrigation free. Statements guaranteed. Highest references. Send stamp for pamphlets to TURNBULL COLONY, 505 Rialto Bldg., Chicago, or 228 1/2 Montgomery-st. S. F.

RAISINS

Now read what ex-Mayor E. B. POND, of San Francisco, writes to Hon. A. J. Moulder, about the Turnbull Colony.

In reply to your letter of inquiry, I would say that I am familiar with the land embraced in the Turnbull Colony, in Tulare County. I have personally tested it, and can say that the soil is of extraordinary fertility, that the tract is within one of the best Artesian Belts in the State.

Very truly yours, E. B. POND.

AN EXPERT'S OPINION.

Mr. J. W. HALL, Superintendent of Barton's Vineyard Co., Fresno, who was in company with Mayor POND when he visited the tract, says:

I cannot but add that in thinking over the various circumstances of my visit to your land in company with Mayor E. B. POND, that you have one of the best schemes now laying out of doors. In my opinion there is no land around Fresno that can compare with it for the raising of grapes and fruit of all kinds, and that a vineyard and orchard there would be longer lived and more prolific than are ours here, (Fresno). J. W. HALL, Fresno.

RESULT: Mr. A. J. MOULDER, formerly Superintendent of Public Instruction of California, then addressed the following letter to the teachers of the San Francisco School Department.

Having full confidence in his (General Turnbull) good faith and ability to make the "Colony" a success, I have become interested to the extent of subscribing for 20 acres, to be planted in raisin grapes.

To persons of moderate means, and especially to those employed on a salary, something more than their absolute needs, this Colony offers the advantages of a Savings Bank. It may compel close economy until the \$50 per acre is paid, but it promises over 100 per cent. per annum on that investment, when the land is paid for, and a property in fee worth \$500 per acre, or \$10,000 for a 20 acre tract.

A. J. MOULDER, 812 Bush Street, San Francisco.

TURNBULL COLONY

Col. JOHN P. IRISH, Editor of the Daily Alta, of San Francisco, and formerly a prominent citizen and Journalist of Iowa, writes to a fellow townsman:

I know General TURNBULL, the promoter of this colony to be a man of position, ability, means and the successful organizer of a number of colonies in Tulare Co., very well. His tract is one of the richest in the state, with abundance of water on the land, and his present scheme is certainly a splendid opportunity for the person of moderate means. You may safely recommend it to all our friends who desire to come to California. JOHN P. IRISH.

Last summer I visited California, and several successful colonies, and am satisfied that the statement contained in the Turnbull Colony pamphlet as to productions of raisin and fruit are absolutely correct, and believe the Colony will faithfully carry out their contracts. A purchaser by this scheme knows exactly when he will get his land.

A. L. THOMAS, of Lord & Thomas, Chicago.

Refer with pleasure to the following gentlemen throughout California, as to our financial standing and ability to faithfully carry out the contract to cultivate these lands as set forth:

SAN FRANCISCO: Ex-Mayor E. B. Pond, Safe Deposit Building, A. N. Towne, Genl. Mgr. Southern Pacific R.R., W. A. Bissell, Genl. Mgr. Atchison & Santa Fe R.R., John Swett, Superintendent of Schools, Geo. Davidson, Cashier Nevada Bank, Lovell White, Cashier S. F. Savings Union, Max Popper, Pres. Mercantile Bank, Col. Jno. P. Irish, Editor S. F. Daily Alta, Sam. Miller, Agt. Yosemite Stage Co., E. P. Peckham, ex-Pres. S. F. Stock Exchange.

LOS ANGELES: ex-Gov. Stoneman

TULARE: J. Goldman, Pres. Tulare Co. Bank, C. G. Lamberson, Dist. Attorney, Visalia.

J. A. Lytle, Supt. Paige & Morton's Vineyard,

FRESNO: J. W. Hall, Supt. Barton Vineyard,

BERKELEY: Rev. Giles A. Easton, Ep'l Clergyman, Prof. Frank Soule, University of California.

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CHICAGO: A. L. Thomas of Lord & Thomas, A. H. Pickering, 505 Rialto Building,

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500,000 vines are at present in the Nursery and the land is now being prepared for planting.

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Parturition without pain.

Edited by M. L. Holbrook, M. D., Editor, Author and Publisher, with an Appendix on the Care of Children, by Dr. C. S. Loxier, late Dean of the New York Medical College, for Women, etc.

The difficulty has been not to find what to say, but to decide what to omit. It is believed that a healthful regimen has been described; a constructive, preparatory and preventive training, rather than a course of remedies, medications and drugs.

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RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

PUBLISHED AT 92 LA SALLE ST., CHICAGO
BY JOHN C. BUNDY

Entered at the Chicago Post-office as Second-class Mail Matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
One Copy, 1 Year, \$2.50
One Copy, 6 Months, 1.25
Single Copies, 5 Cents. Specimen Copy Free.

DISCONTINUANCES.—Subscribers wishing *THE JOURNAL* stopped at the expiration of their subscription should give notice to that effect, otherwise the publisher will consider it their wish to have it continued.

REMITTANCES.—Should be made by Post-office Money Order, Express Company Money Order, Registered Letter, or draft on either Chicago or New York.

Do Not Send Checks on Local Banks

All letters and communications should be addressed, and all remittances made payable to **JOHN C. BUNDY**, Chicago, Ill.

Advertising Rates, 20 cents per Agate line. Reading Notices, 40 cents per line. Lord & Thomas, Advertising Agents, 45 Randolph Street, Chicago. All communications relative to advertising should be addressed to them.

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"WAR! WAR!! WAR!!!"

Our esteemed Boston contemporary is in a state of mind. The old gentlemen who presides over the editorial department is in a fearful perturbation for the ten thousandth time.

The stream of people thronging the alleys overlooked by the *Banner's* sanctum hear a wild unearthly sound which is neither the snort of frightened swine, nor the bleating of a lost lamb, nor yet the puffing of a stalled locomotive but which reminds the astounded hearers of all three.

The red flag has once more met the gaze of the *Banner's* taurus and he paweth the ground and raiseth a mighty dust in his rage thereat and belloweth thus:

WAR AGAINST SPIRITUALISM.

The Spiritualists are increasing so rapidly all over the world that the Orthodox clergy, as well as the Unitarian preachers, are combining to squelch the alleged "heresy." The initiative of the new movement in this direction, we understand, is the issuance of an eight-page pamphlet, as a prospectus, for the formation of a Psychic Investigation Association, to be also composed of disciples of different schools of philosophy, which are expected to cooperate for the alleged scientific investigation of modern Spiritualism.

Taking a short breath he reproduces those characteristic snorts and squeals for which he has become famous. All this noise and dust is caused by the prospectus of the new society for psychical research, the essential parts of which are reproduced in this number of *THE JOURNAL*.

NAL. Is it any wonder that rational men and women in the east who are Spiritualists should desire to unite with sympathetic inquirers in an orderly, methodical investigation of the phenomena? Does such an endeavor appear inimical to Spiritualism, that is to genuine Spiritualism? After witnessing the noisy efforts of the *Banner* bovine to blind the Spiritualist public and retard honest effort, rational Spiritualists will the more readily welcome the new movement. Especially will they do this when they recall the innumerable fakirs whom the *Banner* has endorsed as great mediums, and when in the same paper from which the above quotation is taken there appears a puff for Henry J. Newton's ex-star, Eliza Ann Wells, who is now fooling the feeble minded on the Pacific coast; New York having become too torrid for her since she assisted that prince of pseudo-psychic scientists in his abortive effort to bluff *THE JOURNAL*.

The gentlemen named as prime-movers in the proposed attempt at fresh investigation need no defense of their motives at the hands of *THE JOURNAL*. That the psychical world is not the exclusive property of the *Banner's* cabal goes without saying. Luther Colby with his lieutenants, W. R. Colby, Eliza Ann Wells, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Bliss, Mrs. Cowan, etc., howl and throw dust and impugn the motives of honest men and women, but the dust-clothed screeching will neither scare nor retard anybody.

Here is evidence of the animus of those against whom the *Banner* and its cohort of fakirs and fake defenders inveigh. Rev. Mr. Horton says:

"I am in this organization as a student of facts that are being accumulated very rapidly at the present time. I can't ignore them, and I don't see how any thoughtful man can.

"I am aware, as hundreds of others are who study the signs of the times, that these facts are in existence, results which have been reached by others. I want now to have my share in knowing them at first hand.

"I don't know that I ever attended a séance; I am totally ignorant of spiritual manifestation. But what I do think of Spiritualism is that there is a great deal in its philosophy, so to speak, which is eminently true.

"I feel quite sure that out of psychic facts there is to be ascertained some law or some spiritual principle, clearly substantiated, which will in its total result be of advantage to Christianity or religion. It is easily seen that the material influences of life, all in all, are very strong; materialism in one form or another, as thought or action, invades modern life. A spiritual view of life—using that phrase in an intelligent sense—is desired by all thoughtful people.

"If out of these so-called facts we can get clues whereby a belief in immortality can be strengthened, a nobler tone of life taken on, and a genuine consolation afforded, we ought to try for it.

"I believe that a very large part of the record of Spiritualism is fraud, and I hope a part of the good effected by this organization will be the branding definitely of that portion which is deceit."

No well-poised Spiritualist will take serious exception to Mr. Horton's attitude, and there is no reason to suppose that any minister will cooperate with Messrs. Horton, Allen, Hale and others who is not in sympathy with the central claim of Spiritualism. The kindly and interested attitude of M. J. Savage and Heber Newton is already universally known. It is no surprise, however, that the *Banner* and its following should oppose such an organization; any other course would be inconsistent. Orderly, systematic investigation, relieved of all commercial flavor and in the interests of the public, is the last thing these people want.

We have heard of rumors to the effect that the further exposition of the Richmond-Bangs affair in last week's *JOURNAL* was instigated by Mr. H. H. Graham. Nothing could be falsier. Having freed himself from his entanglements with

the Bangs gang, Graham left the city last November. We did not know his whereabouts and had no communication with him whatever. The article was in type on Saturday the 7th. On the 16th, Mr. Graham called at the office, much to our surprise, and stated that he reached the city on the 11th. It goes without saying that we never allow anybody to use *THE JOURNAL* to advance their personal ends. Once out of the meshes, Graham would no doubt have preferred to never hear of the Richmond-Bangs affair again; but in preserving the integrity of Spiritualism the feelings of people mixed up in such scrapes are of secondary consideration to *THE JOURNAL*. Hence the publication of last week regardless of how it might personally affect Richmond or Graham or the women with whom they were involved in different ways. Before leaving Chicago last fall Graham requested that we let the matter drop. Could we have done so consistently with the interest of Spiritualism we should have complied with his request, but under the circumstances this was impossible.

The Princess Opera House in this city was filled last Sunday evening by an audience that listened to a lecture by B. F. Underwood on "Industrial Condition and Tendencies." He took the ground that decline in governmental interference with personal affairs and increase of voluntary cooperation were both in the order of evolution and are required by the highest interests of mankind. An animated but orderly and courteous discussion followed the lecture.

J. H. Brackett Dover, N. H. writes: I wish to thank you for calling attention to and commendation of Mrs. Eldred, as my experience with her has been quite satisfactory and judging by that I think you are fully warranted in all you have said in her favor." Others have written expressing great satisfaction with Mrs. Eldred's readings.

Upward Steps of Seventy Years, by Giles B. Stebbins. This valuable and interesting work has just been received; it has been delayed in the press—but we are now prepared to fill orders. No library is complete without it. Mr. Stebbins is one of the pioneers in the spiritual movement and this book will be read with great interest. Price \$1.25.

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Dr. Price's Baking Cream Powder

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

DONALD KENNEDY Of Roxbury, Mass., says

My Medical Discovery seldom takes hold of two people alike! Why? Because no two people have the same weak spot. Beginning at the stomach it goes searching through the body for any hidden humor. Nine times out of ten, inward humor makes the weak spot. Perhaps its only a little sediment left on a nerve or in a gland; the Medical Discovery slides it right along, and you find quick happiness from the first bottle. Perhaps its a big sediment or open sore, well settled somewhere, ready to fight. The medical Discovery begins the fight, and you think it pretty hard, but soon you thank me for making something that has reached your weak spot. Write me if you want to know more about it.

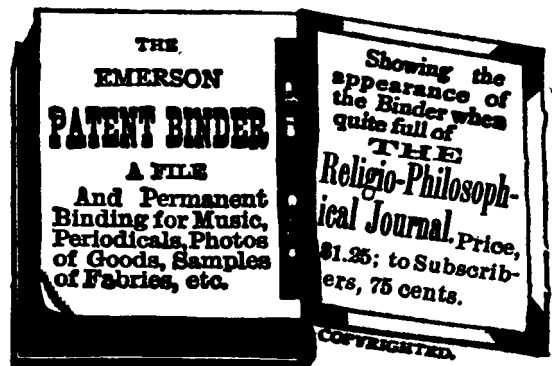
A Planter's Experience.

"My plantation is in a malarial district, where fever and ague prevailed. I employ 150 hands; frequently half of them were sick. I was nearly discouraged when I began the use of

Tutt's Pills

The result was marvellous. My men became strong and hearty, and I have had no further trouble. With these pills, I would not fear to live in any swamp." E. RIVAL, Bayou Sara, La.

Sold Everywhere.
Office, 39 & 41 Park Place, New York.



A Perfect Success.

The Rev. A. Antoine of Refugio, Tex., writes: As far as I am able to judge, I think Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is a perfect success, for any one who suffered from a most painful nervousness as I did. I feel now like myself again after taking the Tonic.

Cured Entirely.

CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 1888.
I, the undersigned, hereby state that my son had epileptic fits over two years but was cured by Pastor Koenig's remedy—entirely. I make this statement out of gratitude.

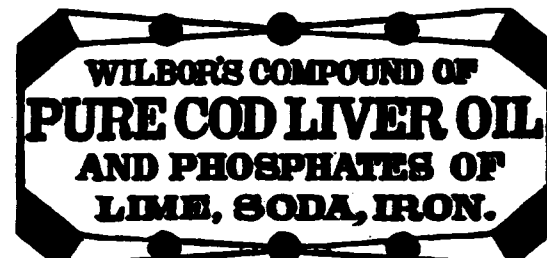
522 Race Street. JOHN NUENLITZ.
The undersigned knowing the above named J. Nuenlitz's family, is fully convinced of the truth of above statement.

P. M. SCHAEFER,
Pastor of St. Francis Church.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KEOING MEDICINE CO.,
50 West Madison, cor. Cass St., CHICAGO, ILL.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
Price \$1 per Bottle. 6 Bottles for \$5.



Almost as palpable as cream. It can be taken with pleasure by delicate persons and children, who, after using it, are very fond of it. It assimilates with the food, increases the flesh and appetite, builds up the nervous system, restores energy to mind and body, creates new, rich and pure blood, in fact, rejuvenates the whole.

FLESH. BLOOD,
NERVE, BRAIN.

This preparation is far superior to all other preparations of Cod Liver Oil. It has many imitations, but no equals. The results following its use are its best recommendations. Be sure as you value your health, to get the genuine. Manufactured only by Dr. ALEX. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

THE RELIGIOUS & PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, FEB. 28, 1891.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 40.

For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

The \$2,400,000 which Baron Hirsch added to the Hirsch fund of \$10,000,000, for helping Hebrew emigrants to become self-supporting and self-respecting citizens of this country, will be invested in productive New York city real estate by the trustees, headed by Mr. Jesse Seligman.

A movement is on foot to establish, in New York, an institution for the treatment of hydrophobia, by the Pasteur process, and diphtheria by the Koch and other methods. It is to be patterned after the Pasteur Institute, in Paris, which has proved a blessing to humanity, and Dr. Paul Gibier, who will be at the head of the New York Bacteriological Institute, was Pasteur's ablest student.

A scheme is on foot in London to turn a large portion of the coal supply from the English provinces into gas, to convey the gas by pipes to the great city, and there regulate it after the manner of natural gas in some American cities. It is estimated that the change from coal to gas for fuel would mean an annual saving to the people of London of \$100,000,000 besides ridding the city of an historic nuisance.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has written an introduction entitled "From Liberty to Bondage," to a collection of essays by various writers, which has just been published under the title "A Plea for Liberty; an Argument Against Socialism and Socialistic Legislation." Mr. Spencer admits the existing evils of our social organization, but girds at the politicians and above all at the Socialists for the methods by which they are endeavoring to correct the evils, and denounces the error which pervades all parties of supposing that the evils admit of immediate and radical remedies, instead of needing gradual removal.

Cardinal Gibbons, in his opening sermon of a series for the Sunday mornings of Lent said: If God permits the angels of darkness to tempt us, He not only permits but commands the angels of light to help us in the path of virtue. As the royal prophet says, "He hath given His angels charge over thee to guard thee in all thy ways, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." I will now assert another proposition connected with the foregoing, namely, that not only do the angels communicate with us, but that we may commune with them in prayer, and that it is profitable for us to invoke the intercession of the spirits of the just made perfect, and this is what we mean by the words of the creed, "I believe in the communion of the saints."

In the death of Prof. Alexander Winchell the Michigan State University has lost one of its ablest teachers, and the country one of its most versatile, brilliant and useful scientific men. Prof. Winchell was a man of broad and progressive views. When Commodore Vanderbilt founded the university at Nashville, Tenn., that bears his name, he determined to give its geological, botanical and zoological departments a well-equipped teacher. Win-

chell was selected, but his belief in evolution and in a pre-Adamite race of men was so offensive to the faculty that he was forced out of his chair on the ground that he held views which were in conflict with the teachings of scripture respecting man's origin and early history and inimical to Christian faith.

News comes of the formation, in Germany, of an organization to oppose the anti-Semitic agitation. Its membership is for the present confined to Christians, but is not to be restricted by sectarian considerations. A call to join the movement, which proposes to combat anti-Semitism in the press and upon the rostrum and to devise measures for the prevention and suppression of anti-Semitic outbreaks, is signed by 500 men, prominent in different walks of life, among them parliamentarians and jurists, the historian Mommsen, the poets Gustav Freitag and Bodensiedt, physicians like Baeumler, von Graefe and Orth, and a number of scientific, clerical and military authorities.

The tendency in German cities is to increase the functions of municipal government. The Berlin city administration is seriously contemplating the idea of going into the business of building tenement and dwelling houses for people who cannot buy homes of their own. Several German cities have for years erected, owned and maintained houses, which were rented to public and even private employes, and, it is said, not alone without injury to public interests, but to the actual advantage of all concerned. The Berlin project is of greater proportions. It contemplates not only the erection and maintenance of dwellings or tenement houses, but also the subsidizing of building societies by placing building ground at their disposal for a mere nominal rental.

According to printed dispatches from Mount Pulaski, Ill., a Rev. Mr. Anxier, who is a faith curist, is making matters lively in that town. He has been preaching and a religious revival conducted by him is in progress. The faith cure craze is said to be especially prevalent among the school children, who go into a trance or burst forth into faith cure hymns during school hours and at other inopportune times. As many as seventeen children have been in a trance at one time. Anxier has been warned to desist from his revival services under penalty of being pelted with unmerchandise eggs. His reply has been to buy three revolvers and announce that under a divine revelation he will shoot any one that molests him. He also announces that his disciples will burn the town if he is interfered with. A mass meeting of the citizens is to be held to deal with the matter.

A remarkable plant has been under discussion at the London rooms of the British Association for the Advancement of Science says the St. Louis, Republic. It was exhibited by Dr. Hooker, who gave the inaugural address as president of the section of biology. The address was upon the subject of "Flesh-eating Plants," in the course of which Dr. Hooker explained and demonstrated by experiment some of the remarkable discoveries of the late Mr. Darwin. Among other botanical rarities he showed a plant called "dionial," the leaves at that moment being wide open.

A fly was captured and put upon one of the leaves. Instantly the plant closed like a thing possessing animal life. After a few moments the plant slowly opened, and disclosed the fact that the fly had been completely dissolved—eaten, as it were. A bit of beef was afterwards consumed in the same way. Pieces of chalk and cheese were instantly rejected by the plant. Professor Huxley, who was present, said that these phenomena formed a wonderful problem, and that the plant certainly had a stomach and a nervous system of its own.

A dispatch from Montreal says that the horrors of the Springhill mines were foretold, that the official report of February 16th, by the underground superintendent, Mr. Swift, said that much uneasiness had been caused among the miners by "old Mrs. Coe," known in the neighborhood as the "Pictou prophetess" foretelling an explosion which was to take place in the Springhill mine. In consequence of the old woman's story and the consequent uneasiness of the men, a committee of the miners themselves were appointed by the company, and, with Manager Cowans at their head, they began an examination of the mines on February 16th. The west mine was examined, and on Tuesday last the north mine was gone through, and the most complete examination made of all seams, drifts, slopes and leadings. Everything was found in good shape, with absolutely no apparent presence of danger. The fears of the miners caused by "Mother Coe" were dispelled by the perfect condition of the mines, except among a very few who stoutly maintained that the old woman never prophesied wrong. The awful fulfillment of her prophecy came five days later, the 21st. The official report of the manager of the mines, which contains Mr. Swift's report, was shown to Senator George A. Drummond, of Montreal, one of the directors of the Springhill mines, on the 22nd.

Mrs. E. G. Asay, one of the two women who are at the Pine Ridge Agency on the day of Wounded Knee battle said recently: The trouble is that there are too many churches around Pine Ridge. It is enough to make any one fight to go to church five or six times a day. Why could they not have let the Indians go on with their dance? It was not different from a great many revival meetings I have seen. I believe General Miles would have let them dance; but General Brooke was entirely to blame. He was altogether too arbitrary. Poor General Forsythe! he could have done nothing more or less than he did. All the officers, even the old Indian fighters, say that. He could not tell the women from the men; they all wear blankets and most of them look just alike. Our house, continued Mrs. Asay, was the rendezvous for the officers and newspaper correspondents. It was there that the little nine months old baby found on the Wounded Knee battlefield was brought, and Colonel L. W. Colby, of the Nebraska militia, who was at the agency and had been collecting Indian curios, said that all he wanted was an Indian papoose, so we gave him that one, and he has named it after my sister and myself, Marguerite Elizabeth Asay Colby. When I asked him what his wife would say, he replied: "Well, she has her hobby, running a woman's rights paper at Washington, and I claim the right to have mine."

THE PSYCHIC INVESTIGATION ASSOCIATION.

The new society now in process of formation for the investigation of Spiritualism, to be known as "The Psychic Investigation Association," is worthy of encouragement by all who are interested in the advancement of truth, whether they be Spiritualists or non-Spiritualists. The object of the association is to go into a thorough, systematic, scientific and impartial inquiry into the whole subject of Spiritualism, with a view to ascertaining what is really genuine in its phenomena and valid in its claims. Not aiming, like the Society for Psychical Research, to include in its investigations all occult phenomena, it will study and test those phenomena which purport to be manifestations of spirits—persons who once lived on this earth. In proportion to belief in the veritable spirit character of these manifestations—upon which many base their expectations of continued life after bodily dissolution—rigid scrutiny of all alleged spirit phenomena should be welcomed and aided by all Spiritualists.

The prospectus of the association says: "It is believed that many species of phenomena, such as slate writing and table tipping, are to such a large extent so strictly physical in character, reducible to motions in time and space, as to bring them clearly within the most conservative lines of scientific observation. The attempt will be made to begin with the simpler phenomena, where test conditions can be most satisfactorily imposed, reserving the more complex species for later treatment. We hope that the value of our work can be increased by following in the footsteps of Prof. Robert Hare and others by using apparatus." Thus the projectors of the new society hope to be able to eliminate the personal equation of mediums, and to examine slate writings, rappings, etc., under conditions as rigid as those under which the astronomer observes celestial phenomena, or the chemist watches the action of acids.

Of course, all who are debasing Spiritualism by the practice of fraud, thereby imposing upon the credulous for the money that their swindling performances bring them, together with those who are indirectly profiting by this fraud, will use their influence to belittle and oppose the movement. Spiritualists who have preceded the projectors of this enterprise—all worthy men—in applying the methods of science to the examination of spirit phenomena know that the closest scrutiny, while it will disclose much that is spurious, will establish beyond doubt phenomena that are genuine and confirm and extend the belief in the agency of spirits. The new society will welcome as members all who are satisfied that there are facts belonging to the domain of Spiritualism which ought to be studied, those who think there may be such facts and those who believe that the word "delusion" explains Spiritualism. What the association wants is the truth. Joining the association commits no member to any statement of fact or theory and the majority and minority reports during the progress of the investigations will be signed by members as individuals, so that no member will be accountable for the opinions of another. The prospectus which has been issued indicates honest desire for the truth at all hazards and an intelligent conception of the methods to be employed. There is work both for the Society for Psychical Research and the Psychic Investigation Association.

Of the seven signers of the call, five are Christian ministers, and none of the signers are known in connection with any branch of science. This has already been urged as inconsistent with the announcement that the object of the association is to make a scientific examination of Spiritualism. Probably the wisdom of giving more prominence to the lay element in the formation of the association and of enlisting men of science in carrying on its work, will be seen by those who have determined to identify themselves with this movement which undertakes to accomplish what THE JOURNAL has advocated and urged for many years. Most significant is the movement as showing deep interest in Spiritualism among thoughtful and cultivated people and a strong conviction that phenomena hitherto ignored generally by popular scientists should

be made the subject of careful and impartial investigation: Those who have already made such investigation have reason to rejoice in the work proposed by the new society.

JUDGE HOLBROOK'S CRITICISM.

Under the head of "Materializations" on another page, Judge Holbrook throws together what he rather inclines to think are his views, but of whose actual status in his own mind he is far from being sure. His normal state seems one of uncertainty, and only when in doubt is he apparently quite natural. As is not unusual with the dissertations of our good friend, there is a haziness about his present contribution that is likely to spread over any comments inspired by it. Let it be understood at once that the editorial Judge H. uses as a peg whereon to hang his tangled net was addressed to Spiritualists, to those already sure of the existence of the Spirit-world, and whom further evidence could make no more certain. We were not discussing clairvoyance, hence the irrelevancy of a part of our critic's remarks. Supposing Judge H. has "full faith" in materialization, "derived from actual observation." What of it? His observations were in all probability not made under such conditions that a statement of them would have the least weight with a critical investigator, nor any value to psychical science; and he made those observations after he became a Spiritualist and when he did not, therefore, need them to convince himself of a Spirit-world. Hence what practical benefit can they be to him or the public? As his opinion of the percentage of fraud in these dark-room cabinet exhibits is not based on data nor any methodical attempt to gather information it may be passed without comment. If Spiritualism rested its claims mainly on full form materialization it would be in a sorry plight; and we say this while affirming that spirits have and can present the phenomenon known under that descriptive title. The best evidence of spirit manifestation, that which has made the best Spiritualists and helped them to progress, is not any form of materialization or physical phenomena, our esteemed correspondent to the contrary notwithstanding. Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, one of the most highly gifted and best known lecturers and mediums said to us some years ago that in her thirty years' experience she had never known a Spiritualist made so through physical phenomena who was not always eagerly demanding "just one more test," and her experience is corroborated by our own.

We were not, in the editorial under consideration, deprecating or denying materialization, as the article itself clearly showed, but only the abominable way in which it is usually offered to the public, and the bad effects of the craze upon those under its influence, and the utter uselessness of the thing, as evidence, in the way it is commonly exhibited. To us it is really a pitiful sight to see a college-bred man, of ripe years and long experience in Spiritualism, "lying in wait," when he should have been up and doing these many years; studiously, accurately and persistently investigating under conditions precluding all possibility of deception and illusion, and doing this not merely to satisfy himself, but intent on securing evidence having scientific value and likely to impress the world. There is altogether too much of the spirit of every-fellow-for-himself in the study of these grave problems; too much loose statement, swift conclusion, and slipshod speculation. We emphatically approve of careful, sympathetic investigation of form materialization,—just as emphatically as we condemn the conventional dark-room spook factory, with all its accessories of deception and debauchery. But the point of our editorial was that among Spiritualists there should "be a revival of real spirituality, a quickening of the finer qualities of the spirit, an aspiration for inward development that shall overflow in acts and deeds which will mark the movement as the world's greatest benefactor in the opening years of the twentieth century." Will Judge Holbrook stand up and say it were better for Spiritualists to "lie in wait" for the traveling ghost show, in the hope of getting more "knowledge," than to bestir themselves to bring about such a revival and quickening? No he will not,

for at heart he desires an orderly presentation of phenomena and a higher spiritual development as much as any man.

"A GOOD NAME AMONG LOVERS OF TRUTH."

The following editorial from the Hartford (Conn.) *Daily Times*, of February 17th, is a good example of the way the secular press regards the work of THE JOURNAL. If Spiritualists expect to win the respectful attention and finally the adhesion of the intelligent and influential classes—influential through their superior ability and character—there is but one course to pursue, to wit: A manly, fearless, truth-loving course, such as THE JOURNAL uncompromisingly stands for. The sooner this is realized and all efforts to condone fraud and folly cease, the sooner will the Spiritualist movement secure the dignity and standing its adherents desire; and the sooner will Spiritualism, the philosophy of life, become a universal solvent of the religious and sociologic problems now vexing the world and hindering its advancement. Here is what the *Times* says:

In its vigorous and unsparing work of exposing the abounding frauds and humbugs masquerading as "spirit mediums," THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, of Chicago, while incurring the execrations of the tricksters, and possibly of some misguided but honest Spiritualists also has earned for itself a good name among all lovers of truth and all who see the need for Spiritualism to root out the big crop of tares in the wheat. Colonel Bundy, the editor, makes pretty thorough work of it, when he once tackles the fraud. His latest job has been a thorough exposure of a delusion which has been much exploited by the subject of it, the Hon. A. B. Richmond, lawyer, of Meadville, Penn. The trouble with Mr. Richmond seems to have been his inability to "own it up," like a man, when once the evidence that he had been humbugged was made sufficient. His persistence in attacking Colonel Bundy has now led that determined knight to thrust his quill-lance clear through his opponent's vitals. This he does with the production of a *fac simile* letter from his victim to the trickster, and the appended confession, by the trickster, that the "manifestation" was a fraud.

That Richmond will serve just as well as a gas generator and supply as satisfactory a quality and quantity of artificial illumination for camp meetings, with his vitals pierced clear through, as he did before is highly probable, but fortunately the grade of intellect and character before which he is hired to exhibit does not represent the standard of American thought. At the rate camp meetings are deteriorating it will not be long ere they will be avoided by intelligent and reputable people. If there is to be a change for the better, it cannot come too soon nor be too radical. If camp managements have not the ability and moral courage to perform their duty, let them give place to others.

PRESENTIMENTS OF TALLEYRAND.

Forty years ago was published "Revelations of the Life of Prince Talleyrand," edited from the papers of the late M. Colmache, private secretary of the prince. Of these presentiments—for so he was pleased to call them—it has been said that they were apparently sudden intuitions which he was wholly unable to explain, but in which he placed so much confidence that he acted upon them to the letter, so says M. Colmache; and never it would seem in vain. They directed him, rightly, and, when in old age, he had gathered around him at Vallensay all that remained of the wit, genius and talent of French society in its better forms, he delighted to recount the instances in which this supernatural influence, like Socrates's daemon, had befriended him. He believed in the reality of this power when he believed in nothing else, and that is the puzzle. The following is related: As the revolution advanced, Talleyrand's safety was endangered, and, like most French patriots, ancient and modern, that was a thing to which he looked carefully. Some papers were found after the sack of the Tuilleries which compromised him; and in '92 he fled to the United States of America, taking up his abode in the city of New York. He was accompanied in his flight by a friend of the name of Baumetz, and in concert with him he resolved to enter into trade. A small

ship was freighted with goods for Calcutta, whither the two exiles had resolved to proceed in search of fortune; and all that was wanted to enable them to put their scheme in execution was a fair wind which, however, the elements refused. In the interval caused by this detention, Talleyrand had one of what he called his presentiments; and to its occult warnings, as he afterwards declared, he owed the immediate preservation of his life, salvation from shipwreck, and that change in his destiny which led to all the future incidents of his eventful career. Disappointment and vexation, preying upon an irritable temper, drove his partner mad. He saw insanity in his look and gestures, and suffering himself to be led by the lunatic to the heights of Brooklyn, which overlooked the harbor, fixed his eyes sternly upon him, exclaiming, at the same time: "Baumetz, you mean to murder me; you intend to throw me from the height into the sea below. Deny it, monster, if you can." Thus apostrophized, the unhappy and conscience-stricken maniac quailed beneath the intensity and sternness of his gaze, confessed that such was his design, the thought like a lurid flash from the lurid fire of hell having haunted him day and night, implored forgiveness, flung himself upon the neck of his meditated victim and burst into tears. The paroxysm passed off and tottering reason resumed its sway. Baumetz was conveyed home and placed under medical treatment, speedily recovered, proceeded on his voyage alone, and was never heard of. "Fate," said Talleyrand, when speaking of this incident in after life, "was at work."

TRIAL OF CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS.

In *Le Temps* of January 28th, appeared a notice of the trial of M. Peruil and his wife for illegal practice of medicine. For two years they have been caring for the sick and treating such patients as have applied to them with faith by laying on of hands according to scriptural directions. M. Peruil thus recites the circumstance which led him and his wife to treat the sick by the method mentioned:

Ten years ago, my wife was very sick; upon the advice of a friend I put her in the hands of a lady Santa, who treated her by the laying on of hands and cured her. Some time afterwards I had hypertrophy of the heart; my wife placed her hand on my heart and I was cured. Three years ago my wife had neuralgic pains in her face. One day while she was holding her head I looked at the top of her head for an instant when all at once she said: "Continue to look at me, it seems to do me good." I continued to do so and her pain disappeared. I was at this time a musician; was second leader under M. Desgranges and was giving lessons on the violin. I was receiving an income of six or seven thousand francs a year. When I had discovered what I could do without running any risk on the part of the sick I abandoned music to care for the sick through looking on them. I have never tried to believe in any supernatural power. I make no such claim. I limit myself to receive and treat the sick who are sent me. I should not have believed that I ought to refuse to treat them when I had so frequently observed the cures of an extraordinary character which I had obtained. I did not have gain for my object. In treating the sick I have always treated equally well those who paid and those who could not do so. Besides I should have been very ill inspired if I had sought any benefit. I was receiving as salary about seven thousand francs in the practice of an art which pleased me. To-day I am not getting the half of it. I have always acted in good faith.

At the bar of the court before which M. and Madame Peruil were arraigned, there was a large number of persons, all women, says *Le Temps*, who testified that they had been under the treatment of the persons accused and had been cured of various diseases. One of them was a lady who stated that she had been cured of St. Vitus dance, and among the other cases in which, according to the testimony, cures had been effected were one of anemia, one of eczema in the face, which had been given up by the doctors, one of crooked spine after the doctors had abandoned the case, one of rheumatism and pains in the stomach, one of fibrous tumor from which the patient had suffered since 1871, one of disease of the spinal column and still another of inflammation of the

bowels. *Le Temps* says: "We should never end if we cited all the cases presented. A single witness criticized the method of the Peruils in the practice of the healing art. He denounced the two empirics because they had refused to give 2000 francs to him as pay for not informing of them to the police for illegal practice of medicine." The tribunal sentenced each to pay a fine of fifteen francs—a mere nominal fine which would seem to indicate that the judge was probably impressed with the honesty and good faith of the accused and with the usefulness of their work.

According to a dispatch, dated February 15th, to the *Globe-Democrat*, an apparition haunts a lonely place on a southern railroad. The story, briefly told, is as follows: The men who run the cannon-ball train from Waveross to Albany have seen strange sights lately, and are somewhat unsettled, as far as their nerves are concerned. The ghost was seen for the first time about a week ago, and is described as being in the form of a woman, rather tall and slender, and arrayed in snowy white. It stands about two miles this side of Waresboro, near the railroad track, and is apparently looking for some one on the train. The engineer says that the woman's countenance is ghastly, and she has been seen to stand on the track waving her arms as if to signal the flying train. On one occasion loud screams were heard as the engine dashed by the white figure. They were piercing shrieks that even the roar and rattle of the wheels could not drown, and which will live long in the memory of the men who heard them. On another occasion the woman remained on the track until the engine was within fifty yards of her. Then, with a wild cry she fled from the track and disappeared in the gloomy woods. Conductor Pierson did not believe the story when it was first related by his engineer, and in order to see the strange sight for himself got in a position to observe it one night recently. He was so thoroughly convinced that he did not get his nerves quieted till he passed Tifton, about sixty miles beyond, and he may ask the company for another run.

A communication from Kansas City to a Chicago daily paper says: On the 18th of January a German named George Friedrichs was found dead in his room at 103 West Thirteenth street, with every evidence that his life had been taken by his own hand. In an adjoining room slept Richard Mayer, a reporter. On the night following the death Mayer went home at 1 o'clock and says he at once went to sleep, not thinking of the suicide. Two hours after he was suddenly awakened by a cold hand being placed on his brow and then gently drawn down over his face. He jumped from his bed and lighted the gas, but he was alone in the room. He convinced himself that he had been dreaming, and went to sleep again. On the next night he went to bed at 12:30, after a long day's work, and almost immediately fell asleep. Again he was awakened just as the city clock tolled the hour of 3, and the same cold hand passed down his face. He lay perfectly still, but not a sound could he hear. Another examination of the room was made, but he was the sole occupant and the door was locked. On the third night he dreaded the experience, but determined to see if the ghostly visitor would come when he was awake. He went home at 2:30, and when the clock struck 3 he was in bed, but wide awake. On the stroke of the hour the cold hand passed over his face and when he grabbed at it his fingers felt nothing. Mayer, at his own request, is now working until after 3 a.m., and says he will continue to do so until he can find a room of which he is the only tenant.

Late one night some years ago a prominent physician, of this city, was aroused from sleep and beseeched by a wretchedly-clad Irishman to accompany him on a professional visit to his family, writes Ambrose Pierce in the *Examiner*. There was evidently no fee in it, but the benevolent physician cheerfully complied, and was piloted to the most miserable part of the city, where, in an environment of indescriba-

ble squalor, he found his patient, the wife of the man who had summoned him. The poor woman was suffering from a terrible contagious disease, and was about to give birth to her first child. Beside the pile of rags upon which she lay was a priest of the Roman Catholic church bravely administering the consolation of religion. What a spectacle for instruction of the cynic! In that place of indigence and stronghold of terror, where one might almost feel the presence of anguish and almost hear the footfalls of death, man's love of man had entered to medicine alike the body and the soul. About that couch of misery was no room for race hatreds and the warfare of creeds. When the poor woman had become a mother, when the physician had prescribed and the priest had prayed, and both were about to withdraw, the priest approached the physician, took his hand, lifted his eyes reverently toward heaven for a moment, then, lowering them, said: "My son, I thank you in the name of the Father." "And I, sorr," said the patient's husband, with a sidelong glance at the new babe, "in the name of the rest o' the family."

Says *Liberty*: "THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, of Chicago, has the reputation of being the most illiberal of the spiritualistic journals, but, judging from a recent experience of mine, it compares very favorably in this respect with the *Banner of Light*. I offered a paid advertisement of Tolstoi's 'Fruits of Culture' to both papers. The advertisement said simply this: 'Every Spiritualist will want to read what Count Tolstoi has to say about Spiritualism in his new book, 'The Fruits of Culture.''" THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL printed it, but the *Banner of Light* rejected it. Evidently the proprietors of the *Banner* are afraid to have their readers become familiar with the anti-spiritualistic view." Does *Liberty* know of any good grounds for the charge of illiberality against THE JOURNAL? It exposes pretension, charlatanry, humbug and fraud, whether they are inside or outside the ranks of Spiritualism. Is this illiberal? "Anti-spiritualistic views" are freely admitted to the columns of THE JOURNAL, but in full confidence that Spiritualism can stand the test of the freest discussion and the strongest opposition. THE JOURNAL is liberal enough to recognize whatever *Liberty* contributes to current thought, even while dissenting from much which appears in that bright but saucy little sheet.

Clara Lanza writes from Washington to a New York paper, of a quaint old Negro, an ancient acquaintance of hers "who," she says, "occasionally shuffles up to various front doors in these parts in search of work, which for some mysterious reason he never performs if he can possibly help it. The other day I came across him at a gate. He looked very mournful. 'Well, Uncle Peter, how are you?' I inquired. 'Lawd, honey,' he responded, lugubriously, 'it a mussy I'm alive, an' dat's a fac.' Pears like I done tuk a pleurisy las' month thet nigh on ter kill me, but the doctah he saved me. He clapped a moughty big blister onter my side, an' what yo' tink happened? Golly! when I tol' yo' yo' won't b'lieve me no mo'n de chile unbo'n. But sho's I'm standin' here he done drewed off a quart o' col' water outen my lungs, an' dat air cured me. An' since then, honey,' he added, as he shambled around to the back door, 'Is'e been a-thinkin' dat de disembutan an' de workin' ob de o'gans ob de human frame is gettin' mo' an' mo' m'rac'lus ebberry day. An' dat's de Lawd's truf.'"

The general assembly of the new State of Idaho sends a memorial to Congress in behalf of the persecuted Russian Jews when the constitution of that state actually disfranchises Mormons for no other reason than that they are Mormons, no discrimination being made between Mormons who are polygamists and those who have never offended against any criminal code. Membership of the church alone is cause for their exclusion from the elective franchise. A state that thus invades religious freedom cannot consistently complain of Russia's treatment of Jews.

FATE.

BY FATIMA.

In olden time if the gods were propitious, to man came honor, riches, pleasure or happiness. To-day fate is our god. When fate smiles happiness results; if she frowns, it is her will and we submit to the inevitable. I have read somewhere of a crowd of idol worshippers becoming enraged because their god neglected to bestow favors upon them. They began beating his wooden majesty with clubs and at last with wild shouts of derision and scorn, cast the senseless image into the flames.

Is it not time that we rise in our might of will and put this god or goddess of fate under our feet. I do not believe that our future is decreed by fate, but that the so-called inevitable may be averted.

In mythology the three fates are supposed to determine the course of human life—"one holding the distaff, a second as spinning and the third as cutting the thread." To-day, we may if we will bid this first goddess to hold the distaff and the second to continue the spinning, while the third may be made to choose for us "the longest way to fate." At least, by a sensible use of will, a "longer way" may often be found.

If mediums sometimes tell the most important events in a man's life, does this argue that the event is known in nature before the prophecy, or does the prophecy cause the event to take place? It cannot be a coincidence—these things happen too often. A man's death is foretold; the man hears his fate. The time comes, he gives up the ship and dies. Another is told that he will soon remove to a distant city and embark in a lucrative business. The man, if he be the least superstitious, begins to look about for the change. His mind, hence everything else, tends that way. The move is made. One part of the prophecy is fulfilled and if he be a shrewd business man the other follows. But alas! this is too seldom the case. If that man's future is marked out and foretold, what is the goddess fate doing to let one part of her scheme be an utter failure.

There was a man who had some gold, but he wanted more. A "big chief" through a medium, sees "heaps of wampum," "white chief must carry rabbit's foot," hang up "horse shoe" and put battery and gold in pocket. Right elements on person; gold is attracted; heaps more come. Medicine man prescribes; man believes; takes medicine; pays wampum one, two, three years. There are heaps of gold, but it goes into the medium's pocket. Medicine man's chief gets the wampum—heaps of it, white chief gets a lesson. The "big heap gold" was a fact, but his getting it was not. Here again fate is at fault, for only half the prophecy is fulfilled. Had the man used more will power and less rabbit foot; more sense and less superstition; some diligent labor or head work and less relying upon fate, he could have prophesied his own heap of gold, and found it too.

Once, among a crowd of Spiritualists, all strangers, a woman said to another, "the medium, Mr. X., gave me a sitting last night. His controls said that I should be left a widow and that I should marry again before I passed over. This same thing has been told me twice before, and I begin to look upon it as my fate." The rest of the conversation was lost in the murmur of the crowd, but the anxious look was noted as of one unsettled and looking about already for her fate. Then came this thought, "Beware, O woman! how you disclose this prophecy to the one over whom hangs the cloud. If he be strong of mind, if the will commands the physical, he is safe. But if he be frail and superstitious he will succumb, and as 'sure as fate' will his death doom be sealed." No doubt the poor fellow has crossed the dark river and from the other side of life is beholding the joy of the two whom fate united.

A medium prophesied that a certain prominent

physician would die before the end of the year. He did not know that his fate was sealed, at least I think he did not. Time passed, and he removed with his family to a distant city. Soon the news came back that Dr. S. was sick unto death, given up to die. While we read these words we said, "He is already dead and buried, for these lines were written four days ago." Then those who had heard the prophecy, which by the way was given from a public rostrum, remembered the prediction and wondered over the graveness of the affair; and this prophet who had generally failed to give satisfaction, was set down at once as a wonderful medium, one who could tell the future. A week rolled by and word came over the wires that Dr. S. still lived and would pull through. A brother and physician had gone to his relief. The brother's will said "you shall not die," and he lives to-day, a robust and useful man, in utter contradiction of his own so-called fate. "That force, against which strong arms are needful, was overcome by the will and love of a brother who dared to say 'thy time hast not come—thou shalt not die.'" Had they folded their arms and waited for fate to do its dread work, the prophecy would indeed have been fulfilled.

Again, a woman is in feeble health; loving care has battled down the evil force for a number of years and now she seems on the way to recovery. The husband has a sitting with a medium; it is private, and he is told that before a certain date two years hence, "your wife will die. Do not be cast down, it is your fate, and in a few years you meet a dark-eyed woman whom you will marry. Your life with her will be very happy." The husband goes his way, but ever and anon he sees, away in the future, so far away of course that it scarcely seems in connection with his own household, a mound o'er grown with grass and a monument with the inscription—but no, he will not read, for the dark-eyed woman steps between and he wonders who and what will be his fate. And perchance, if sometime he is far away from his home and finds a gushing, dark-eyed creature ever at his side, saying pretty nothings, or maybe some lonely soul who wins his sympathy, the thought that was born of the prophecy comes uppermost and his heart asks, "is it she?" He begins to long for just one little peep behind the curtain of futurity that shuts from view his fate. But the goddess has not yet cut the thread that binds him to the fragile life—the wife who still has the obstinacy to preside over his house. Indeed, a new lease of life seems given her as day by day she steadily improves. The months roll by until the two years have passed, and the husband has all but forgotten his fate, the medium, and perhaps the dark-eyed woman too. At last, the wife with a proud display of command, even dismisses her "help" for a time, that she "may see" as she says, "how it seems to be queen once more of my own realm."

A month follows and as the time for the fulfillment of the prophecy draws nigh, the woman is stricken with that almost fatal enemy to weak systems, "la grippe"; and when the victims among the constitutionally weak continue to be numbered as day after day goes by and his wife no better, is it any wonder that the husband loses control of his will; for the prophecy, almost forgotten comes to his mind and fear fills his soul. He believes that the medium saw truly and that fate, the inevitable, is about to happen. But the wife does not know of this, and the prophetic thought cannot reach her only through the husband. He tries by will and with magnetic power to keep her here. And though every thought is mingled with a fear, which hinders more than he may know in the treatment of the sick, his love and sympathy, with her own strong will and clinging to life have won the victory and the dread day has gone by. She has passed the breakers, not knowing of the giant rock that lay in her way and which she passed in spite of fate. Two weeks later, when the husband thinks the danger all past, he laughingly says, "I am going to tell you something, now the danger is over. It was predicted that you would die before the first of this month, and of course I was badly frightened when you were taken down just at that time. He repeats to her the whole prophecy not omitting the dark-eyed woman

and adds: "I never told you, for I do not like the effect of such things on the mind. But what is the matter? are you faint? and flying to her side he chafes the cold hands and feet and administers a stimulant as soon as possible. After a little she gasps, "O, why did you tell me now? the shock of knowing that such a cloud has been hanging over me for two years, I believe will kill me yet." It took months to eradicate the prophetic thought from her mind and lift her out of the despondency which his gloomy revelation had thrown over her. The husband saw the mistake and did what he could to make amends. To have the story most effective, perhaps I should let the prediction prove true and translate the wife to that life where prophets cease from troubling and invalids are at rest, but as truth is what we are after I must state that she still lives after a hard fought battle and is again on the road to health.

These are only a few of the many instances of a like nature which have come under my observation, and I have this to say, that while mind has so much to do with keeping the physical in health, if prophecies of death must be made, never let the thought reach the one of whom it is predicted. I want no prophecies of my death and denounce the murderous custom of telling, as a duty to the dying, that their last hour has come. Get up from your knees, and instead of committing the soul to God, work while you pray and let your prayers be silent. Never give up while life lasts but work with a will, with mind, soul and strength, and many a loved one may be snatched from a premature grave. Beware of the prophecy that kills or that leads you into channels which your own better judgment would not approve. We may not entirely rule our lives and surroundings, but all may battle against the evil in the world and by a judicious use of the will, may shape their lives for good and not for ill. Let us choose at least "the longest way to fate."

VOTING QUALIFICATIONS.

BY J. B. CONE.

In reading to-day, in your issue of February 7th, an account of "a meeting of prominent ladies and gentlemen at the residence of the editor of THE JOURNAL . . . to talk over the matter of woman suffrage" I noticed that one of the participants advocated the educational test at the ballot box; and then, in a paragraph relating to the late meeting of the National Farmers' Alliance, at Omaha, President Powers is reported as favoring the "taking of the franchise from the ignorant and vicious and giving it to women."

As to the matter of an educational test, or taking the franchise from the ignorant and the vicious, it reminds one of one of Pope's caustic reminders to the self-righteous, viz.:

"None but the good are entitled to God's peculiar care; But who but God can tell us who these good are?"

When we resort to this test who is it that is to tell us who is educated and who is not? or who these ignorant and vicious are?

There is one challenge that I am willing, and not only willing but desirous, to see made at the ballot box, and that relates to the question of a man's having faithfully performed such public service as the government may require of men like himself. If he has done this—paid his taxes, worked the road, done jury service and otherwise performed the functions of a citizen—it matters not whether he has a penny in the world, or knows a letter in the book; he should not be deprived of any of the privileges of a free American citizen. "It is only required of stewards that they be faithful."

I should be more than glad to see every man and woman in the land so enlightened as to be able always to vote understandingly; but I repeat the question as entirely pertinent, who is to decide this question? I know men who are comparatively illiterate, and yet they have very correct general views as to a right governmental policy, while others, who consider themselves educated, are as ignorant of such matters as the untutored African. I am a woman-suffragist in every fibre of my being, am therefore liable to be confronted with the stale but oft repeated thought

shown in "I don't want my wife and daughters forced to crowd their way to the ballot box through a motley crowd of ruffians, that often amounts to a howling mob, just for the right to vote." To this I have replied: "Neither do I want my wife and daughters subjected to such humiliation. I do not want them forced to vote even; neither do I propose to submit to any such exaction on my own part; I do not propose to be forced to vote. I am proud of the privilege of voting when I see proper to do so; and I want my wife and daughters—whom I regard as my peers, intellectually and morally—to enjoy the same privilege; and I desire to see them exercise it in a manner calculated to so improve the conditions where this right is or should be vouchsafed to every person of lawful age, male or female, who performs the part of a good, law-abiding citizen, so that those assembled there will not constitute 'a motley crowd of ruffians or a howling mob,' as is often the case now to that extent that a police force is required to maintain order."

There is no spot on earth that should be held any more sacred or hallowed than the place where is the American ballot box, which is the talisman of American liberty. Therefore it should be jealously guarded that it be not corrupted in any way or by any means. And I know of no influence on earth that can so effectually do this as that of the presence of an elevated womanhood.

GONZALES, TEX.

MYTHS.—I.

BY M. C. C. CHURCH.

In this and the following papers on myths the writer has used the expression, "oracle" and "incarnation," as forming the key for unlocking the mysteries of all the world-religions. These words are synonymous in the sense in which I use them. To one who can appreciate their meaning the world-movement is in cyclic periods, each period embracing an idea or pivotal truth. The one life current concentrates itself as a rounded out expression revealed in "oracle" and embodying itself it may be in some great composite man or men who live this truth in actuality; Brahma, Vishnu, Krishna, Buddha and Christ, if they ever had an existence, are examples. The manifestation is always diverse in its expression; but the One Supreme Life is the substance of each and all of these incarnating epochs. The one truth is in adaptation to man's necessities, ever unfolding its composite expression. Revelation or oracle, fixes this truth in written form and comes as new cycles open, embracing divine and human experience. Revelation, reason, intuition and experience are the four factors which enter into the intellectual outcome of the race; and through these man gains all of his knowledge whether divine, angelic or human.

Spiritualism in its true meaning, derived from its facts, is the only term covering a field where the inductive method can prove itself to be a true method. In the domain of nature, without metaphysics, its claims are misleading, always requiring re-adjustment, and never positive in generalized results. This for the simple reason that the facts of nature are never comprehended in their entirety. We never get to the end of these facts. She is ever unfolding new facts and thus ever eluding our fine-spun theories. Like her namesake of old—Maya—she is ever an "illusion."

Spiritualism is the grouping of the facts of comparative religion. Wonderful progress has been made in this science during the last fifty years. Under the investigations of Max Mueller, Boswick, Bunsen, Colenso, Cary, Darwin, Fisk, Higgins, Lundy, Taylor, Williams and others, the world is treated to nearly all that antiquity has in store for the modern world.

The writers I have named have in one form or another agreed upon the following facts as being comprised in more or less distinctness as underlying every world-religion. To one who has "read up" on these religions it is marvelous how they fully agree in all essential particulars.

The miraculous birth; song of the heavenly host; recognition of the divine child by the wise men of the east; slaughter of the innocents; the genealogy; temp-

tation; crucifixion; darkness after the crucifixion; "decent into hell"; resurrection and ascension; miracles; baptism; eucharist; worship of the virgin; the trinity; in fact nearly everything ascribed to the founder of Christianity is ascribed to all the other "incarnations." This is particularly the case with Buddha and Krishna. Buddha's record is identical in almost every particular with that of Jesus Christ as recorded in the New Testament narratives. Now what does this general array of facts prove? Why simply this; that there has been but one religion and that the God of this religion, through the Word dwelling in humanity as the Christ, has periodically manifested Himself in special avatars to reclaim his wayward children when they have fallen away from his life; and himself being unchangeably the same, has assumed the same characteristics and features when he has thus appeared among men. Instead of these facts militating against the verity of the Christian religion they prove its truth. They prove that there is one God, one Christ, one humanity in whom he dwells, and that in him man has an immortal hope, and that Spiritualism is the one all-comprehensive term which covers all the religious facts of history.

There is repositing in every human soul a Christ seed—the "seed of the woman," the divine Sophia—which grows like any other seed by the nurturing light in the heavens of man's nature. As it grows it puts on trunk, branches, leaves, flowers and fruitage as a God-man. In this sense and in no other have we evolution in religion. Man changes; but God, never. In his dealings with the race he is governed by one only law, the law of his own life.

The bringing to the world this fact is Spiritualism's highest gift to the race. The religions of antiquity were caste religions, nature religions, outward formal religions. Christianity, as it has come to our modern life, is no better. Spiritualism is democratic. It is spiritual, addressing the inner man. Instead of exceptional God-men appearing after long lapses of time, we now have the knowledge of how each human soul can have a birth in God that reveals him inwardly to the soul. Go to nature; go to Palestine or Judea; go to India, Greece or Egypt; but go to your soul if you want to know God as he is in fullness!

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

EXPERIENCES OF LORENZO DOW.

BY K. E. ALEXANDER.

Many old people now living remember the strange stories and superstitions connected with Lorenzo Dow. I will leave out all these and speak of his dreams, visions and premonitions, as he gave them in his journal as they happened, for the benefit of those who never read or heard of these experiences.

Lorenzo Dow was an eccentric Methodist preacher, one, however, who could not be disciplined or kept in subjection by his superiors. The personal influence of his friends was of no effect. He went according to impulses and impressions. He was born at Coventry, Conn., in 1777, and began preaching at the age of eighteen. He went with great celerity from place to place. He says that he traveled from seven to ten thousand miles a year, that in ten weeks he travelled fifteen hundred miles and preached one hundred and eighty-four times. He states that he went from Saturday until Monday without food, and walked long distances every day. He journeyed through all the States and Canada, and made two voyages to England and Ireland. His physical and mental activity was intense. He was a sickly man, too. "When near four years old, while at play," he writes, "I suddenly fell into a muse about God and heaven and hell, about which I had heard so much." Religion as it was presented then and there dominated his whole career in life. He says: "Past the age of thirteen years, in 1791, about the time of the death of John Wesley, it pleased God to awaken my mind by a dream of the night, which was that an old man, with a staff in his hand, came to me at midday and said to me, 'Do you ever pray?' I told him 'No.' Said he: 'You must.'" The old man goes away and returns, asks the same question, gets the same answer, and then takes Lor-

enzo above the sky in a whirlwind. There he sees heaven and hell. He is told to go to earth and to be faithful and he should go to heaven in the end. He dreamed, too, that he saw the prophet Nathan, and asked him how long he would live. The prophet replied until he was twenty-two. Now he contemplated suicide, so great was his misery on account of sin, but a happy conversion ensued and he felt a call to preach, in fact dreamed that John Wesley appeared to him and said that God had called him to preach, and pronounced the usual woe if he did not. All this made a powerful impression upon his mind.

After much dispute and bickering with the ministers, who tried but to little purpose to instruct and guide him, he was fairly launched on his career as a preacher. He received another visitation from John Wesley, had dreams of hell and devils who assaulted him and tried to carry him off to hell. "This evening," he writes, "I preached at Greenwich Court House, as I once dreamed, and the assembly and place looked familiar to me." And again, "I went from Halifax to Guilford, and on entering a chamber where the people were assembled, it appeared natural to me, as though I had seen it before, and brought a dream to my remembrance, and it so overcame me that I trembled and was obliged to retire for some moments." Of his first visit to Augusta, Ga., the place, the assembly and all were just as he had dreamed of seeing them four times. A few evenings before arriving at Belcher, he dreamed that a minister reproved him harshly while he was preaching in that place, and it was fulfilled. A Baptist and a Presbyterian minister there accused him in meeting of preaching false doctrine. Dow says: "While preaching I feel happy, but as soon as I am done I feel such horror (without guilt) by the buffetings of Satan that I am ready to sink like a drowning man, and sometimes to that degree that I have to hold my tongue between my teeth to keep from uttering blasphemous expressions."

He relates that one evening when he had dismissed the assembly, he saw a man to whom his mind was impressed to go, and before he was aware of it he was breaking through the crowd to reach him. He found in this man one whom he could influence on religious matters. Of one matter he says: "I did not know how to accomplish it until I fell asleep, when I dreamed how and where I could get it (money to venture some publishing). I observed the dream to brother P., who remarked 'that a dream is a dream.' However, I followed the dream and succeeded." Awakened by a singular dream that he had disappointed the people at some place, he arose, aroused the family at one o'clock and started to meet his appointment. He overtook people who were going to the meeting, and found the distance was nine miles further than he had supposed it to be.

He observes: "When I feel an uncommon impression to do such and such things, if I resist, it brings a burden, and when I cherish it, it brings love and prosperity." Referring to a friend, he says: "He strove to persuade me to accept from him a razor, which something within had prevented me from using and forbids me still." Then he notes the sudden ejaculation of a minister at the beginning of a meeting, where the prospect of converting any was about hopeless, who said, "Twenty will be converted," and says just twenty were added to the fold there.

Again, "In the night I was seized with an inward impulse to set off on the Washington road (my things not being arrived up the river) so that my sleep departed. As there was a storm coming up, I rejected the impulse, but it returned with double force, and for the sake of peace of mind I set off, but what I was after I could not tell, and when turning it over in my mind I seemed like a fool to myself. After traveling ten miles, an old man, who was riding very fast, stopped of a sudden as he met me and said: 'Young man, are you traveling?' I answered 'Yes.' He proved to be a Baptist preacher, whose wife was a Methodist." The narrative goes on to relate that Dow went home with him, and together they organized a very successful campaign against the devil in that region. Being sick, he develops the faith cure.

He reasons that spirit may act on spirit as well as matter on matter.

In regard to the "jerks," he writes: "There commenced a trembling among the wicked. One and a second and a third fell from their seats. I think for eleven hours there was no cessation of the loud cries. No business could be done during that quarterly meeting, on account of the excitement. . . . Of the people, some who were standing and sitting, fell like men shot on the field of battle, and I felt it like a tremor to run through my soul and veins so that it took away my limb power so that I fell to the floor, and by faith saw a greater blessing than I had hitherto experienced." At another place he says: "After taking a cup of tea, I began to speak to a vast audience, and I observed about thirty to have the jerks, though they strove to keep still as they could. These emotions were involuntary and irresistible, as any unprejudiced mind might see. . . . I spoke at Marysville, to an audience of about fifteen hundred. Many appeared to feel the word, but about fifty felt the jerks. On Sunday, at Knoxville, two hundred more than could get in the court house, the Governor being present, about one hundred and fifty having the jerking exercise, among them a circuit preacher, Johnson, who had opposed them a little while before. Camp meeting commenced at Liberty. Here I saw the jerks, and some danced. The people are taken with jerking irresistibly, and if they strive to resist it, it worries them more than hard work. Their eyes, when dancing, seem to be fixed upwards, as if upon an invisible object, and they are lost to all below. . . . I passed by a meeting house where I observed the undergrowth had been cut down for a camp meeting, and from fifty to one hundred saplings left breast high, which appeared to me so slovenish that I could not but ask my guide the cause, who observed they were topped so high and left for the people to jerk by. This so excited my attention that I went over the ground to view it, and found where the people had laid hold of them and jerked so powerfully that they kicked up the earth as a horse stamping flies. Persecutors are more subject to the jerks than others, and they have cursed and swore and damned it while jerking." Then he says: "I have seen Presbyterians, Methodists, Quakers, Baptists, Church of England and Independents, exercised with the jerks—gentlemen and ladies, black and white, rich and poor—without exception. Those naturalists who wish to get it, to philosophize upon it, and the most godly are excepted from the jerks. The wicked are more afraid of it than of the small pox or yellow fever."

On the subject of impression, he says: "I had sent on a chain of appointments through Upper Canada, from Montreal to the falls of Niagara, thence to Philadelphia; but when at Hyde Park I felt, while preaching, a secret conviction or impulse that my appointments were not given out, and that I must return to Western. Thrice it ran through my mind. I rejected it twice, but, perceiving a cloud or depression beginning to come over my mind, I yielded, and taking the left-hand road went to Stowe. Getting back to Western I saw Timothy Dewey, who informed me that he had seen the Canadian preachers, and my appointments were not given out, so that if I had gone I must have lost one thousand miles travel."

Once he dreamed that a rat came out of a dark place and fastened on his finger and began sucking his blood, which he in vain endeavored to shake off. In his effort he came near springing out of bed. The next day there came a swindler and ingeniously duped him out of thirty-eight dollars, which he desired never to be reimbursed.

He was in Ireland when the time appointed by the prophet Nathan for him to die—at the end of twenty-two years—drew nigh. He had a dream like this: "Thus I fell asleep and dreamed that I died and was buried under a hearth; the lid of the coffin composed a part of the hearth and was marble. My father, coming into the room, said, 'What is there?' One replied, 'Your son lies there.' He then pulled off the lid, and behold it was truth; and I stood and looked at my body, and behold it began to putrify and moulder. I was then a mystery to myself—to see my

body in one place and I standing in another. I began to feel to see if I was flesh, when a voice seemed to answer, 'I will explain the mystery to you. If you had tarried in America, you would have died as the prophet predicted, and your body would have been mouldering as you see it here; but now you are preserved for future usefulness.' I waked up with the queries gone." The lesson conveyed is that the intelligences that appear to have our destinies in their keeping may alter and commute a sentence as easily as an earthly judge.

Dow lived to be nearly fifty. He was consumptive from an early age, yet he tells of speaking four hours at a time. For seven years he preached in a recumbent position, unable to stand long at a time. He tells of strange convulsions which he experienced. To the student of mental and physical science, he is a curious subject. To those who believe in the control of one mind over another, either in the body or out, might see in Dow's case something to consider. While Dow was in England, he had an interview with Dr. Adam Clark, and tried to present the phenomena of "jerks" to him. Clark told him he thought them very easily accounted for on natural principles. Don't we wish he had explained them. I believe Lorenzo Dow a truthful man.

ARE WE PROVING THE QUESTION OF A LIFE HEREAFTER?

By R. W. SHUFELDT.

[CONCLUDED.]

The so-called "mediums" and the practice of mediumship present us with many phases of interesting phenomena which properly fall within the sphere of investigation for psychic researchers, but the present writer has come to believe that in so far as people of this class have the power of communicating in any way by their usually adopted methods with "the spirits" of those departed this life, there is not even the semblance of truth in it. This is merely my firm belief and conviction and with its simple statement I dismiss its consideration here as not coming within the title of the subject of this paper. Further, it has never been my good fortune to have been so near a veridical phantom as to satisfy myself of its presence through the sense of touch, much less has the opportunity ever been afforded me to examine, microscopically, any such thing as detached portions of either the phantom or any part of its clothing. This matter of the spiritization of such purely material things as clothing, jewelry, and the like, has always been a riddle to me. In the vast majority of accounts that come to us of the appearance of veridical phantoms, they are accompanied by the descriptions of the clothing they wore; and, in some instances where persons have died from the results of an amputation or other large loss of some part of their bodies, their phantoms are represented as having these parts restored, and are in other particulars perfectly formed. Formerly, I thought perhaps I might gain some information upon these points from the account of the veridical phantom(?) of Jesus Christ as given by His apostles, but I found their several accounts so conflicting and untrustworthy that they brought me no assistance in the matter. To be of any value, or rather to be of especial value, the evidence of the appearance of a veridical phantom should come from two or more perfectly reliable witnesses who personally saw it;—and this evidence is rendered still stronger if first one witness sees the phantom and then another enters and sees it likewise, and subsequently the accounts of what they saw exactly tally. For instance, take such a case as the following, a hypothetical one, which will stand for many actual ones that have occurred more or less like it:—a family is composed of a grown daughter and her mother, the father of the family having been dead many years. Staying with them is another man and his wife who never knew or saw the father. All have retired for the night, the daughter and mother occupy different rooms across the hall; the man and wife who are visiting them are on the floor above.

Early in the night the daughter is awakened, but has not been dreaming; she sees what she takes to be her father in the room; speaks to it,—but gets no reply,—without excitement, she calls, "Mother, mother," and her mother awaking steps across the hall into her daughter's room, but instead of inquiring into the fact of her being called at that time of night, is powerfully agitated by being confronted by what she takes to be the form of her husband in the room. Her cry brings her visitors from upstairs to her side, and they likewise see the cause of her agitation, and the phantom now disappears. Should the subsequent accounts of these four persons of this phantom they saw, agree in all essential particulars, valuable testimony upon the existence of such things as veridical phantoms has been obtained. More than this, for it increases the suspicion that there is something within us that survives the death for the body, and, as the person had been dead a long time, it points to a life hereafter.

In this one direction, this is the kind of evidence that the Society for Psychical Research has made its business to collect, sift, and digest. A great deal of it, and of varied character has come to hand and has been most carefully utilized. There are thousands upon thousands of families in the world whose histories have such experiences attached to them. And the collecting of these experiences and the evidence upon which they rest is an arduous task indeed, and requires the constant application of a person or persons especially fitted for it.

It may be that a case of the appearance of a veridical phantom has occurred in an old, aristocratic family of high standing and great wealth, and they hold the fact as one too sacred to be lightly spoken of, or ruthlessly examined into for scientific purposes; in another case the witnesses may be widely separated, or difficult of access, or dead. In other cases the examination of the place where the phantom appeared may afford the difficulty, or it may have appeared to a person or persons of great ignorance and unable to state correctly what they saw. The very circumstances attending a case may be of such a nature as to offer the greatest barrier to its proper investigation, and the reader may easily conceive of some of these. Then it takes a well-trained, philosophic and logical mind to properly sift and collate all this evidence, for there is the constant danger of some of it going toward proving too much, while in the case of unimpeachable testimony in such matters due weight must be given. We cannot get too much testimony in the premises, and in all quarters of the world people should be encouraged to submit it to our secretaries. Of its high import there can be no question, and Mr. Myers has said upon this point: "I must insist again upon the deep importance of the amount and the quality of the records sent to us. The urgent question is not how our evidence is to be interpreted in detail, but whether or no it is to be set aside altogether. Human testimony is on its trial. It remains, that is to say, to be seen whether science can accord to honest testimony (of a kind which can rarely be confirmed by direct experiment) a confidence sufficient to bear the strain put upon it by the marvellous matters for which that testimony vouches. I believe that the veracity, the accuracy of our informants, taken *en masse*, will ultimately support that strain, and that the world will be convinced of veridical apparitions as the world has been convinced of meteorites."

"Meteorites,—those other invaders from the unseen,—were until lately quite as scornfully rejected; and naturally rejected, so long as the evidence for phenomena so marvellous rested on antique tradition and peasants' tales. Then came a moment,—like the moment which our inquiry is traversing now,—at which inquiring men who had actually spoken with the peasants and seen the fragments believed that stones had fallen. And then suddenly the fall of meteorites was accepted as a natural phenomenon, an almost inexplicable but a quite undeniable fact. In recent papers I have endeavored to exhibit—so to say—some specimens of meteoric dust. In the present paper I must try to show the hollowness of the negative assumption which for this inquiry corresponds to Lavoisier's famous dictum, 'There are no stones in the air; there-

fore none can fall upon the earth." (*loc. cit.* pp. 315, 316).

Yes, but in the case of the meteorites we had the stones; and, tersely putting it, science in demonstrating the law of organic evolution, had among a great many other things, the bones. When sufficient unquestionable evidence has been collated upon which to base a theory, and as time goes by, if all the subsequently collected facts of the same character are seen to be in entire accordance with this theory, then by the laws of inductive logic the case may be considered proven.

The laws of gravitation and the Copernican hypothesis of the motions of the planetary system are considered to be established, and they are rested upon foundations built up by precisely similar methods. May we not more properly regard the growth of psychics in some such light as this? For many years past the writer has remained a confirmed agnostic in the matter of future existence for men, but this quite in contradistinction to what my hopes in that direction have been meanwhile. And, are we now in a position to ask the question are we proving the existence of a life hereafter? Among our American members we meet with such names as G. K. Gilbert, the geologist; Professor S. P. Langley, secretary of the Smithsonian Institute; Professor Simon Newcomb the astronomer; Professors Samuel H. Scudder and C. V. Riley, entomologists, Raphael Pumpelly, C. D. Cope, C. B. Cory and many others of wide scientific reputation. Several of these have publicly expressed themselves as being highly skeptical in the premises, and it would be interesting to know what their present opinions may be in the light of the testimony now accumulating on our hands. The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone is likewise a member, and can Mr. Gladstone reconcile this testimony with his own expressed views that have appeared in so many places.

A CHARMING BOOK.*

By REV. J. H. CROOKER.

If good books there are many kinds, the outcome of different life experiences and therefore fitted to serve us in different seasons. There are books which instruct us, and these are valuable, for we need wisdom. There are books which amuse us, and these are good, for it is well to light up our daily task with gladness and laughter. There are books which inspire us,—books like Emerson's "Essays" and Morley's "Compromise," and these are precious, for we need the tonic which is imparted by contact with such noble souls. But there are also books which charm us,—writings which give a new climate to the soul, and these we number among our beloved friends, for they give us more than truth and smiles and discipline; they ripen our nature toward a new spirituality by the atmosphere that they afford.

Mr. Stebbins has given us a book which belongs to this last class of rare but helpful writings,—a book which makes an impression upon us similar to the influence of a perfect day in June. As we read, we find ourselves carried away to a new spiritual climate, where the genial warmth of sunshine never passes to oppressive heat and where no chill of doubt lingers in the winds of thought that play about the varied topics of modern life. It is a thoughtful book, and yet it does something more than suggest ideas; it penetrates our thoughts with an indescribable serenity of the spirit. It is an instructive book, and yet it does more than simply impart information; it gives a new quality and direction to the aspirations which guide the uses of our knowledge.

In this life experience, here narrated in pure and simple language with many a beautiful sentence woven into its pages, we are taken back to the plain but sturdy life of western Massachusetts during the early decades of this century. And how primitive and far away it seems. Take, for example, the description of the visit of the minister to the school: "When that grave old clergyman entered the door, the hum of the school-room gave place to a hushed silence. No roguish glance or merry flash from any bright eyes of boy or girl; no whittling or snapping of 'spit balls' or

faintest whisper; no twisting about on the hard benches, but all sat upright and still, intent on their books or stealing awe-struck glances at the minister. When he left the cherry hum sprang up with new life, the joy of childhood and youth flashed out again like sunshine breaking through a cold, gray cloud." Surely religion has changed since those days, but it has gained more than it has lost. And still, we shall all approve the plea with which Mr. Stebbins closes his description of another custom of the olden time: "When we were out at play and a stranger passed in his wagon, the boys would all join hands and bow, while the girls linked together and dropped a courtesy,—all recognized by the traveler with a smile and a nod. The audacity of young America in our days might be toned down by some of these old customs."

This book is full of quaint and interesting reminiscences of New England life as it was nearly a century ago. But the tale is told in no bitter spirit; it is rather with reverent appreciation that these memories are recalled; and yet, the writer makes us share his feeling that the new time is better than the old. Mr. Stebbins also appreciates the ludicrous side of the life at that time, and he has preserved many curious illustrations of the narrowness of prejudice and the density of superstition. How archaic is this: "Those were poor days for girls. Near us lived a man—a pillar in the church, good after his measure—who said: 'To read and write and cypher as far as the rule of three, is enough for gals', and the deacon only spoke what many thought. But four miles from where that man lived who summed up what 'gals' should know, stands the Smith College for women, in Northampton, endowed with a half a million dollars by a woman of his own town." Very amusing is the story of the Hatfield farmer, whose hat was knocked off by the minister in a rage of anger because the farmer would not salute him in the usual manner, and who took this way to decide where he should move. "When that priest knocked my hat off, I thought I would set up my ox-gad and see which way it would fall, and move that way; and I've found a place where I don't have to take off my hat to the priest."

Probably the most valuable part of this book is that which brings us into touch with the leaders of the anti-slavery movement. Mr. Stebbins was a soldier who did noble service in that campaign against organized villainy; and he is able, as he does, to speak with freshness about a group of persons who will live among the noblest memories of America. His pages are here of decided historical value, for as an eye-witness he gives valuable evidence, while he tells much that is new about those of whom we never tire to learn. In these chapters, we see Theodore Parker in the might of his noble manhood; we see Wendell Phillips with that eloquence which bore all before it; we see Frederick Douglass who arose to eminence by the education furnished through association with the leading minds of the country; we see Stephen Foster who made the churches tremble with both fear and rage under his tremendous rebukes; we see Abby Kelley both earnest and attractive; and also, beside many others, we see Garrison, ever loyal to that supreme conviction of the infinite iniquity of slavery, and yet so calm that nothing could throw him off his guard, while his indignation seemed a devouring flame. Mr. Stebbins does not attempt to narrate the history of those days, but he enables us to live in them and feel the pulses which beat for freedom. During his early manhood, three great changes occurred in American life; that in religious opinion, led by Channing; that in intellectual affairs which showed itself in Transcendentalism and the literary efflorescence which accompanied it; and that in moral sentiment which found expression in opposition to slavery. And by intimate personal association with the leaders in all these movements, Mr. Stebbins, has been able to give us a book, which, like Frothingham's "Life of W. H. Channing," makes us feel the spirit and temper of those great times.

All the readers of THE JOURNAL know and love Mr. Stebbins as an ardent and noble advocate of spiritual philosophy. This subject, though the burden of his prophecy, is treated with moderation and discrimination. He lets his conviction shine upon us, but he is never dogmatic or arrogant. He makes us respect his faith; his contention for a spiritual interpretation of life is eloquent and needful; his spirit, a harmonious union of reason and reverence is refreshing in this age divided between dogma and doubt. But more and better than the things he records is this: He makes us feel as we turn these pages, that we are in communion with a man of remarkably gentle spirit, of exalted views of human life, and of purest personal character; here lies the charm, and it is the charm imparted by the man himself, as all who know him can testify. And as we lay the book down, to be often taken up again, we realize that he has made us share his feeling—expressed on his closing page, and by this he has helped us to a nobler life: "The voices of the beloved and true-hearted sound across the years. I hear the very words they spoke. I feel their sympathy, and thrill under the sway of their eloquence."

MADISON, WIS.

HOW TO WRITE FOR THE PRESS.

The following article copied from the *Israelite* may be read with profit not only by the young, for whom it was written, but by many older people who write regularly or occasionally for the press:

Learn to write all matter intended for publication with a lead pencil. The lead pencil with a rubber end has innumerable advantages over ink in matters intended for the press. You can easily rub out words and write them in again. This gives your "copy" (copy means the manuscript in a newspaper office) a cleanly appearance and saves all the crossing out and writing above in ink; besides, when you have written a sentence that may not read smoothly, you can more easily supply the correction with a lead pencil than with ink. Newspaper men use a lead pencil almost exclusively. [Use a pencil that makes a black mark so that every line and letter can be distinctly read. If such a pencil is not at hand when you write for the press, use pen and ink.—ED. JOURNAL.]

You require smooth paper to write on with ink; rough scribbling paper (the same as a newspaper is printed on) if you use a pencil. To write on smooth paper with a lead pencil is painful. You can buy a newspaper scribbling tablet, containing 100 sheets, at any stationer's store for five cents. Never use foolscap or large letter paper. Use what is called business-note or packet-note size, which is about nine inches long and about six inches broad. Now read this article slowly and understandingly, so that it is impressed on your mind.

Now that you have the paper, as it were, before you, leave a little less than an inch, or about an inch, of margin on the left-hand side of the paper. This is easily done by taking the scribbling tablet and tearing loose about ten sheets, not entirely loose, but just enough to enable you to bend or fold them over an inch at the side all the way down. Then turn the paper back flat again; you will find you have a guiding line on the ten sheets all the way down, without having had to employ a ruler. (Some compositors need this margin for the clamp that holds this paper up before them, otherwise the clamp would cover the writing; besides it is useful for corrections.) Never write on the margin if you can possibly avoid it. Always remember that paper is very cheap. Use plenty of it.

Write for the press in a big, bold hand; remember that the compositor puts the copy (Do you remember what "copy" is?) at some distance from him. Do not try to write beautifully, but write plainly; a good, rounded letter, with every letter distinct. You have seen some bank signatures that no one can read. The cashier foolishly believes that an illegibly written signature can not be forged: He is mistaken. A man of character writes and signs with character, so that all the world can read it. Write about five words to the line, and from sixty to ninety words to the page. Nearer sixty is better than nearer ninety. If you practice this a little you will acquire the habit of knowing how many pages to write to fill half a column or more.

If you can not spell correctly, try and learn to do so; but never let that discourage your writing a letter about your country's welfare to the papers. Every paper sets up its own rule for spelling certain words, regardless of how you spell them. If you spell a word so that it conveys an intelligent sound and meaning, the compositor does not get a microscope to detect defects in your spelling; he hurries right along with his work and prints it in correct English. Some foreigners have great trouble with English spelling. Spelling is less essential than grammatical construction in a newspaper office. Spell all classical words and proper names very distinctly and plainly. Names of places and foreign names should be written in print style so that there can be no mistake. Use a dictionary for "big" words and never use a word you do not thoroughly understand.

Never crowd your paper with writing. Do not use paper with lines on it if you can help it, for lead pencil work. Leave plenty of space between the lines so that the editor can make corrections and alterations.

Leave about three inches of space on top of the first sheet for the head-lines of the article and for the editor to write his instructions on to the printer in regard to the type and manner of setting. Write your own head-line; if the editor does not like it he will change it. Leave only one inch on top of all the other pages and one inch at bottom.

Number your pages consecutively. Put the number in the right-hand corner and not in the middle of the page. If you carry out these instructions the editor on receipt of your copy will exclaim, "Ah! This is from an intelligent person." The printers will rush for your copy and take it off the hook with joy, leaving the inferior copy till the end in hopes of its being crowded out.

Never write on both sides of the paper if you do not wish your copy destroyed and yourself condemned as an ignoramus into the bargain.

In sending in a report do not write a letter to the editor on the report sheet, but in a separate letter

* Upward Steps of Seventy Years. By Giles B. Stebbins. U. S. Book Co., New York, 1890. Chicago: For sale at the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Price, \$1.25.

say: "Herewith please find copy (report, speech, letter or interview), all ready for the press." If the editor does not think it "all ready" he will make the necessary alterations. If you write for notoriety only you will in the end get left, but if your motives are honest you will help to educate. All your writings to an editor are held in strict confidence, especially in this office. No outsider gets at private matter. It is a matter between you, the editor and the four walls of the office.

If you make a speech at a debating society, write down what you said in three hundred words, no matter whether you uttered three thousand, and then try and write it down in one hundred words, and then condense the whole speech to fifty words. That is what a cable correspondent has to do. As you grow older you will learn that every great orator can condense his speech of five columns to about a third of a column and still give all the ideas in brief, so that when the reporter calls (if no stenographic report has been made) it is all ready for the press. Sometimes a man comes here and is "interviewed." He simply goes to his room and interviews himself and writes it as though the reporter had interviewed him. The press gladly acknowledges him. All the men who really move the wheels of civilization and have an influence for good have learned to make reports. They get known, and more known, and are better known, and have a greater influence for good, because they intelligently assist the press and the press assists them. The secret of the whole business of reaching the public is in this article. It is an advantage to every professional and business man to be able to prepare matter for the press.

Never be afraid to send in "copy," and carefully note the editor's alterations and corrections when your copy appears in print.

APPARITION OF A SOLDIER.

A Lexington, Ky., correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette* writes: "An old substantial brick residence, located on one of the principal thoroughfares of this city, has been considered a haunted house ever since the war. Old citizens claim that during the war a wounded Union soldier, who had met his fate in the battle of Richmond, Ky., and who was being taken care of by the family that then lived in the house, was brutally murdered by a Southern sympathizer in the cellar of the residence. Ever since then, so the story goes, there have been uncanny doings and mysterious noises seen and heard in this old mansion at regular intervals of six months apart. At these times, when the families occupying the house would be at supper, lights left in the living room and other parts of the house would be extinguished, and sounds, very much like the groans of a person in agony, could be distinctly heard.

No one ever saw anything other than this until a few evenings ago. The family that has been occupying the house for the past three months, and who did not know of the supposed existence of this peculiar ghostship, were sitting at their table eating supper at about 6:45 o'clock. The parlor had been lighted up, as there was some young company visiting the house, and the lamp was brightly burning in the living room. The servant girl had occasion to go into the parlor and living room during the progress of the meal, and when she returned, she exclaimed: 'Miss Sallie, who dun blode out dem lights in yor room an' in de parlor?' Miss Sallie did not know of course, and before the astonished household could recover from their surprise, deep groans were heard as if coming from the living room, which was separated from the dining room by folding doors. The groans grew louder and more agonizing in their tones, until suddenly the folding doors opened backward, and in the center of the threshold the now thoroughly frightened family and friends beheld a sight which is usually supposed to freeze the blood with terror. There stood the form of a man with his hands uplifted, and he seemed enveloped in a white gauze, through which could be seen a bloody and apparently bleeding breast. The apparition only remained in sight of the terror-stricken people but a few seconds, and slowly disappeared in the gloom of the darkened room behind it. The supper was left unfinished, and there was no sleep in that house that night. The next morning the head of the household notified his business partners that he would not be at the office that day, and before night he had secured another house, into which he moved his family the next day. This story was given to your correspondent by a neighbor and a friend to the family, who is a thoroughly reliable man, and says that every word of the above story is true."

HYPNOTISM ON THE STREET CARS.

The man was a six-footer and looked robust enough, but he was suffering from "that tired feeling"; so on the street car he decided to let the women stand, for he felt that he needed the rest just as much as they. Three or four women were already standing in the

car, hanging to the straps with ostentatious efforts, but they were neither young nor pretty and he sat still in his corner and pretended to read. The door was suddenly slammed open and a middle-aged woman entered the car. She had short iron-gray hair, a Roman nose, and steely blue eyes; her mouth wore a determined expression, and there were stiff gray hairs growing on her firm-looking chin. She looked strong minded, so much so, in fact, that the man in the corner said to himself that if her legs were half as strong as her mind it wouldn't hurt her to stand. Under her arm she carried a tiny, woolly poodle; that seemed to him an anomaly, and he wondered why she had usurped one of the perquisites of her more frivolous sisters. On she came toward his corner and planted herself directly in front of him. He buried his face deep in his paper, but he could feel her eyes upon him and he had the sensation of being under some strange influence. He began to feel a sort of numbness in his fingers, the paper dropped from before his face, and he saw those cold, blue eyes looking him through and through. Great heavens! The woman was hypnotizing him. He tried to throw off the spell, to signal the conductor to stop the car—anything to escape those eyes, but he was powerless. Suddenly impelled by some unknown force, he rose, bowed politely, and offered the woman his seat. She took it; without a word of thanks she handed him her dog to hold. He took it meekly. He, who detested all manner of canines—and poodles more than all the rest. He not only took it and held it tenderly as a mother holds her babe, but amid the snickers of the delighted passengers he held it to his face and kissed it fondly. He thought that he was married and that this was his baby. On and on they rode, people came and people went, still the man stood caressing the abominable little beast. Finally the woman signalled for the car to stop. With a grim smile she took the dog from his arms and left the car, and the man, limp and exhausted, fell back into his seat. As his scattered wits returned he found that he had gone four miles beyond where he had intended getting off, and that he had missed an important engagement. He hailed a cab and retraced his way, a sadder and a wiser man; and lest he sometimes should meet some one who was his fellow passenger on that trip he has moved to another part of the city, and I understand that notwithstanding his mortal fear of pneumonia he is now riding in the front seat of the grip.—*Chicago Times*.

MRS. STOWE AS A CHILD.

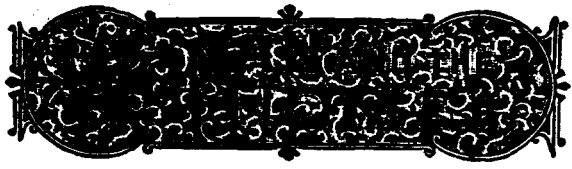
It was a plain-looking little one, with a thin face and large brown eyes, and tangled curls of brown hair, that soon began to run around in the minister's home at Litchfield. But her baby reign continued only a short time, for scarcely two years later Master Henry Ward arrived upon the scene. Harriet was naturally gentle and affectionate and very quick to learn. She has said she knew how to read as soon as she could walk, and she was so observing that it was a common remark in family, "That the child is all ear." Not so active as Catherine, the oldest of the daughters, she was still far from being indolent, but was dreamy and imaginative, with a nervous system that was quickly and deeply impressed by all that she saw and heard. In a word, her brain and nerves were the sensitized plate on which genius took pictures of all life's movements. So marked was the quality of impressionability in her that she always lived, even long after childhood, a kind of double life, in which the moving creatures thrown by imagination and reflection from the vivid fancy and nervous ideality of her consciousness moved like a mirage before and around her, in ever-returning processions. These familiar beings were just as real to her as the people in the house; the old white-headed man that played on a violin, the tall majestic woman who wore a high fur cap of peculiar form and danced to the old man's music—these shifting shapes seemed ever to haunt certain scenes and to appear only in connection with them. There, too, was an image of a green meadow and a calm lake, and coming from a grove on one side of it, a tiny woman clothed in white, with a wide golden girdle around her waist, followed by a misshapen dwarf. Regularly at night the air around her bed "seemed like that which Raphael has shadowed forth around the Madonna di San Sisto, a palpitating crowd of faces and forms changing in dim and gliding quietude." The reader of "Oldtown Folks" will recall, too, that Horace Holyoke saw the shadowy figure of a sad lady standing among the evergreens, as they drove up to a house wholly unknown to him, within which they found the picture of the same lady. That these apparitions were, in some unexplained way, the reflex of her own sensitive and powerful imagination, is seen in this, that they "appeared to cause a vibration of the great central nerves of the body, as when a harp-string is struck." Once or twice, when she was older, she began to tell of what she saw, but was quickly shut up with, "Nonsense, child! there hasn't been anybody in the room. You shouldn't

talk so." Thus repressed, she ceased to speak of these apparitions, but none the less did she believe in them as daily friends, whose presence had the effect to inspire her with a fearless confidence in all things supernatural. For the rest, she was a quiet, amiable little girl, but more inclined to out-door sports with her brothers than to thread and needle or even to dolls, and she was often heedless and careless. This last trait drew down upon her many a disciplinary sorrow, especially from Aunt Harriet, who having a tender place in her heart for her small namesake from the first, took a hand in her education and training, often keeping her for months at Nutplains.—*Eleanor P. Allen*.

What is known as the secret mail of India has for more than a generation perplexed the English mind, and is still a profound mystery, although numberless attempts have been made to explain it says the *Providence Journal*. Every one who has lived long in Asiatic countries is aware that the accurate knowledge of important happenings at a distance is often possessed by the natives a considerable time before it is obtained by the government, and even though special facilities had been provided for the transmission of the news. This was frequently and conspicuously illustrated throughout the Sepoy rebellion. Happenings occurring hundreds of miles away were usually known in the bazaars hours and sometimes days before the news reached the authorities, and the information obtained was regarded as so trustworthy that the natives speculated upon it even to the full extent of their fortunes. Indeed, upon one occasion the secret mail beat the government courier by fully twelve hours, although every endeavor had been made to secure the swiftest dispatch. The Hindoos themselves say, when they consent to talk about it at all, that they depend neither upon horses nor men, and have no secret code or signals, but that they do possess a system of thought transmission which is as familiar to them as is the electric telegraph to the western world. Any one may accept this explanation that will. But though most people, with less fondness for the mysterious and a better knowledge of the weakness of the Hindoos for making riddles of the simplest facts, will look for a more prosaic explanation, it remains to be said that none has been forthcoming. The secret mail is an indubitable reality, and westerners have ever succeeded in solving its myst. If news is transmitted by signals, no one has ever seen the signalers; nor, if there is a vast system of slats in operation, covering hundreds and thousands of miles, has any one ever come across any of its machinery. And, indeed, it would seem that some means of communication must be at the command of the natives more rapid than horses or runners.

There was a strange scene at the burial of the remains of Mrs. Eliza Corbett, a Spiritualist, at Green Mount Cemetery on the 14th, according to statements published in leading daily papers. Mrs. Corbett died suddenly on the 11th inst., in Philadelphia, where she had been visiting friends. She was a widow, and it is said that she related to friends a few days before her death a communication she had from her deceased husband, telling her that she must come to him in the spirit land. Prominent Spiritualists from Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Delaware and Maryland attended the funeral. Mrs. Rachel Walcott made an address at the grave, urging the mourners to dry their tears and rejoice, as sister Corbett was smiling at them from beyond the tomb. After the coffin had been lowered into the grave Mrs. Sarah Danskin, leader of the Baltimore circle, and a medium, whose gaze had been riveted on the open grave, went into a trance. She sank upon her knees in an apparently unconscious condition, and would have fallen into the grave had she not been supported by her friends. Presently her face lit up, and seeing the hands of the near relatives of the deceased, she whispered into their ears special messages of greeting and condolence from the spirit land. The trance lasted about ten minutes, although during most of this time Mrs. Danskin appeared perfectly oblivious of her surroundings, and when the period of inspiration was over she was in an utterly exhausted condition. She said that she saw sister Corbett through the mist on the other side. She was happy and sent spirit greeting to her friends of the faith in Philadelphia and Baltimore. Amid congratulations and expressions of joy at the great victory of their sister, the company then dispersed.

An English physician, who has a large clientele among women, in reply to a remark that women were generally untruthful, said: "I draw a distinction between inaccuracy and untruth. Women are often inaccurate because they are emotional. They describe sensations rather than relate facts, but this is a constitutional not a moral fault."



THE LIGHT OF HOME.

My boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
And thy spirit will sigh to roam;
And thou must go; but never, when there,
Forget the light of home.

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more
bright,
It dazzles to lead astray;
Like the meteor's flash, 'twill deepen the night
When thou treadest the lonely way.

But the hearth of home has a constant flame,
And pure as vestal fire;
'Twill burn, 'twill burn, forever the same,
For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest-tost,
And thy hopes may vanish like foam;
But when sails are shivered and rudder lost,
Then look to the light of home.

And then, like a star through the midnight cloud,
Thou shalt see the beacon bright!
For never, till shining on thy shroud,
Can be quenched its holy light.

The sun of fame, 'twill gild the name;
But the heart ne'er felt its ray;
And fashion's smiles that rich ones claim,
Are but the beams of a wintry day.

And how cold and dim those beams must be,
Should life's wretched wanderer come!
But, my boy, when the world is dark to thee,
Then turn to the light of home.

—BY SARAH J. HALE.

In the *New England Magazine* for February Mrs. Sara A. Underwood makes a survey of what women have done for science in the past, what they are now doing and what possibilities are open to them in the future. The opening paragraph of the paper is as follows:

The nineteenth century is above all the woman's century. Never before in the known history of mankind has there been such an awakening of mind among women as has occurred during the past fifty years. Whatever the sex had previously accomplished was chiefly in the domain of feeling, emotion, and sympathy, in the grooves of which the intellectual force of woman has been compelled to move, by reason of past circumstances and conditions which are slowly passing away. While woman has never been wholly debarred from learning and literature in the past, her work therein has been rather the outcome of her emotional nature than of her intellectual aspirations. She has helped the race through inspiring song, heart thrilling poetry, and ennobling fiction rather than by philosophic thought or scientific investigation and discovery. By no fault of her own, and through no lack of capacity for such intellectual development, she has been hindered by her past environments from much progress toward science. But a new day has dawned, and with its first warm rays woman has awakened to a knowledge of a broader field of action, which invites her to new duties, and promises new joys. In the words of the historian Lecky: "A momentous revolution, the effects of which can as yet be but imperfectly described, has taken place in the chief spheres of female industry that remain. The progress of machinery has destroyed its domestic character. The distaff has fallen from the hand. The needle is being rapidly superseded, and the work which, from the day of Homer to the present century, was accomplished in the centre of the family has been transferred to the crowded manufactory." This freedom from those domestic duties of which Lecky speaks, together with the agitation in behalf of woman's individuality, which has within a recent period opened to her the doors of institutions of learning hitherto closed to the sex, have had the effect of drawing the attention of many women who are dependent upon their own exertions, or fear they may become so in the future, to avocations where an acquaintance with science may be profitable. Therefore, there is now an increasing interest in scientific studies among the women of to-day.

The paper concludes as follows:

But it is mainly in behalf of that large and increasing class of self-respecting, and generally self-supporting women, who from choice or necessity remain unmarried, that this new interest in scientific work among women should be welcomed and encouraged. It is through science that

mankind is to progress and improve. We are yet but working around the openings of a vast, rich mine of undiscovered knowledge, which will forever need new relays of workers to explore; and each new discovery therein will be sure to open new avenues of employment to both men and women. Absorbing interest in any branch of science will leave for the woman occupied in it, little time for morbid whining for sympathy with sentimental woes, or abnormal longing for denied pleasure; no time to brood over real or fancied sorrows, for foolish gossip, or dalliance with temptation through idleness. It will keep her heart as well as her intellect fully occupied, will keep soul and body bright, cheerful, healthful, make her a useful factor in the world's work, and by teaching her, through the steady drill of persistence, patience, exactitude, and many-sided study, which such service demands, to make her emotional nature subservient to her intellectual needs, will do more than anything else to make her that "perfect woman nobly planned" of whom we dreamed.

Chaplain C. C. McCabe corresponding secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, acknowledged to a reporter that the heavy majority of 3,600 in the west for the admission of women as delegates to the general conference if chosen would carry the vote of the churches in their favor. He lamented this fact. "There was 50,000 fewer conversions last year than usual," he said. "Is it not because our ministry has been engrossed with this and similar problems? Women in the general conference will consume the time in talking politics instead of advancing the welfare of God's church. The women are turning ecclesiastical politicians. They are already represented in the church by their fathers, brothers, nephews, and sons." Ministers like Chaplain McCabe, if they do not move on, will be run over by the wheels of progress. He wants a woman to go on doing the greater part of all the church work, including the conversion of sinners, but have no voice in church councils. He believes in the women doing the work while he and the rest of the men do the governing.

It is certainly peculiar that year after year a bill should come up in the New York legislature to reduce the age of special protection for girls. Last year Tammany's friend, Senator McNaughton, was credited with the measure. Now it is Senator Robertson. Of course no evil purpose is imputed to these gentlemen, even by innuendo. But it is worth remarking that every libertine and every place of evil repute in New York would be rejoiced at the repeal of the enactment which now shields female children more or less effectively. Admitting, although it is very doubtful, that there may be occasional instances when a marriage under 16 would be proper and desirable, it is no good reason for placing childhood helpless at the feet of vice, as was the case a few years ago, before the present law was enacted. It seems hardly possible that such a bill would pass a legislature composed of men who, whatever the political faults and shortcomings of some of them, are mostly, no doubt, happy in and true to the family relation. Yet very bad measures have sometimes become law simply because they escaped attention.

On the subject of applied literature to school teaching Miss Mary E. Burt of Chicago, whose knowledge of literature is extensive, says: "It has long been my suspicion, and has at least become my conviction, that there is a natural and logical sequence in literature that should be applied in the teaching of reading in our public schools, and which, if applied, would send our children forth into the world, not with a small, desultory knowledge—unassorted material—but with such an assortment of facts and such architectural plans as should cause them in all their spare moments of life to delight to build up for themselves towers as precious as Giotto's own." Miss Burt is author of a work, her latest which is noticed this week in the review columns of THE JOURNAL.

Mrs. Cleveland continues to exhibit the good taste and judgment which, as a rule, characterized the conduct of the young school girl violently transplanted to the White House, and in focus of the white light the daily press mercilessly directs upon it. For instance, Mrs. Cleveland recently received a letter from a leading magazine, inclosing a check for \$500, with the request for an article from her pen on

personal recollections of the White House. The check was returned at once with polite declination.

A dispatch from Madison to a Chicago paper dated February 18th, says: The bill giving authority to married women engaged in the practice of law to act as assignees, court commissioners, etc., was passed. This is a victory for Miss Kate Pier, the pretty Milwaukee brunette, who lobbied for the bill in the interest of her mother, who is a lawyer.

PSYCHOMETRIC READING.

Since THE JOURNAL's mention of Mrs. Adaline Eldred the psychometer, several weeks ago, a flood of questions have come in. We cannot undertake to answer them all at once. Mrs. Eldred may be seen afternoons at room 4 number 2138 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, and we presume she will send printed answers to some of the ever recurring questions to those who apply for them enclosing postage stamp. As an example of one phase of her reading the following trustworthy account clipped from the *Muskegon*, (Mich.) *Chronicle* is given. The reading occurred several years ago. Hereafter we may possibly give further examples illustrating a wider range:

A psychometric reading was recently given by a lady of this city, who is not a professional, which will prove interesting to those who are observant of psychic phenomena as illustrating the wonderful power which is ordinarily latent in the human mind, but which is developed in the case of such sensitives, to great activity. The circumstances are as follows: A portion of a pod of the carob tree, an oriental production—about two inches in length, with written label attached, was held in the closed palm of the psychometrist who received it, with averted eyes, from the hand of the writer.

The reading is as follows: This seems like a powerful magnet and like wood—medicinal—stimulating. It is some kind of vegetable or shrub—drooping. I see it in a park or forest with other foliage and feel a peculiar effect from the surrounding vegetation. It is a warm country. I find two people connected with this article. One is a man of commanding appearance, with great power—has a large influence—is self reliant, reserved and dignified; a person who commands respect and a man of deep feeling. He is a thoughtful person—a missionary or teacher. I see a building which I think is a church or some place of worship. Now I see people congregating—dark, dusky people dressed in colors with a sort of turban on the head—legs seem bare and dress loose. I see houses too. They have flat roofs and are low—very open. I believe the man is preaching to the people and teaching them. He stands in the midst of them. The other person is a woman, smaller, younger and of a different disposition. There is a great deal of brightness, light and sunshine. She is of a lovely character—gentle and tender. There is a strong bond of attachment between the two. I think they are husband and wife, although the relation seems like father and child. The devotion is of a peculiar nature. The woman is refined sensitive and self-sacrificing—religious as naturally as the flowers and birds are. I see again some trouble with the man—disappointment and loneliness. He stands in a shadow—it looks like sorrow. The scene changed again and a person stands by his side. It seems like a spirit—a woman—she is closely related to him—a wife or mother. She stands in an arch of light which lights up the picture. The man does not seem to know the spirit is there. I see the man again and get a personal description. He has a broad, high forehead, hair combed straight over and worn long. Has a beard, broad shoulders, straight nose, heavy eyebrows and a very strong expression. Now I see water, an ocean. He is looking across towards home. He feels home sickness and longing. I seem to stand beside him and like a thought to cross the water and come home.

The following facts serve to verify the reading. In 1853 the Rev. H. H. J., a name familiar to those who are at all cognizant of the operations of the A. B. C. F. M. sailed under the auspices of that board for his chosen field in Beirut, Syria. His young affianced, to whom he was most devotedly attached was prevented by ill health from accompanying him. At the close of a year's missionary labor he returned for her, bringing with him, among

other specimens of the products of that country, this pod of the carob tree. The lady attached to it a label in her own handwriting and gave it, among other specimens, to a personal friend, who, after these thirty years had placed it in the psychometrist's hand. The missionary returned to Beirut accompanied by his wife who spent several years in active service. Ill health at length led her to undertake the home voyage in care of her devoted husband, but she died on the passage. The delineations of personal appearance and of character are strikingly correct.

The individuals and the circumstances were entirely unknown to the psychometrist, as well as the existence of the article, previous to its being placed in her hand.

HOW MY DREAM WAS FULFILLED.

Sunday night, January 18th, I dreamed I was at a funeral; I could see three rooms as I sat near the foot of a large sized coffin; I heard the song "Something sweet to think of," then some one read the notes of the life of the person which somehow I could not hear. Then there was a prayer and after that remarks on "yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil," and I thought, how beautiful, but as it closed it seemed I was the speaker. Then I heard other remarks made, and the next thing I knew we were standing around the grave in the cemetery and it was on the side of a hill. I saw some faces there of our society people, and I heard the song, "Sweet bye and bye." Then I saw myself step out and give the benediction.

I related my dream Monday morning to husband and son, also wrote it to a friend at Canton, Mrs. Resor. We thought it might be the sign of death of one of our members in the society, but now for the reality. Tuesday morning following, two ladies called on me and without entering into detail, the substance of their conversation was this: "A lady from Washington was visiting a daughter here in Omaha, was very sick, thought she would die, was a Spiritualist and begged for some Spiritualist friend to come to her. Her daughter and son-in-law were not Spiritualists and did not know where to find any. A lady caller Monday afternoon directed them to a family who happened to be our former president; (Mr. Dwelley) they were sent for and responded at once, and had quite a talk with her." Monday evening she requested that the Spiritualists take full charge of her funeral, wanted no minister, etc., etc. They told her we had no speaker, and she was willing to have just our spiritual music; they spoke of me as I attended to the music, and they sent for me. About 6 p. m., I had just gone for my husband, so they missed me but came again Tuesday morn. I hastened to her side, but she had already become unconscious. I remained the rest of the day, but she did not revive and that night her spirit was released. Then the daughter and son made known her requests and put all funeral services in the hands of my husband, who is now president of the Spiritual Society. I told them we had no speaker and tried to persuade them to have the Unitarian or Universalist minister, and we furnish the music, but they shook their heads and were firm to the mother's wishes; all honor to them for it.

We called a meeting Wednesday night and then I hoped to get a Mr. Wright (one of our band) who had shown himself a Bible scholar and a good talker, but he said it was impossible for him to leave his work, although at my suggestion the society offered to pay for his day.

He felt he could not do that. We were in an hour of trial, to be tried by a prejudiced people. I said to my husband, "we will follow the programme as in the vision or dream and if spirits are running this, they must be there to do their part." He wrote up the notes as given him by the family, told of her belief and requests, and I ransacked my books for a poem to read, in case the spirits were not on time. We started to the funeral Thursday morn, 10 a. m. We sang "Something sweet to think of"; the notes were read, and while the reading was being done, the forces gathered strong around me till I felt as if I were encased in a tube, and when the prayer was called for, the good angels were ready to do their part. An old gentleman, a Methodist for forty years, said it was the finest prayer he ever listened to, and other comments were made as flattering. I say this, for I take no credit to myself, for it was the "Father that spoke" through me. After a moment's pause then "yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of Death, I shall fear no evil" was expounded on,

bringing in the "rod and staff," somewhere in the middle and that's all I can say of it, and then we sang "There are homes over there" as per dream.

Then Mr. Wright was there and read and made some fitting remarks about the material body and the spiritual body, and then (as it was a cold, raw day) the benediction was given at the house through me in the form of a poem. We sang "Sweet bye and bye" at the grave, which was on the side of a hill, and so ended the first Spiritualist funeral in Omaha, and so was a dream literally fulfilled. To me it is wonderful, being my first experience of the kind.

Our hall was filled the following Sunday. I felt as we came from the funeral I would never refuse to serve at any one's funeral who might wish me. I feel to-day I could never do such a thing again if it were to save my life. As I sat near the foot of the coffin, I could look into three rooms thrown together; it was a large sized coffin, as the lady was a hearty, fine looking woman of sixty. Pneumonia took her quickly away.—*O. McCall Black, in Alycone.*

MRS. BRITTEN'S POSITION DEFINED.

Our position may be thus defined. We believe that every act, word and thought will come into judgment hereafter; consequently, every sphere of action and character of word or thought should be the subject of spiritual influence and spiritual consideration. Many wise and worthy Spiritualists teach and believe that their cause consists only of communion between mortals and spirits, and, incidentally, the exercise and culture of spiritual gifts. In accordance with this belief they protest against its association with reforms, social, commercial, political, or religious, and deem it strictly in order to ally themselves with any other sectarian organization than Spiritualism they may elect to patronize. Our views being as above stated, namely, that life hereafter includes the results of all forms of action, and every moment of earthly time, we appeal alike to the social, commercial, political, and religious reformers of our day; report upon every advance in science as another leaf in the Deity's school book of works; rebuke all shams, falsities, or wrongs everywhere and in all places; plead to the Father of men for the poor, the homeless, the outcast, and treat Spiritualism at once as the science of life here, and the known result of life hereafter. We ignore personalities, and deal only with principles. These we shall treat of as heretofore; from the hateful perversions of God's providence discoursed of in some fire and brimstone conventicles, to the building of fitting habitations for the houseless, providing decent clothing for the ragged, and denouncing the tricks of professional swindlers in the market, the church, and the halls of legislature.

Still a parting word for the People's Popular Penny Paper. No penny paper can pay without a far larger circulation than any denominational journal, without the fear of a residence in eternal fire and brimstone and Satan as the general whipper in, to the support of these doctrines, can command. Our paper, which we dare to call our bright, varied, and sparkling little "*Two Worlds*," only lives now because the Father of spirits and the angels of the new spiritual dispensation have found and wrought through an angel on earth, the inspiration to give us the material means by which to sustain the vast expenses of publication and distribution—selling to dealers and societies at less than cost—and paying out the minimum pittance circumstances will allow to be paid to the workers.

Lamartine relates how, in the fourteenth century, there lived at Mentz a certain rich merchant. One day a tall, gaunt, haggard-looking stranger entered the merchant's office, and showed him a plan for a most wonderful invention, one which the stranger affirmed, and the merchant at once perceived, would light up and illuminate the whole world so long as that world should last. "What prevents you from lighting up that grand and imperishable lamp?" cried the merchant. "It lacks oil," replied the stranger. "Buy it then, and light your lamp," replied the merchant, casting a full purse into the stranger's hand. That merchant's name was Faust—the stranger was Gutenberg, the inventor of movable types. His lamp—the lamp which has illuminated the whole world, and will light it as long as time shall be—was the printing press.

A modern Faust has supplied the lamp of the burning "*Two Worlds*" journal "with oil" enough to last for at least another year, and so it will continue to shine during 1891, and continue to illuminate as many of earth's dark places as its beams can penetrate, and heap the blessings of

this age and all posterity on the noble oil purveyor, whose bounty extends from 1890 to 1891.—*E. H. Britten, Editor Two Worlds.*

MATERIALIZATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR. As to your short article headed "More Spiritualization Less Materialization" in your issue of January 24th I would like to say a word. A goodly part of the article I approve, as more spiritualization is desirable; but I think there is no sufficient demand for the position taken for the abandonment of materializations. I suppose you mean full form materialization, so-called, for, if not, it should be remembered that the great mass of our evidence comes from materialization in some form and to some extent. The raps, spirit writings, paintings, views and the like, almost the whole catalogue, come from something of materialization. I was once told by the spirits, control of a clairvoyant medium who seemed perfectly unconscious that while spirits used the medium's eyes to see spirits, such spirits, to be seen, had to materialize—had to be clothed with material sufficient to reflect light to the eyes of the medium. Another spirit said that they had to weight themselves down with matter in order to descend and remain with us. So where a beginning and where an end of materialization?

But as to the materialization of the full form, or a considerable portion of it as to which there is contention, I wish to say that I have full faith in it derived from actual observation and experience. That there have been frauds in professed exhibitions to a shameful extent I freely concede, mostly, however, from what I have heard and believe. I cannot make any close estimate of the percentage, for my opportunities have been moderate. If I should, it would be greatly below yours of "ninety per cent." for I have not been made aware of frauds wherever I have been and I have endeavored to investigate thoroughly. I have heard the cry of fraud, a loud condemnation far and near, east and west, but it has not struck me as meaning that there was so much fraud as you say—rather if there was any at all, having reference to sporadic instances rather than to any general rule. At all events the statement of a percentage of fraud involves the admission of a percentage of the true. According to my judgment the matter of full form materializations is one of great importance—as also any materialization—to Spiritualism, surely so on the score of evidence. Hence it is that it is so attractive to people, so strong is it for demonstration. It is this very attractiveness, too, that greatly enhances the opportunity to defraud—owing to the zeal to see and to pay for the sight, and the consequent attempt to set up the show for a consideration. Now the ingenuity of man is very great for good and for evil—it is continually exhibited before our eyes in every department of life. Are not we Spiritualists prepared to say that the good in a fair field will sometime predominate? There is no counterfeit, no poison, no fraud but is finally run down and overcome. If not so then society crumbles to pieces. But it does not crumble.

The fraud of mediums is of human origin. It is a pity if we cannot meet and overcome this—work off the sand that conceals and save the gold. To be beaten by fraudulent mediums and leave the field would according to my notions of war, logic and truth, be pusillanimous indeed. Wait a little. Some ingenious inventors on the better side will come and put their little base machinations to flight. Science well applied is equal to any emergency. It can overcome the false and protect its own. The chemistry of to-day can control easily the most deadly poison and can detect the most subtle as well. How much better the base work of the ignorant and depraved, for such the mediums are so far as I know that descend to fraudulent practices.

Again I would pursue investigation and press it as far as possible, for one special reason before pronouncing absolutely for, or against—so that we may first know more of the subject matter—what and whom we are dealing with. Spiritualism is a great mystery in all its departments and materialization as yet the most mysterious of all. I have said above that the frauds are the works of the mediums, contriving how they may create more wonder and make more unholy gains. I will unsay that just enough to say, that that is just what I want to know, whether it is always so or not, or whether sometimes the spirits themselves do not interfere to perplex and bring séances to naught? Theoretically I say no, but how often facts purvey our best theories? And are there

not facts here that demand thoughtful consideration on this question? Our chance of studying any theory proposed and the appropriate facts should not be voluntarily thrown away. I am now, I have been lying in wait for opportunity, and is not the great mass of inquiring souls along the spiritual line doing the same thing. More light, more light! More spiritualization it is true, well enough indeed, but my demand is to know, for knowledge above all else is, and is to be, the savior of the world.

E. S. HOLBROOK.

CHICAGO, ILL.



MRS. E. C. STANTON VS. MRS. BESANT AND BLAVATSKY.

TO THE EDITOR: In a late *Woman's Tribune* is an interesting letter from Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who is visiting a married gaughter in London. She writes of an interesting interview with Mrs. Annie Besant, the gifted writer who puts thought into her books. Mrs. Besant, we are told, thinks the English thought needs spiritualizing in which she is doubtless correct, but she seeks her spiritual light in the style of theosophy taught by the notorious and irrepressible Madame Blavatsky, who now holds forth in London, said theosophy being flavored with reincarnation. Of this mystic folly Mrs. Stanton writes in a way that leaves one in doubt whether she accepts it or not, but evidently she is favorably impressed by it, probably from Mrs. Besant's eloquent statement of her own views.

Who was Mrs. Stanton in some previous earthly life? Who will she be next time she appears here below? How will she ever find the father whom she holds in loving reverence or the husband she so long walked with in tender affection? She and they will be somebody else, reincarnated for a new career with new ties and sympathies. Its all a muddle taken from Hinduism but the worse for the Blavatsky change in it.

To a woman so large-souled as Mrs. Stanton it would seem that the idea and fact of the continuity of life, the release of the spiritual body at the change we call death, the opening of a higher and more real life in the great hereafter, with ample scope for growth and usefulness, a retention of the human affections, so that the mother there might sometimes help the child here and renew that child's failing strength by "the touch of a vanished hand," would be far more satisfactory to heart and mind than this maze of juggling confusion. Mrs. Besant, and our noble country-woman, would gain greatly by turning away from Blavatsky, and reading such books as "*The Pathway of the Spirit*" by that excellent Christian Theosophist Dr. J. H. Dewey of New York, and paying earnest heed to such higher aspects and experiences of Spiritualism as they can find by due searching.

G. B. STEBBINS.

DETROIT, MICH.

THE GLACIAL PERIOD.

TO THE EDITOR: That the glacial period has existed and performed an important part in the work of geological formation is so generally conceded, that it needs no further elucidation to establish the fact in the minds of geologists that such a period once existed. If asked what caused the countless number of icebergs that were floating during the tertiary period in the tropical and semitropical seas to disappear and deposit their freight of earth in the bed of the ocean, I reply that this effect was produced by heat, either solar or mundane. That the earth must have cooled down to a very low degree of temperature to allow icebergs to float in the tropical seas, and glaciers to form near the tropics is too evident to require any argument to support the theory. Such is the geological record.

During the tertiary period when icebergs were most numerous they were suddenly dissipated by the massing of the lunar zone that encircled the earth as the rings of Saturn encircle that planet acting as an immense awning which intercepted the sun's rays and deprived the earth of an incalculable amount of heat which the earth afterwards received when the opaque matter intervening between the sun and the earth was removed.

Who has not felt the cold at the time of

a solar eclipse, and especially if the eclipse occurred at the time the sun was within the limits of forty-five degrees of the meridian. The longest time that the shadow can fall on the earth at the time of a total eclipse is twelve minutes and twenty-four seconds.

Let there be a total eclipse from sunrise until sunset and continue from day today, until the earth in passing from the autumnal equinox to the winter solstice shall have moved so far south as to cause the shadow of the zone to fall into space south of the pole then as the earth moved north toward the summer solstice the same phenomena would be repeated.

Such a condition of things would cause vast accumulations of snow and ice on the tops and sides of mountains and fill the seas with icebergs between the tropics. We need no more conclusive evidence of the cold and non-plastic condition of the zone than the photographic view of the orb, that was formed by the massing of the lunar zone that in early geological history encircled the earth. Darwin in his treatise "*The Origin of Species*" puts so much stress on the glacial period in the distribution of plants and animals throughout the world without giving an adequate cause to produce the glacial period that the above facts are given to corroborate his theory.

L. L. RANDALL.

APPLETON, WIS.

FATE AND IMMORTALITY.

TO THE EDITOR: The simple laws of logic as exemplified in all known laws of nature make it more and more manifest that every known manifestation of action in nature from the falling of a pin to the floor, to the destruction of an empire is the result of antecedent causes that could not be otherwise. Every motion of the finger, every thought of the mind, every little incident, even the life and death of an insect is as it is, and could not be otherwise simply because everything is the result of its individual antecedent cause.

There is no such thing as "free will" because the will to do or not to do is wholly caused by the antecedent cause operating on the will, and no matter whether the will is evenly balanced or not, if there is action one way or another, it goes as the impelling force operates it. When a woman refuses an offer of marriage from mere caprice of wanting to be urged a little more and the refusal is accepted the far reaching results, though far reaching could not be otherwise than as they are or are to be.

H. VOORHEES.

ADVICE TO INVESTIGATORS.

TO THE EDITOR: It really seems to be a fact that spiritualistic phenomena are to be investigated here in the Old Bay State, by the ministers of the gospel, and it is to be hoped that they will be not only honest in their investigations, but also humble, earnest and sincere. If they will allow a suggestion from one who has been more than thirty years investigating the possibilities of spirit, that suggestion is simply this: Do not go after the vendors of commercial Spiritualism in either slate-writing or materialization, but rather form circles among your own societies, your own good people, such as you can trust. You will find plenty of persons right within your own flocks that your spirit friends can manifest through, persons in whom you have confidence, and who will be as much interested to know the whence and what of the phenomena that may occur as yourselves.

I make the above suggestion in the interest of truth and justice to the cause of Spiritualism and from personal experience in my investigations both in my own home circle and with the phenomena presented by professional mediums.

W. W. CURRIER.

HAVERHILL, MASS.

Than Mr. Currier THE JOURNAL knows no one better able to give good advice to the ministers and laymen about to enter upon the difficult and delicate task of psychical experimentation and research. Mr. C. has had experience with mediumship in his own family and in other private circles. As one of the originators of Lake Pleasant Camp, and afterward of Onset Camp, with which he has been closely connected from its beginning, Mr. C. knows thoroughly the status of those who entertain camp visitors and the quality of the product offered for sale at these summer resorts. The new society will probably

find that not one of the much lauded mediums whom the *Banner of Light* and other "organs" have exploited will cooperate with it; indeed, the cue has already been given them from the fake headquarters on Bosworth alley to oppose and belittle the new endeavor.

ANOTHER PIONEER GONE.

One by one and with increasing frequency the pioneers of modern Spiritualism are passing to the Spirit-world. The latest transition which THE JOURNAL has to chronicle is that of Edward S. Bellamy who passed to the higher life from his home at Easton, Michigan, in which state he had lived since 1847. Mr. B. was born at Vergennes Vermont in 1813, and for more than fifty years was a consistent Spiritualist. His name has been on THE JOURNAL's subscription list continuously since the paper started in 1865. Our arisen brother left a wife and four children; and in addition to a fair inheritance of worldly goods these dear ones have a legacy which money cannot measure—the memory of a noble man, a true and loving husband and father whom the whole community respected. Brother Bellamy has joined his patriotic son who gave his life for his country at Huntsville in 1862.

Mrs. Taylor Parker, Barre, Vt., writes that E. A. Tisdale has given a course of lectures there and that they were very acceptable, and adds: On Saturday morning, February 7th, a goodly number of his friends gathered at the depot to bid him God speed as he took his leave to fill his Sunday engagement at Stowe, Vt. We are thankful that he came among us and regret that he could not have stayed longer. He made a deep and lasting impression on the hearts of the Spiritualists here and it is hoped that ere long he may come this way again. We feel that from his coming here much good will result. - Already the ladies have organized a Ladies Progressive Society, to meet once a week, to raise funds to sustain speaking here. May the good angels help us in our work.

Mrs. Adaline Eldred is rapidly establishing her ability as an intelligent and reliable psychometrist. Last Thursday evening she was the guest and leading conversationalist of the Society of Mystics, which meets every Thursday evening at 96 State street. Mr. Campbell, president of the society speaking of the meeting said: "Mrs. Eldred gave us the most sensible, interesting and instructive outline of the principles of psychometry I have ever heard." Mrs. Eldred will continue the subject, with experimental tests, before the same society on Thursday evening March 5th.

The photographic collection of THE JOURNAL has been enriched by a very fine cabinet picture of Mrs. Adah Sheehan of Cincinnati. Mrs. Sheehan is comparatively new in the lecture field, but has already acquired an excellent record, it would appear from secular exchanges and other sources of information, as a trance speaker and psychometric reader.

"Marriage and Divorce," by Richard B. Westbrook, D. D., LL. B. This work is not intended to undermine the foundations of marriage or the sacredness of the family relations; but urges the necessity of a uniform, judiciously framed, divorce law for the United States. Price, cloth bound, 50 cents. For sale at this office.

Mr. H. J. Olney, Haslett Park, Mich., writes: I like your paper, it is clean, high toned and instructive, and should commend itself to all liberal-minded persons.

Mrs. Emiline D. H. Arndt, Lake Mills, Wis., writes: I have taken THE JOURNAL

for over twenty years and think that I cannot do without it. It has been a good staff when I have been weak and helpless, and through it and the angel world I have been sustained through many trials and sorrows that fall to the lot of humanity.

"Our Heredity from God," by Rev. E. P. Powell has had a large sale. A German translation is about ready, and it is largely sold in England. The fifth Edition will soon appear. Price, \$1.75, for sale at this office.

Mrs. L. B. Reame, Louis, Oregon, in a letter renewing her subscription says: I think "Spiritualists and Spiritualists," in the issue of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of January 17th, the best thing I have seen in many months.

L. B. Hills, Madison, Wis., writes: THE JOURNAL is ever a welcome sheet to our fireside, and is replete with good reading. It often contains matter of which we would like a little more of the same sort.

Anthony P. Higgins, informs THE JOURNAL that for five years preceding death his father, Anthony Higgins who passed away in Washington a few weeks ago, "never tasted a drop of liquor of any kind." THE JOURNAL is very glad to know of this.

"Man Whence and Whither," by Richard B. Westbrook, D. D., LL. B. A work intended for busy people who have but little time to read and no taste for metaphysics. The author believes that he has something to say for the public good outside of the church, and therefore chooses to write independently. Price, \$1.00, For sale at this office.

T. M. Draper, Nebraska, writes: About a year ago a friend gave a me copy of THE JOURNAL; I read it and subscribed and I want to tell you I like it better than any other paper I ever read. I think the harmonial philosophy the most beautiful in the world.

J. Y. Collins, Whatcom, Washington, writes: Renew my subscription to THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL as it is a part of my help through life. I have been a subscriber for twenty-six years.

D. D. Belden, Denver, voices his opinion of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL as follows: The paper is satisfactory to me and I cannot dispense with it. I expect to take it as long as I live.

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IS DARWIN RIGHT?

—OR—

The Origin of Man.

BY WILLIAM DENTON,

Author of "Our Planet," "Soul of Things," Etc.

This is a cloth bound volume of two hundred pages, mo., handsomely illustrated. It shows that man is not of miraculous, but of natural origin; yet that Darwin's theory is radically defective, because it leaves out the spiritual causes which have been the most potent concerned in his production. It is scientific, plain, eloquent and convincing, and probably sheds more light upon man's origin than all the volumes the press has given to the public for years. Price, \$1.00; postage, 5 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

The Three Sevens.

This is a book by Dr. W. P. and Mrs. Phelon treating of the "Silence of the Invisible." "This story is," in the language of the authors, "a parable, teaching as twenty-one years bring us to the adult physical life; so also may the 'sevens' of years bring adult spiritual growth. The attempt is to portray the trials, temptations, sufferings, growth and attainments of the spirit during earth-life." The marvels in the story are alleged to be not greater than those well attested by psychical researchers. Cloth, 271 pp. Price \$1.25. For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

Society for Psychical Research. American Branch.

The Society for Psychical research is engaged in the investigation of the phenomena of Thought-transference, Clairvoyance, Apparitions and Haunted Houses, Spiritualistic Phenomena, etc., and evidence in connection with these different groups of phenomena is published from time to time in the *S. P. R. Journal and Proceedings*, to which associate members (dues \$3.00 per annum) are entitled.

Persons who have had psychical experiences of any kind are earnestly requested to communicate them directly to the Secretary of the American Branch, or to the editor of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, with as much corroborative testimony as possible; and a special appeal is made to those who have had experiences justifying the spiritualistic belief.

Applicants for Membership in the Society should address the Secretary. The Branch is much in need of funds for the further prosecution of its work, and pecuniary assistance will be gratefully welcomed.

Information concerning the Society can be obtained from

RICHARD HODGSON, LL.D.
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For the best name suggested for this New Tomato. Purchasers are entitled to send in a name for each and every packet they buy. The names can be sent in any time before October 1st, 1891, and will be considered by a disinterested committee of three, who shall award the prize. Full directions for entering the names for competition given on every packet of seed.

Price of New Tomato No. "400," 25 cts. per packet, free by mail.

With every order for a packet or more, we will also send free our magnificent New Catalogue of "EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN" for 1891, (the value alone of which is 25 cts.), on condition that you will state where you saw this advertisement.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

The World's Literature. A course in English for college and High-school. In four parts. Part 1st, by Mary E. Burt, of the Chicago Board of Education, formerly Teacher of Literature at The Cook County Normal School. Author of "Literary Landmarks." Chicago: Albert Scott & Co. 1890. pp. 316. Price, \$1.

The author of this work holds that the test of a great teacher of literature is ability to assist the student to form the logical habit of thought and to quicken his literary or esthetic sense. The teacher should therefore know when to drop literature merely as a fine art and to teach what is called "history," when to drop history and teach geography, and when to drop all these and teach composition. The scientific habit of thought leads to the perception that "the soul history" of nations is expressed most truly in its songs and stories and therefore the history of the world's thought should be sought mainly in its literature. The author recognizes the continuity of history and the relationship that any given period sustains to pre-existent times. "It has been customary," she says, "to build fences between various literatures and different epochs, saying, 'This is Greek,' 'This is Roman,' 'This is English.' It is important that the student should feel that 'Age calleth unto age,' the Greek shades into the Roman, the Roman into the German, and all into English. To rear a partition between epoch and epoch is as destructive of logical sense as the thumping of a baton on a table is destructive of the onward sweeping quality in music." Miss Burt with rare good sense omits even the division of subject-matter into chapters of certain length and into lessons and paragraphs, except where they come naturally and are convenient, believing that such interruptions retard thought and do no good. This volume includes consideration of Myths, their origin and theories in regard to them, the story of the Iliad, the character of Achilles and Ulysses, selections from the Odyssey, criticisms of "The Women of Homer," by J. A. Symonds, and the period between Homer and the first Olympiad—1000 B. C. to 776 B. C. The work is a valuable one for teachers.

Bellum Helveticum for Beginners in Latin. An Introduction to the Reading of Latin Authors based on the Inductive Method and Illustrating the Forms and Constructions of Classical Latin Prose, by Cornelius Marshall Lowe M. A., Professor of Ancient Languages in Wheaton College, and Nathaniel Butler, Jr. M. A. Professor of Latin in the University of Illinois. Chicago: Albert and Scott. 1890. pp. 279. Price, \$1.

The object of this book, one of the inter-collegiate Latin series, is to make Latin a subject of more than usual interest to the student, to make its study, as far as possible like that of a living language, and to facilitate thinking and speaking in Latin along with the learning of grammatical rules and translating of Latin sentences. The form of the work is due to the need and requirements of students, learned by the practical use of lessons which the book contains in the class room. The meaning of the Latin words, as they occur in the order of the text is given in English. The student is required to give it in Latin, and thus from the beginning is made prominent, the language in which the student must make replies. The derivation of English words from the Latin is regarded as of great importance and a call for such derivative words is affixed to each vocabulary. The text of the first twenty-nine chapters of Caesar's Gallic War is used for a model of perfect Latinity, being by its simplicity of form and structure well suited to the beginner. The work has several features which have secured for it favorable reception by many teachers whose co-operation in furnishing corrections for the present edition is acknowledged by the authors.

Life and Times of Jesus as related by Thomas Didymus. By James Freeman Clark. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1891 pp. 448 paper. Price, 50 cts.

In this volume Dr. Clark undertakes to tell the story of the Gospels from the lips of the doubting disciple. The life of a Jewish boy growing up by Gennesareth, is traced until he reaches manhood and the other characters which are woven into the story are developed, thus recreating the very atmosphere of the time. The chief part of the work is devoted to the narrative of the incidents in the life of Jesus retold with beauty, freshness and rich interest,

chiefly by Thomas himself. The story of Miriam of Migdol and her meeting with the Nazarene, the quaint epistle of Ben Tabbai to the epicurean at Rome and the dream of Pilate's wife written to her sister are expressive pen pictures of the most wonderful events of history. The author's animated, picturesque style and spiritual sympathy with his subject, contribute to the interest of this "legend."

A Delsartean Scrap Book. Compiled by Frederic Sanburn, with a Preface by Walter Crane. New York: United States Book Co. pp. 250. Paper, price, 25 cents.

Francois Delsarte gave years to the study of the laws of motion, of gesture, of expression, and the roles played in gesture by the special organs of the body. His art of expression is now studied by painters, actors, sculptors, public speakers and many unprofessional people. The aim of Delsartean gymnastics is to give symmetrical physical development, to eliminate angles and discords and to make the entire body work together in harmony with nature's laws. This volume deals with the practical workings of the subject and contains information how healthful, up-building, physical habits can be developed by the practice of rhythmical formative exercises.

The Salem Seer. Reminiscences of Charles H. Foster. By George C. Bartlett. New York: United States Book Co. 1891. pp. 157. Price, \$1.00.

Mr. Foster was a man of unusual gifts, and his life furnishes an interesting psychological study. His sensitive nature was responsive not only to influences that were good but to such as sometimes led him astray. His ability to give tests of spirit identity was remarkable, and hardly less so were other phases of his mediumship. Mr. Bartlett was associated with him for a number of years, and in this little volume gives an account of the manifestations which he, together with friends and acquaintances, witnessed through the mediumship of Mr. Foster.

Almost Persuaded. By Will. N. Harben. New York: The Minerva Pub. Co. 1890. pp. 316. Paper, 50 cents.

Mr. Harben who is a young Southerner, the author of "White Marie," which was favorably noticed by the press some months ago, presents in this his latest work, a psychological study worked out with insight and tenderness. The story begins well and the interest is sustained to the end.

MAGAZINES FOR FEBRUARY, NOT BEFORE MENTIONED.

The English Illustrated Magazine. (New York.) A variety of good reading profusely illustrated fills the pages of this popular monthly for February.

Romance. (New York.) The first number of this monthly is out and the purpose and origin are explained as follows: A New York literary organization, known as The New York Story Club, composed of lovers and tellers of good stories have gathered a great number of romances; the aim being to get together the very best and most thrilling stories of all climes, and publish monthly a group of them. This number contains twenty stories by such writers as Stevenson, Kipling, Daudet and Hawthorne. Price, \$3.00 a year. C. A. Watson, Publisher, 15th St., and Fifth Ave., New York.

"Therapeutic Sarcogony: A New Science of the Soul, Brain and Body," by Prof. J. R. Buchanan, will soon be issued by J. G. Cupples Co., Boston. It will deal largely with physiology and medical philosophy.

PASSED TO SPIRIT-LIFE.

Passed to spirit life on Feb. 5th at Grant Park, Ill., Mrs. Lorena Mazuzan aged 86 years. She was the widow of the late Dr. James F. Mazuzan and mother of Mr. Frank L. Mazuzan, and one of the pioneers of Kankakee Co. in which she lived nearly fifty years. During the past thirty years she had been an earnest believer in the truths of Spiritualism, and she passed away firm in the belief of a future life.

Heaven and Hell, as described by Judge Edmonds in his great work on Spiritualism. As Judge Edmonds' writings are mostly out of print, this pamphlet may be welcome to many, as it describes two scenes in heaven and two in hell, in his most graphic and careful style. Price, 10 cents. For sale at this office.

"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething," softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.



WHAT YOUR GREAT GRANDMOTHER DID.

She hatched the flax and carded the wool, and wove the linen, and spun the tow, and made the clothes for her husband and ten children. She made butter and cheese, she dipped tallow candles, to light the house at night, and she cooked all the food for her household by an open fireplace and a brick oven. Yes; and when she was forty years of age, she was already an old lady whose best days were over. Her shoulders were bent and her joints enlarged by hard work, and she wore spectacles and a cap.

Her great grand-daughter, with all the modern conveniences for comfort, refinement and luxury, may be as charming and attractive at forty-five as at twenty. Especially is this true if she preserves her health and beauty by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which wards off all female ailments and irregularities, cures them if they already exist, keeps the life current

healthful and vigorous, and enables the woman of middle age to retain the freshness of girlhood upon brow and cheek, the light of youth in her eyes, and its elasticity in her step.

Go to your drug store, pay a dollar, get a bottle and try it—try a second, a third if necessary. Before the third one's been taken you'll know that there's a remedy to help you. Then you'll keep on and a cure'll come.

But if you shouldn't feel the help, should be disappointed in the results—you'll find a guarantee printed on the bottle-wrapper that'll get your money back for you.

How many women are there who'd rather have the money than health? And "Favorite Prescription" produces health. Wonder is that there's a woman willing to suffer when there's a *guaranteed* remedy to be had in the nearest drug store.

Hotel Wanted.

We have at Sunset, Texas, on the line of the Gulf branch of the Union Pacific railroad, half way between New Orleans and Denver, and only sixty miles northwest from Fort Worth, one of the prettiest, most romantic, and healthful places in the United States for a winter resort for Northern people, and on account of altitude and latitude, in the edge of the Texas Panhandle country, a place for the summer resort of the South.

We have the great Texas Wells, water which has no superior in the world, and but one that we know of stronger in its medical ingredients, calcium chloride.

We are arranging for an invalid hotel to accommodate forty people, but we need a Grand Hotel, costing not less than seventy thousand dollars when completed and furnished.

To good parties who will erect such a hotel we will give the site, worth \$10,000, and \$25,000 worth of property at schedule prices.

As we have in our immediate neighborhood a fine sandstone quarry, we will make further considerations if the building is made of stone. Address

J. F. LONG, Secretary, Sunset, Texas, or

GEN. R. A. CAMERON, Fort Worth, Texas.

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A very bashful youth was he;
He trembled in each joint,
And found it hard to come to the

—WASHINGTON POST.

"Well, then, as I understand you, you give your daughter, who is to become my wife, the sum of 100,000 francs."

"Yes, that is the amount."

"But that is a very small amount."

"True, I admit; but you must remember she will have all we possess when my wife and I are dead."

"Yes, yes," remarked the would-be bridegroom. "About what time will all this happen?"

A certain individual, whose breath is not to be compared with the odor of jasmine, ran into the office of an editor, saying: "I am in a terrible hurry, so much so that I am almost losing my breath."

"My dear fellow," remarked the editor, grasping him by the hand, "you are to be congratulated if you lose it."

Mme. X., a woman who was an inveterate talker, died recently, and following is the manner in which her son-in-law announced her demise: "My mother-in-law ceased to talk this morning at 7:15 o'clock."

"Madame," asked a traveling tinsmith, "anything to be repaired or renewed to-day?"

"Oh, nothing; absolutely nothing," replied the woman, sharply.

"It's quite possible, then," said the smith, moving away, "that you have not looked in a looking-glass lately."

Never delay treating a cough; but use at once Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents a bottle.

When attacked with neuralgia rub freely with Salvation Oil. Price 25 cents a bottle.

Women who suffer from nervous and physical debility and great help in the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It produces the rapid effect of a stimulant, without reaction—the result being a permanent increase of strength and vigor, both of mind and body.

Falling of the hair is the result of inaction of the glands or roots of the hair, or a morbid state of the scalp, which may be cured by Hall's Hair Renewer.

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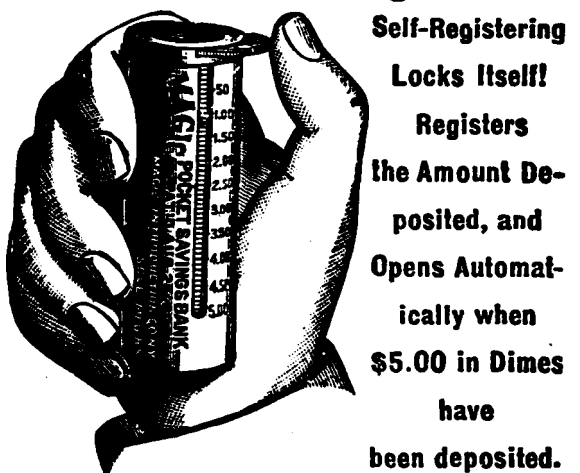
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A group of theologians met
To modernize their creed,
Which held that black is white, and yet
Had satisfied their need.

Their great-grandfathers learned it on
Their great-grandmother's knees,
About predestination and
Electoral decrees.

In language more ambiguous
Than Latin upside-down,
It taught that some are born to sin
And some to wear the crown.

These learned theologians fought,
Disputed, argued long;
And each one held that he was right,
And all the rest were wrong.

They all admitted that the creed
Was somewhat out of date,
But still they were not all agreed
Just what to renovate.

But when their work was finished quite,
Their creed did nothing lack;
For where it once read "black is white,"
It now reads "white is black."

—E. FRANK LINTABER, IN PUCK.

A BOY'S MOTHER.

My mother she's so good to me,
If I was good as I could be,
I couldn't be so good; no sir!
Can't any boy be good to her?

She loves me when I'm glad or mad;
She loves me when I'm good or bad;
An' what's a funniest thing, she says
She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me;
That don't hurt, but it hurts to see
Her cryin'; nen I cry, an' nen
We both cry, an' be good again.

She loves me when she cuts and sews
My little cloak and Sunday clothes;
An' when my pa comes home to tea
She loves him most as much as me.

She laughs an' tells him all I said,
An' grabs me up an' pats my head;
An' I hug her, an' hug my pa,
An' love him purt' nigh much as ma.

—J. WHITCOMB RILEY, IN THE CENTURY.

Frenchman (standing up in aisle in American railway car)—Beg pardon, sare, but haf you evar traveled in France?

St. Louis Drummer (occupying four seats)—Yes; took a trip through that country last summer.

Frenchman (admiringly)—Ah! Ze American por-r-r-k will get zare somehow.—Chicago Tribune.

Bertha—Harry has proposed to me and I have accepted him.

Maud—Indeed! He meant what he said, then.

Bertha—Meant what?

Maud—He proposed to me yesterday, and when I refused him he said he would do something desperate.—Boston Herald.

Burlesque Actress—How did you like my costume?

Critic—Beg pardon. Your what?

Burlesque Actress—My costume in the new piece?

Critic—Oh yes. Why, in the slang of the day, it's "out of sight."—America.

Tramp (after receiving a biscuit)—Where is your woodpile, lady?

Lady—Out in the shed, sir. How kind of you to offer to split some wood.

Tramp—I'm not going to split any wood. I want to find the ax to split this biscuit.—Boston Herald.

Let's reason together. Here's a firm, one of the largest the country over, the world over; it has grown, step by step, through the years to greatness—and it sells patent medicines!—ugh!

"That's enough!"—

Wait a little—

This firm pays the newspapers good money (expensive work, this advertising!) to tell the people they have faith in what they sell, so much faith that if they can't benefit or cure they don't want your money. Their guarantee is not indefinite and relative, but definite and absolute—if the medicine doesn't help, your money is "on call."

Suppose every sick man and every feeble woman tried these medicines and found them worthless, who would be the loser, you or they?

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"I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and also other preparations of a like nature, for the purposes of a blood-purifier, and, while receiving no good, but often positive harm, from others, I have always derived benefit from Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and have no hesitation in recommending it to any one in want of a reliable blood-purifier."—Mrs. M. C. Hopkinson, 110 Merrimack Corporation, Lowell, Mass.

"The safest and most reliable tonic, alterative, and diuretic is

"I was a great sufferer from a low condition of the blood and general debility, becoming, finally, so reduced that I was unfit for work. Nothing that I did for the complaint helped me so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla, a few bottles of which restored me to health and strength. I take every opportunity to recommend this medicine in similar cases."—C. Evick, 14 E. Main st., Chillicothe, Ohio.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla is one of the very few proprietary medicines that I can honestly recommend. I have seen it used in this place, in a number of cases, with very satisfactory results, and I have used it in my own family, for salt-rheum, with abundant success. I consider it to be the leading blood-purifier of the day."—Charles C. Davis, Nashua, N. H.

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\$1.10

Or for postage stamps any single article at the price named. On no account be persuaded to accept from your druggist any Vaseline or preparation therefrom, unless labelled with our name, because you will certainly receive an imitation which has little or no value. **Chesebrough Mfg Co. 24 State St. N. Y.**

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For those who believe in Religion, but question miracles, and everlasting punishment, and fail to see the justice in schemes of vicarious atonement. UNITY stands for a Religion that is rational and a rationalism that is religious, and for a religious fellowship that welcomes all who wish to work together for the advancement of Truth, Right and Love in the world. 24 columns, including a sermon every week. \$1.00 a year, but to a new subscriber, mentioning this advertisement, it will be sent a whole year for 50 cents. **CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Publ., 175 Dearborn St., Chicago.**

AGENTS WANTED both sexes. \$25 to \$50 per week EASILY MADE. SAMPLES FREE. Send for terms. **W. G. Wilson, Kansas City, Mo.**

BEATTY Pianos (New) \$130. Organs \$35.00.
DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

CONSOLATION.

Beside the dead I knelt for prayer,
And felt a presence as I prayed—
Lo! It was Jesus standing there;
He smiled: "Be not afraid!"

"Lord, Thou hast conquered death, we know;
Restore again to life," I said—
"This one who died an hour ago."
He smiled: "She is not dead!"

"Asleep, then, as Thyself did say,
Yet Thou canst lift the lids that keep
Her prisoned eyes from ours away."
He smiled: "She does not sleep!"

"Nay, then, though haply she do sleep,
And look upon some fairer dawn,
Restore her to our hearts that ache."
He smiled: "She is not gone!"

"Alas! we know too well our loss,
Nor hope again one joy to touch
Until the stream of death we cross."
He smiled: "There is no such!"

—ROSSITER W. RAYMOND.

Willie—Mamma, isn't it wicked for us to ride on a Sunday train?
Mamma—No, my son; we are on the way to church.

"It's wicked to work on Sunday, isn't it?"
"Certainly."

"Then it's wicked to run trains on Sunday, isn't it, mamma?"

"I presume so. Don't bother me, Willie."

"But isn't it wicked for us to ride on 'em?"

"Hush, Willie. Look at your lesson paper."

"The men that run the trains can't go to church, can they?"

"I suppose not. Quit talking, my son."

"That's the reason why it's wicked for them to run the trains, now isn't it, mamma?"

"It is a work of necessity to run the trains, Willie. Somebody has to do it. Now, don't talk any more."

"You wouldn't want me to work on a Sunday train, would you, mamma?"

"No, my son."

"But it's all right for me to ride on one, isn't it?"

"Don't talk any more, Willie."

"I won't."

[Pause.]

"Say, mamma, isn't it a good thing I don't have to work for a living. I might have to run on Sunday trains, you know, and that would be wicked, wouldn't it?"

"Willie, you must hush!"

"But there's nothing wicked in my riding on 'em, is there?"

Willie is lifted up and carried squirming into the next car.

The little son of Mrs. Z. T. Nash, of Duxbury, Mass., suffered terribly with salt rheum, and it was thought he must die. But he was cured and given robust health by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Beecham's Pills act like magic on a weak stomach.

A Good Reputation.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" have been before the public many years, and are everywhere acknowledged to be the best remedy for all throat troubles. They quickly relieve Coughs, Sore Throat, and Bronchial Affections. Price, 25 cents. For sale everywhere, and only in boxes.

COMPLETED TO DEADWOOD.

The Burlington Route, C. B. & Q. R. R., from Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis, is now completed, and daily passenger trains are running through Lincoln, Neb., and Custer, S. D., to Deadwood. Also to Newcastle, Wyoming. Sleeping cars to Deadwood.

Two Papers a Week for a Dollar a Year.

The "Twice-a-Week" Edition of THE ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC is at once the best and the cheapest news journal in the world. It is a big seven-column paper, containing six to eight pages each issue, or 12 to 16 every week, and is mailed every Tuesday and Friday. Its readers get the news of the day almost as promptly and fully as the readers of a Daily and half a week ahead of any Weekly in every State in the Union. Yet the price is ONLY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR. Special Missouri, Illinois and Texas Editions are printed, and the General Edition for other States contains nothing but details of important events of interest everywhere. THE REPUBLIC is the leading Democratic paper of the country, aggressive, but at the same time liberal, and the only thoroughly national journal in the whole country. Remember the price is ONLY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR. Sample copies, also an illustrated Premium Catalogue, sent free on application. Address THE REPUBLIC, St. Louis, Mo.

The Constitution of Man considered in relation to external objects, by George Combe. More than three hundred thousand copies of the Constitution of Man have been sold and the demand is still increasing. It has been translated into many languages, and extensively circulated. A celebrated phrenologist said of this work: The importance and magnitude of the principles herein contained are beyond those to be found in any other work. For sale at this office, price, \$1.50.



SOLANUM GRANDIFLORA. This new pot and garden plant is truly one of the most magnificent of lovely snow-white flowers, which keep perfect a month before fading and appear at all times of the year. These great panicles of bloom are often a foot across and are borne by the hundred both summer and winter. As a perpetual bloomer of fascinating beauty and loveliness this plant surpasses everything—even the famous Manettia Vine. It is as easily grown as a Geranium, either in pots or the garden, and requires exactly the same treatment. It can be trained up as a climber or grown in bush form, and in either way its great clusters of glorious flowers will surprise and delight all who see it. Price of strong plants, ready to bloom at once, 20 cents each; 2 for 50 cents; 5 for \$1, by mail postpaid.

THE TRUE MANETTIA VINE. A magnificent flowering vine which is loaded with brilliant flowers every day in the year. Its charming grace and beauty is unsurpassed. Fine plants ALREADY BUDDED and BLOOMING, 30 cents each; 2 for 50 cents.

THE RAINBOW CACTUS. Two years ago this wonderfully beautiful Cactus sold at \$5 each. We now possess an enormous stock of magnificent plants which we offer very low. The plant is covered with a net-work of spines which grow in rings of different color from white to crimson, hence its name "Rainbow." It is a most beautiful plant at all times, but when in bloom its grandeur is unsurpassed having flowers 4 inches across, bright crimson with a white center. It blooms profusely and is of the easiest culture in pots. Large plants for immediate blooming 20 cents each; 2 for 50 cents.

THE BUTTERFLY ORCHID. All know the beauty and value of a good Orchid. Tied to a stick and suspended in a window it makes a most unique and beautiful object. It produces great panicles of gay butterfly-like flowers which keep perfect a long time. Strong plants of blooming size 30 cents each; 4 for \$1.

THE GREAT SPIDER LILY. An elegant large bulb of the Amaryllis family which commences to bloom soon after it is potted, sending up great spikes of lovely, large pure white blossoms of exquisite fragrance and unsurpassed beauty. It is one of the oddest, sweetest, and loveliest flowers grown. Large bulbs which will soon bloom, 25 cents each, postpaid.

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ALSO THE FOLLOWING EXTRA CHOICE COLLECTIONS BY MAIL POSTPAID:

5 Ornamental Flowering Shrubs, named, 50c. 4 Superb New Grapes, including Niagara, 50c.
12 Extra choice mixed Gladiolus, flowering bulbs, 25c. 5 Grand Lilies, 5 sorts, including Auratum, 50c.
6 New Double Pearl Tuberoses, 25c. 5 Cacti, different sorts named, 50c.
5 Rare Chrysanthemums, 5 sorts named, 50c. 20 Bulbs and 10 pkts. Flower Seeds, all different, 50c.

OUR BLUE CATALOGUE. (A superb work of art in blue) of FLOWER AND VEGETABLE SEEDS, BULBS, PLANTS, AND RARE FRUITS, is the finest ever issued. 12 pages, hundreds of elegant engravings, Stipple Lithograph Covers and 5 large colored plates. We offer the finest novelties in Flowers, Vegetables and Fruits, notably: Our great Japanese Wineberry, Floral Park Plums, Butterfly Orchid, Star Phloxes, Water Plants, New Roses, Dahlias, Gladiolus, Chrysanthemums, etc. Also the greatest collection of rare Cacti and Flowering shrubs. This elegant and expensive Catalogue will be sent for only TEN CENTS, or if you order anything here offered and ask for a Catalogue it will be sent FREE.

Address JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, Queens Co., N. Y.

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IN THE LIGHT OF

The Harmonial Philosophy.

BY MARY F. DAVIS.

A Whole Volume of Philosophical Truth is Condensed into this Little Pamphlet.

Mrs. Davis has developed with rare faithfulness the pure principles of true Spiritualism. The sorrowful may find consolation in these pages, and the doubtful a firm foundation and a clear sky.

Price, 15 cents. Eight copies for \$1. Cloth bound, 30 cents.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

THE WAR IN HEAVEN.

BY DANIEL LOTT

This is founded upon Revelations 12-7-9 and will be found interesting. Price, 10 cents.

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LOGIC TAUGHT BY LOVE.

—BY—

MARY BOOLE.

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Psychical Phenomena,

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The crowded condition of the JOURNAL's advertising columns precludes extended advertisements of books, but investigators and buyers will be supplied with a

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upon application.

JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago, Ill.

Just published, 12 Articles on Practical Poultry Raising, by FANNY FIELD, the greatest of all American writers on Poultry for Market and **POULTRY for PROFIT.** Tells how she cleared \$440 on 125 Light Brahmans in one year; about a mechanic's wife who clears \$300 annually on a village lot; refers to her 60 acre poultry farm on which she **CLEAR \$1500 ANNUALLY.** Tells about incubators, brooders, spring chickens, capons, and how to feed to get the most eggs. Price 50 cts. Stamps taken. Address DANIEL AMBROSE, 45 Randolph St., Chicago.

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The CHICAGO DAILY NEWS ALMANAC for this year is more extensive and complete in every detail than ever before. It contains a vast amount of valuable matter on "Politics," "Trade and Commerce," "Religion," etc. It is in short a complete handbook of information concerning the events of the year 1890. No business or professional man can afford to be without one. It is handsomely gotten up and strongly bound in paper.

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The new Scientific Toy, which is creating so much interest among men of science as well as the children. It surprises and delights every one that sees it. It produces a bubble within a bubble, the outside one of immense size. The inner one floats and flashes with the most brilliant rainbow colors. Produces a "balloon" bubble, with car attached, which will float for hundreds of feet in the open air. "Twin bubbles," chains of bubbles a yard in length, and many other forms of bubbles hitherto unknown.

Just the thing to entertain and instruct Kindergarten pupils or children in the home. Although only introduced a few weeks, over 40,000 sold, and "Wizard Bubble Parties" are becoming the fashionable evening's entertainment. Sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents. \$2.00 per dozen to Agents and Dealers by express, charges prepaid. All orders shipped on day received. Address

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THE JOURNAL will be sent FOUR WEEKS FREE to all who so request. A careful reading is respectfully asked. Persons receiving copies, who have not subscribed, may know that their address has been supplied by a friend and that the paper is either paid for by some one or is sent with the hope of closer acquaintance. Those receiving copies in this way will incur no financial responsibility.

Numerous inquiries and letters are constantly received for Mrs. Maud Lord Drake, at this office. She is now located at 22 Waverly place, West Division, Chicago. Letters addressed direct to her number will be delivered promptly.

A correspondent desires to know what was done with the money raised at camp-meetings last summer for the defense of W. E. Reid, who was sentenced to the workhouse from Grand Rapids, Mich. THE JOURNAL is not able to answer. Those who collected the funds are no doubt prepared to make a satisfactory exhibit.



"THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES."

Time and the course of events are steadily demonstrating the wisdom and soundness of THE JOURNAL's attitude. Only those wilfully blind fail to read the signs of the times. Spiritualism and psychical phenomena are creating an interest in classes heretofore slow in recognizing innovations on the old order of things; and with this interest comes new activity and a promise of improved methods of investigation. While the Spiritualist movement as a distinctive body has grown less important, Spiritualism is daily waxing more potent and diffusing itself through all grades of society, especially in the higher strata. Both conditions are the legitimate results of inherent qualities which cannot be analyzed in the small space now at command. The signs of the times need to be studied by Spiritualists; the inevitable is upon them; either there must be found among them a sufficient number ready to organize for orderly, dignified, concerted action along lines clearly apparent, or the movement, as such, will continue to shrink as a factor in the world's endeavor for greater psychical knowledge and higher spirituality. These are not soothing words; yet they are true; they are health-promoting. Only those depleted by the psychophobia microbe or devoured by the worm of envy and covetousness can fail to acknowledge the condition or benefit by this world- tonic. Every rational, true-hearted Spiritualist should redouble efforts to extend the circulation and influence of THE JOURNAL, the paper which has ever stood for progress, for true liberality, for justice, for a higher moral standard, for psychical research by methods calculated to render the findings incontrovertible proof of the central claim of Spiritualism.

Circulate THE JOURNAL among your friends!
Secure at least one new yearly subscriber within a week—each of you!
Send in a goodly list of three month's trial subscribers at 50 cents each!

MRS. EMMA MINER.

Mrs. Emma Miner, of Clinton, Mass., is rapidly growing in popularity and power as a speaker. Her late engagement in Philadelphia is reported as a fine success. Mrs. Miner is highly mediumistic, a fluent talker and good writer. Last Sunday she spoke at Haverhill, Mass., and next Sunday she speaks at Newburyport.

That Mrs. Miner has the courage of her convictions is evidenced by a letter from her, published in the Boston *Globe* of February 18th. That she would incur the displeasure of the *B. of Light* and its followers by such a candid and sensible public expression must have been well known to Mrs. Miner, yet she seems quite willing to stand her ground; and in this she will find herself supported by a rapidly growing sentiment. The principles of the spiritual philosophy and the methods of psychical research, so long and persistently advocated by THE JOURNAL, have sunk deep into the hearts and minds of thousands of Spiritualists and investigators, even in New England, and Mrs. Miner will find herself in good company. Here is the letter to the *Globe*:

The recent interest evinced in the Psychic Research Society impresses me to make a few comments.

I am a Spiritualist and a medium. I became one through honest investigation and personal experiences. I have found good, noble and true men and women among the

ranks of believers and workers. I have also found immoral men and women, frauds and cranks.

The spiritual philosophy teaches purity and harmony. My observation convinces me that where these elements of character are not an outgrowth of its teachings it is because the naturally evil inclinations are not suppressed or controlled, and evidently would not be, no matter what their creed.

I have attended seances where I have received positive evidences of the watchful care and interest of the beloved who have crossed the threshold of mortality, and have come away strengthened by their presence, comfort and love; and I have attended seances where I have been so shocked at the positive evidences of fraud that I have gone home and prayed that if there were a God he would have mercy on what there was worth saving of the small souls of the perpetrators.

I believe in thought-transference, or mind reading, but I do not limit this power of mind over mind. I have the assurance that it makes no difference whether the mind is clothed with the embodiment of mortality, or whether it has passed beyond the change called death, if there is a proper medium to transmit intelligence.

Not every medium is adapted to every phase of mediumship. Not every medium is adapted to transmit intelligence from the Spirit-world to each and every investigator. Therefore if an investigator seeks

for desired communications through a particular medium and fails to receive them let him not be discouraged, but try another medium. And if he obtains that which he believes to be fraud let him continue to investigate, and he will assuredly find the genuine medium.

For the true, the pure, the genuine in mediumship I have always gratitude and commendation, and will stand boldly for its defense, but I have no sympathy for, and refuse to fraternize with, the class of fraudulent spiritualistic mediums who trade upon the most sacred affections of the soul for the almighty dollar.

I hope the Psychic Society will pursue its work honestly, candidly; and deal with every medium as they would wish to be dealt by.

EMMA MINER.

CLINTON, MASS., FEBRUARY 16TH.

De Funiak Springs, Fla.

De Funiak Spring, on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, among the highlands of west Florida, has, during the few years of its history, made the largest relative growth of any city in the state. In point of health, climate, wholesome water and freedom from dampness, and malaria this locality is unequalled. The Louisville & Nashville Railroad affords the quickest time and the shortest route to De Funiak Springs and coast resorts, advantages possessed by no other line. For a tourist folder, giving full information of the points of interest to be seen on the L. & N. Ry. call on your local ticket agent, or address George L. Cross, Northwestern Pass. Agt., 232 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

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Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

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My Medical Discovery seldom takes hold of two people alike! Why? Because no two people have the same weak spot. Beginning at the stomach it goes searching through the body for any hidden humor. Nine times out of ten, inward humor makes the weak spot. Perhaps its only a little sediment left on a nerve or in a gland; the Medical Discovery slides it right along, and you find quick happiness from the first bottle. Perhaps its a big sediment or open sore, well settled somewhere, ready to fight. The medical Discovery begins the fight, and you think it pretty hard, but soon you thank me for making something that has reached your weak spot. Write me if you want to know more about it.

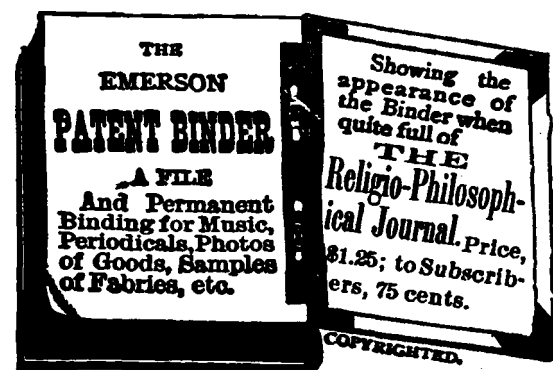
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A torpid liver deranges the whole system, and produces

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Cured Entirely.

CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 1898.

I, the undersigned, hereby state that my son had epileptic fits over two years but was cured by Pastor Koenig's remedy—entirely. I make this statement out of gratitude.

822 Race Street. JOHN NUENLITZ.
The undersigned knowing the above named J. Nuenlitz's family, is fully convinced of the truth of above statement.

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